POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 18 • 1963 20c

Dwight D. Eisenhower:
SPENDING INTO TROUBLE

Antique airplanes
Thrills in an open cockpit
SIX PAGES IN COLOR

"I was Castro's prisoner" a U.S. woman's story / **Boston strangler** search for a killer

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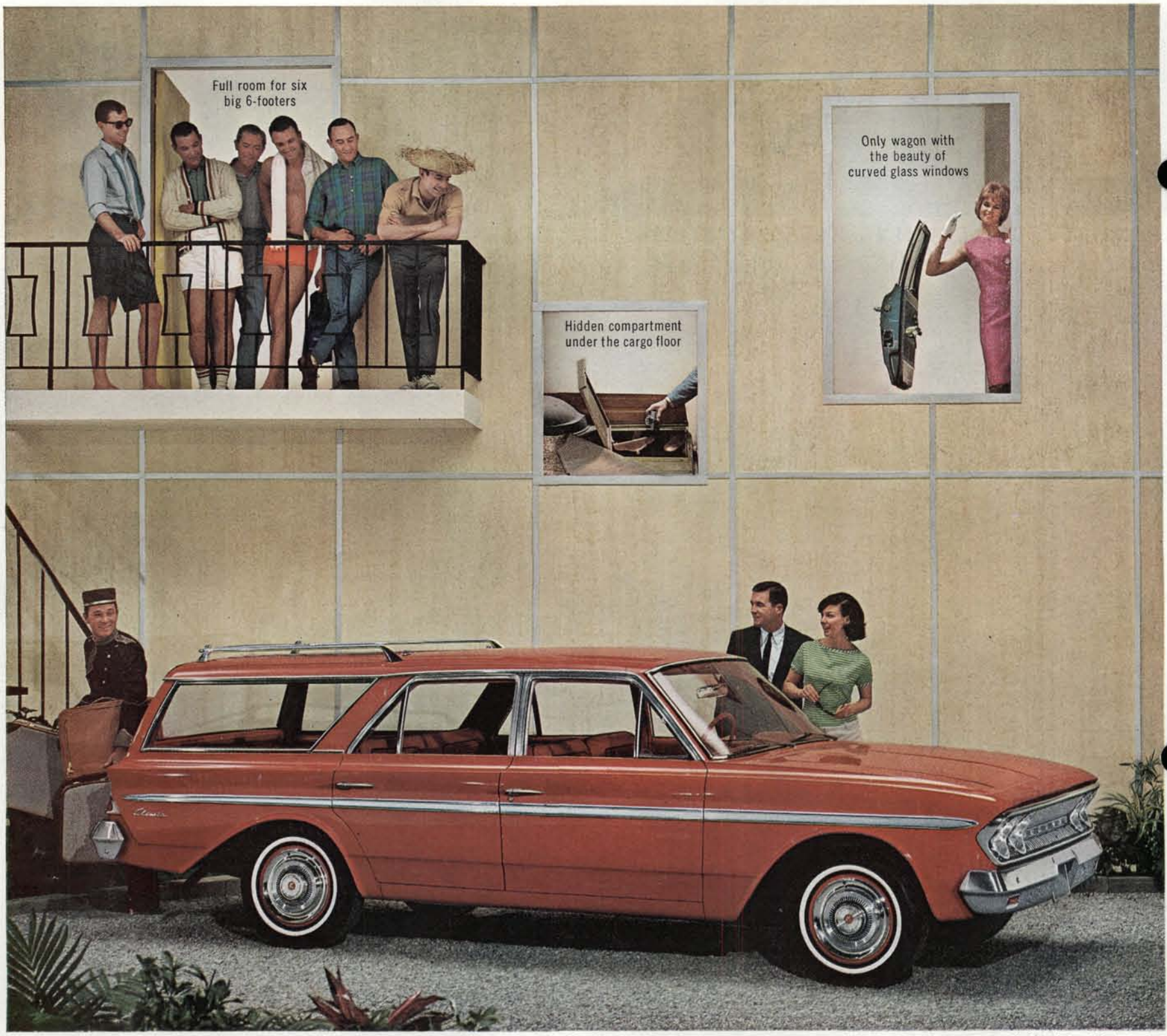

Rambler Classic—already America's largest selling 6-cylinder wagon—now available with a 198-hp V-8

Three kinds of "carryall" space...plus six-footer room in Rambler's Classic vacation wagons, 6 or V-8

You can carry up to 80 cubic feet of vacation gear inside this roomy Rambler. Load more on its Roof-Top Travel Rack (an extra at no extra cost). And still find space for your valuables in a hidden compartment under the cargo floor.

Even then, husky six-footers have plenty of room for relaxed, stretch-out traveling comfort. Rambler's optional Airliner Reclining Seats, for example, adjust to five comfortable positions that relax away travel fatigue. And come night, these seats easily make up into Twin Travel Beds.

No matter where you vacation, a Rambler Cross Country station wagon takes you there with solid, sedan-like comfort. That's because new Advanced Unit Construction uses massive, one-piece galvanized steel unisides instead of many rattle-prone small parts. Curved glass side windows permit doors to curve up into the roof so you step in and out easily.

Rambler's exclusive side-hinged tail-gate door is standard on 3-seat models, optional on 2-seaters. And, a new electric Power-Lift tail-gate window is optional.

All this comes with your choice of a Classic Six or a new 198-hp Classic V-8 (that costs less than many other Sixes). Five transmission options including new Twin-Stick Floor Shift.

Come learn all the reasons why Rambler is America's favorite vacation wagon. Wide choice of sedans, wagons, hardtops; convertible, too!

American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

RAMBLER 6 or V-8

Winner of Motor Trend Magazine Award, "CAR OF THE YEAR"

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A gift of diamonds on your anniversary will crown it for her with a royal touch. This year let a diamond gift make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

DIAMONDS WILL RECALL YOUR FINEST MEMORIES

A trusted jeweler can help you choose a lovely diamond gift—a pin, earrings, a dinner ring or bracelet. Or, he can design a one-of-a-kind original. Whether you spend $100, $500, or more, diamonds give your gift significance, enduring value. A diamond is forever.

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THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

New Longines "Holiday" Collection, $60 to $89.50 *Left to right:* GM 2090, with sweep-second hand GM 2041, with strap • GP 1300, All-Proof® automatic, self-winding • GM 3053, with matching bracelet • GM 3006, with silk cord • O-2006, All-Proof®

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Longines also available in Canada, Mexico and throughout the free world.

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LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

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Best of 1962. A *Post* article, WE CAN SAVE MORE BABIES [Feb. 3, 1962], won the Albert Lasker Medical Journalism Award as the year's best magazine article on a medical subject. The $2,500 prize is to be presented this week to coauthors Ruth and Edward Brecher. In winning U.S. medical writing's top honor, the Brechers bring *The Post* its third Lasker Award. Previous winners were Milton Silverman, in 1954, and *Post* science editor Steven M. Spencer, who won the following year.

Trouble is brewing. Thus warns **General Eisenhower** this week as, for the sixth time since leaving the White House, the former President of the United States expresses his opinions on national affairs in an exclusive *Post* article. Deprecating the Administration's "so-called 'new economics,'" the general maintains that "no family, no business, no nation can spend itself into prosperity" and points out that the Federal budget "is extravagant and can be cut by billions of dollars." Without change in our economic planning, Eisenhower warns, "we may soon have to find a new term, perhaps 'dollarette,'" to describe our money's buying power.

Other Bylines. Photographer **John Zimmerman** spent several days in an open plane zooming above the California coastline to get his color pictures of antique aircraft in flight. On one occasion his pilot nosed over suddenly to avoid a plane coming in for a closeup shot. Busy focusing his camera, Zimmerman flew out of the cockpit. Thanks to a line with which he had attached himself, the shaken photographer dropped back aboard. . . . Assistant editor **Roger Vaughan** went along with Zimmerman to get the story of the daredevils who man the planes that most pilots consider too dangerous to fly. . . . Free-lancer **Jack Iams,** author of seven mystery novels, found himself in the midst of a real-life detective thriller in Boston. The city had been relatively quiet for weeks, but on the day Iams arrived headlines blared: HOUSEWIFE TENTH IN SERIES OF MURDERS. . . . Contributing editor **Bill Davidson** often writes about show business. . . . **Hayes B. Jacobs,** free-lance writer and editor, teaches at the New School for Social Research. . . . **Murray Morgan** writes about heavyweight Eddie Machen's bout with the world of prizefighting. . . . POST senior editor **John Bird,** who was once a Department of Agriculture official in Washington, writes with authority about farm problems. . . . **Geraldine Shamma** collaborated with contributing editor **Bard Lindeman** to tell the story of her two-year imprisonment at Castro's hands.

The Cover photograph by **John Zimmerman** shows Californian Jim Bissel flying a 1918 Fokker D-7, the only operational model of this famous German World War I fighter in existence. It was restored as a replica of the plane flown by the German ace Ernst Udet, who taunted Allied aviators by painting his plane in bright, easy-target colors.

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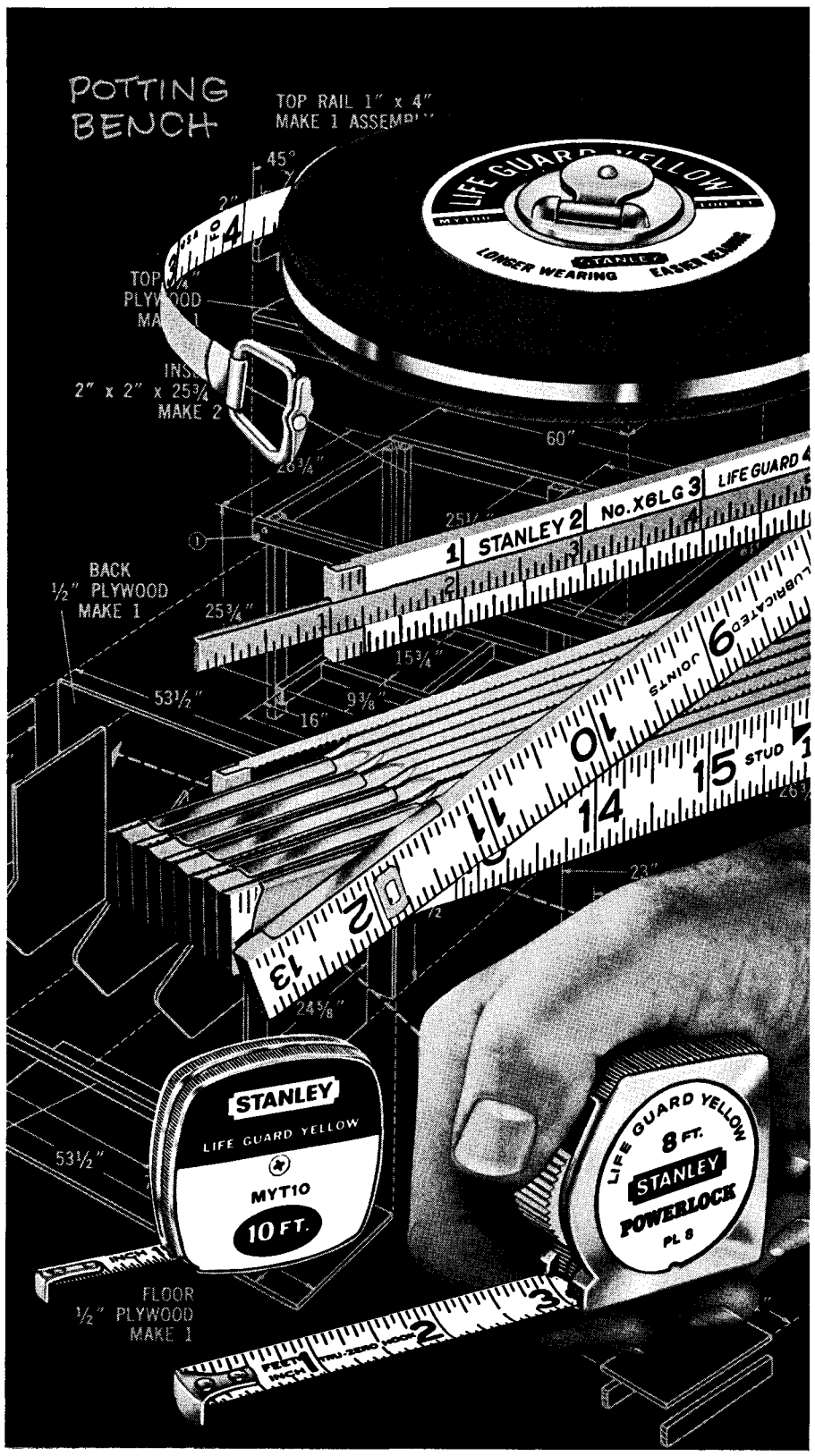

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POWERLOCK . . . A new Power Return Rule. Powerlock locks on blade, prevents slippage in either direction.

SEE YOUR DEALER . . . He has the right LIFE GUARD YELLOW Rule for every measuring job as well as other fine Stanley Tools.

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Hand Tools • Power Tools • Hardware • Drapery Hardware • Automatic Door Equipment
Aluminum Windows • Stampings • Springs • Coatings • Strip Steel • Steel Strapping

LETTERS

War story

Dear Sirs:

Leon Uris's new novel, ARMAGEDDON [Apr. 20], is a powerful and moving story which I shall most certainly complete reading when it is published in the fall. The novel deals with a question which has puzzled me for many years. How *can* such a likable, hard-working, supposedly Christian, and apparently intelligent people as the Germans fall time after time into the clutches of megalomaniacs who lead them—and eventually the whole world—into war and disaster?

MRS. ARCHIE H. BENTLEY
Espyville Station, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I have just completed the excerpt from Leon Uris's new book, ARMAGEDDON, and I was never so thoroughly disgusted by a so-called piece of literature in my life. This debases the German people as civilized human beings.

The part which especially disgusts me is toward the end of the excerpt in which Mr. Uris compares the German people with animals and labels them as "half human and half animal." He also insists that the Germans are still in the pagan stage of civilization.

RICHARD LEE
Ardsley, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

ARMAGEDDON is one of the finest and most thought-provoking stories I have read recently. Many books and movies have come out on the subject of Nazi punishment, but Mr. Uris has presented here a really reasonable answer to "Who is guilty?"

PRISCILLA WRIGHT
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Now that novelist Uris has successfully psychoanalyzed the Germans, I hope our other world problems turn out to be equally simple. Since Wagner is largely at fault, we probably had better stop playing *Parsifal* at Easter.

JOHN A. DAVIS
Chatsworth, Calif.

Birth control

Dear Sirs:

I can only applaud the fine thinking of THE BIRTH-CONTROL FIGHT SHOULD END [by Dr. John Rock, April 20]. It's about the fairest and best bit of thinking I've ever read on the subject. As a Catholic who has long deplored the stand of my church on this bitter and pressing problem, it's heartening to realize that at long last the Catholic church can perhaps join with others in working out some solutions which can be acceptable to all people everywhere.

E. C. BANKER
Mohall, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

When Doctor Rock talks about the only difference between Catholics and non-Catholics in the area of birth control as being one of methods, he is talking nonsense.

Catholics believe marriage is made for children and they are not alone in this belief. Planned Parenthood operates on the theory that a child is a pathological accident to married love.

He is misleading, to make an understatement, when he says that the Church is still open on the question of the oral birth-control pill. Pope Pius XII and all theologians are unanimous in condemning it as a contraceptive measu

JOHN C. KNOTT, *Rt. Rev. Msgr.*
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Washington, D.C.

News control

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Bagdikian should be credited with excellent coverage in THE NEWS MANAGERS [Apr. 20].

There should be no question as to whether manipulation of the news can be condoned by the Administration of a Government that takes its strength from truth and forthrightness.

It is indeed frightening to consider that our Administration could waive a basic American freedom in order to win a skirmish in a never-ending battle to remain free.

GRIFFITH C. BURR, JR.
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps I have become somewhat cynical after some fifty years of reading newspapers, but the holy horror of the press is about as authentic as a six-dollar bill.

Recently Justice William O. Douglas wrote: "Freedom of the press is largely in the hands of moneymakers who either editorialize the news to fit the prejudices of one segment of society, or who ke their pages free of contentious issue that might alienate some."

Certainly, the press objects to any trespass on its own God-given right to "manage the news."

JAMES TATE
Dunedin, Fla.

Loyalty to the Crown

Dear Sirs:

Meeting THE WHITE SULTAN OF WIND'S WHISPER in your April 20 issue [by Charles Miller] was a refreshing and stimulating experience. In this day of dwindling individuality and independence, Leslie-Moore is a fascinating blend of fact and fiction. His loyalty to the Crown, logical or otherwise, appeals to me, a descendant and great admirer of England.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

The undauntable Lee

Dear Sirs:

That wonderful story [THE STRANGE CASE OF LEE LAWRENCE, by Thomas Congdon, Apr. 20] caught me up with an old friend. Each year, as a part of the Christmas-morning *Today* show, I worked with Lee lining up sailors on picket ships, Army Nike battery privates, USAF DEW line radarmen, and RCAF pilots. It was a chore to bring these people on cue into a TV program, but Lee was never daunted—and it always worked. I did not know then that she would have much greater problems, or that they would not daunt her either. A gallant lady!

BARNEY OLDFIELD, *Col., USAF (Ret.)*
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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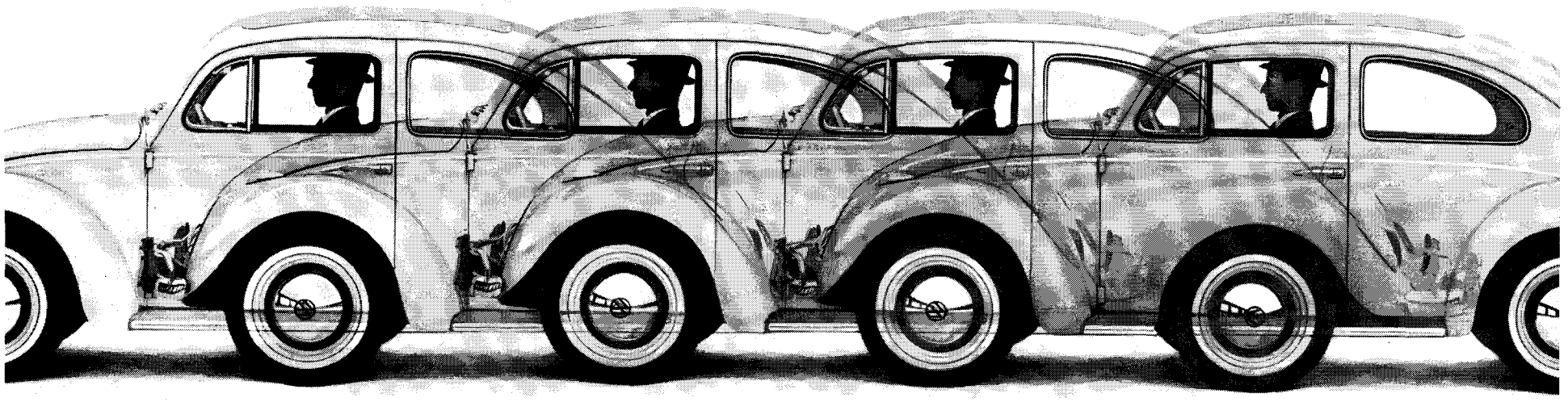

Why does the Volkswagen have 4 forward speeds?

The VW has 4 forward speeds because 3 wouldn't be enough and 5 would be one too many.

The 4 forward speeds let you get the most out of the engine without straining it.

And without swallowing up a lot of gas.

1st gear gets you off to a running start.

And 4th gear is actually overdrive; it lets the engine relax (and live longer) when you're on the highway.

Just to make it easy, all 4 gears are synchromesh. You can shift up, down and sideways without crunching.

But maybe more than anything else, shifting helps relieve the boredom.

As one VW owner said, "You feel you have something to do with driving again."

Shifting gears may even turn into a new national sport.

Lots of people are paying fancy prices for 4-speed stick shifts, just to get in on the fun.

On the VW, one of the world's smoothest transmissions is standard equipment.

So even if you don't fall in love with the idea at first, at least you're not paying extra for the privilege.

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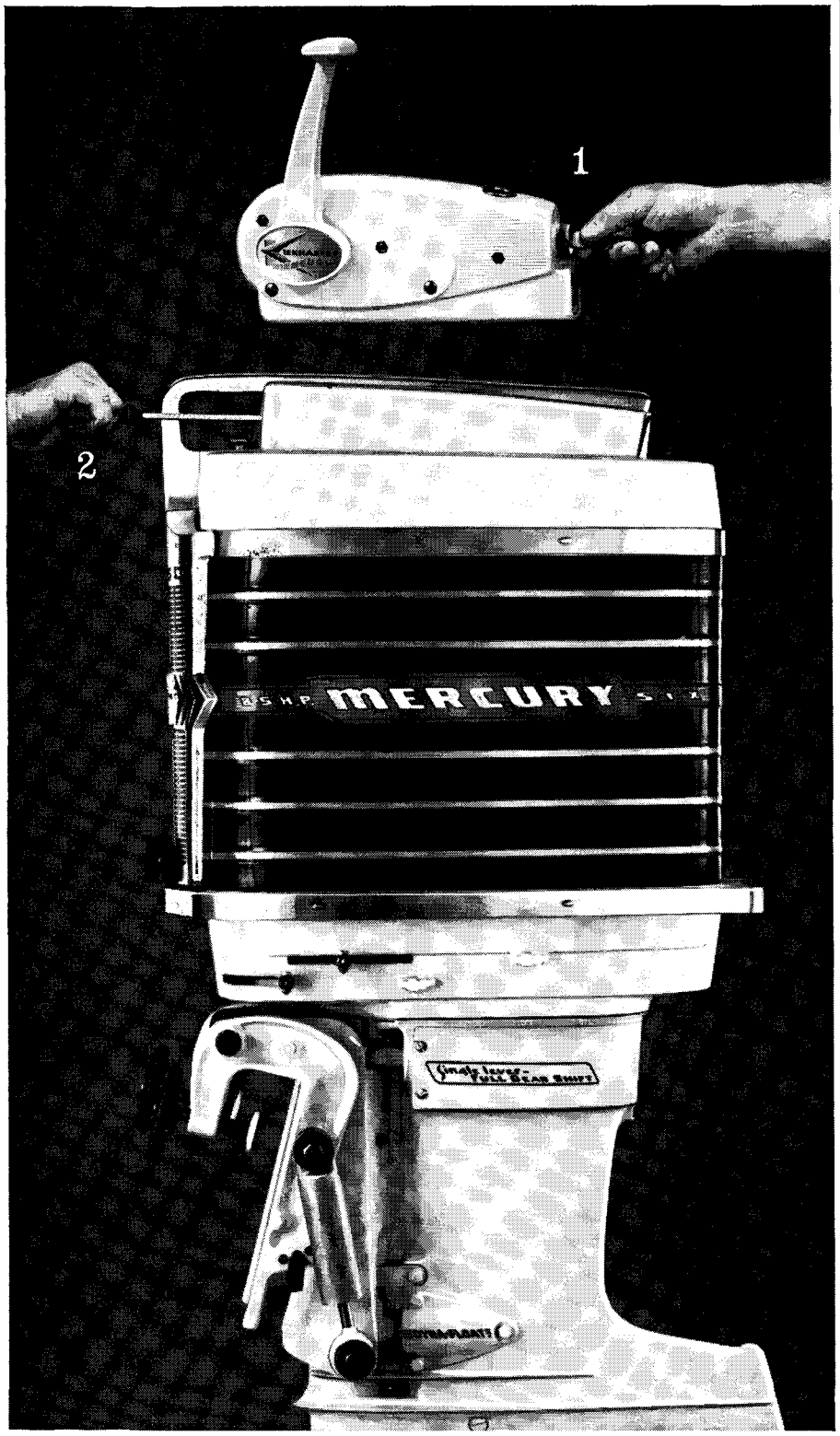

2 ways to start a revolution

When you buy a Mercury outboard with electric starting, you've bought two ways to start a revolution:

1. The easiest way. Just turn the key.
2. Another easy way. Just pull the automatic rewind starter cord.

Either way, you can start a revolution in a finely machined powerhead that delivers a safe, recommended 5000 rpm's. But, what's so different about this?

Some other makes don't give you an easy *second* choice. Forget to turn your ignition key off, or have the kids play with the running lights or the radio, and your battery goes "Ugh." Then, you'll go "Ugh," too, when you find out you have to completely remove the cowling, take a loose piece of rope, wind it around the flywheel, tug against four huge cylinders' compression, rewind the rope, and tug again.

If the battery is down with a Merc, the starter cord is right there. It pulls easily against the small, in-line cylinders. It rewinds itself. And, you're on your way with your Merc's alternator recharging your battery.

(Another big bonus to make sure you get more RUN for your money with Mercury.)

MERCURY

100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8 and 6 hp outboards

MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages • 310, 225, 190, 140, and 110 hp gasoline 100 and 39 hp diesel

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LETTERS

The music-makers

Dear Sirs:

"Society" dance music [BANDS OF GOLD, by Beth Day, Apr. 20] is, in truth, the most popular dance music in the land. And the best part about it is the way it is used at special times, happy times. For weddings, engagements, birthdays, anniversaries—millions of Americans dance to the songs which most Americans like best, unencumbered by distracting arrangements.

When my father, Eddie Davis, played at the Larue Restaurant in New York for some 12 years he would salute each of his friends upon arrival by playing that person's favorite song. It was the kind of personal music that helped make his band more than music-makers but purveyors of romance, nostalgia and warm affection.

HAL DAVIS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

BANDS OF GOLD states that these society bands are healthy, but I think that this prostitution to which many good musicians must subject themselves in order to make a living is not indicative of a healthy musical climate.

If you want facts about this musical farce, ask the real musicians who are forced to play this superficial trash in order to eat.

D. C. BODELSON
Fargo, N. Dak.

Happy readers

Dear Sirs:

If *The Post* diligently pursues the policy outlined in your editorial [THE CURTIS COMMITMENT: A PROGRESS REPORT, Apr. 20] you will be rendering distinguished service to all of America and you will earn the eternal gratitude of the masses of our people at the grass-roots level.

SID L. HARDIN
Edinburg, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

May I add my congratulations on your magazine's new excellence to those of the Denver *Post* and your countless readers.

In a few short months you've moved your magazine from a pick-up and leaf-through to a devour-every-page and don't-want-to-miss. Truly, people are talking about *The Post* everywhere I go. Congratulations. Keep up the good work, and thank you for the hours of excellent reading.

MRS. JAMES N. LOCKARD
Havertown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I must be one of millions who have continued with you through thick and thin during your period of adjustment and will continue to do so for years to come.

You have had the fortitude (or guts) to call the shots, and write the stories, as you found them. I like it.

All the barbs thrown at you in past months only go to prove that you can't please all the people all the time.

Me, I'm satisfied.

GUY M. SHELLEY, JR.
Wichita, Kans.

COMING...in next week's Post

Exclusive interview:
NASSER'S TURBULENT WORLD
by Robert Sherrod

In defense of women
by Taylor Caldwell

Civil strife in Lotus Land
LOS ANGELES' MAYOR YORTY

A KIND WORD FOR DRINK

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8–Terence LeGoubin (Black Star). • 15–Burt Glinn. • 16, 19–Ollie Atkins. • 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25–John Zimmerman. 26–2 by Universal International; John Zimmerman; Universal International. • 28–Dan Bernstein. • 32–Wide World; U.P.I. • 37–Dan Bernstein. • 38–Frank Bez (Globe). • 41–From Kurt Hellmer; From Doubleday. 42, 43–Robert S. Lee. • 58, 59–Neil Boyle. • 68, 69–Henry Ries. • 71–Jack Fields. • 72–Wide World. 74–Jim Marshall. • 75–A. Y. Owen. • 78–Vytas Valaitis. • 79, 80–Bob Henriques (Magnum). • 81–Wide World.

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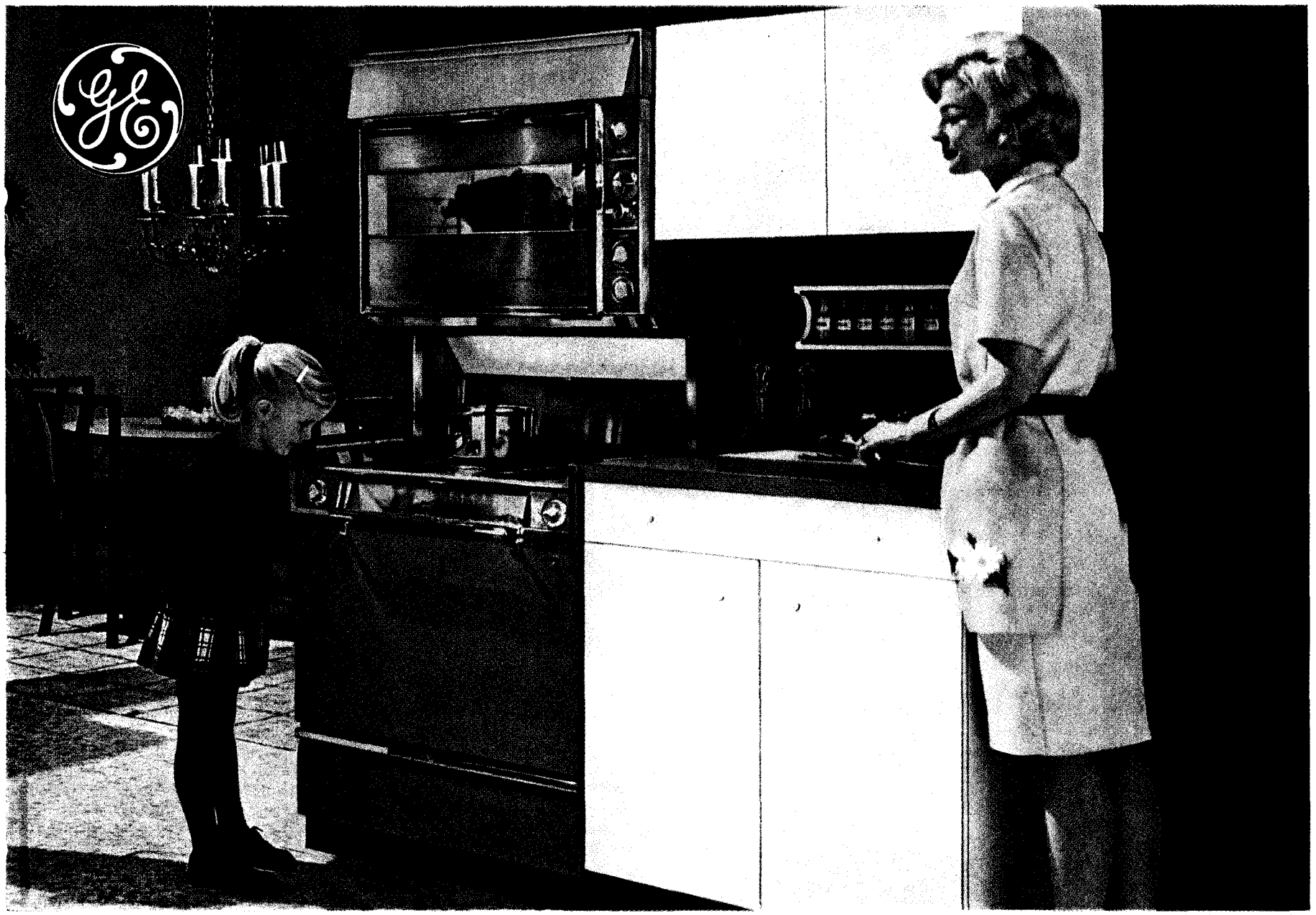


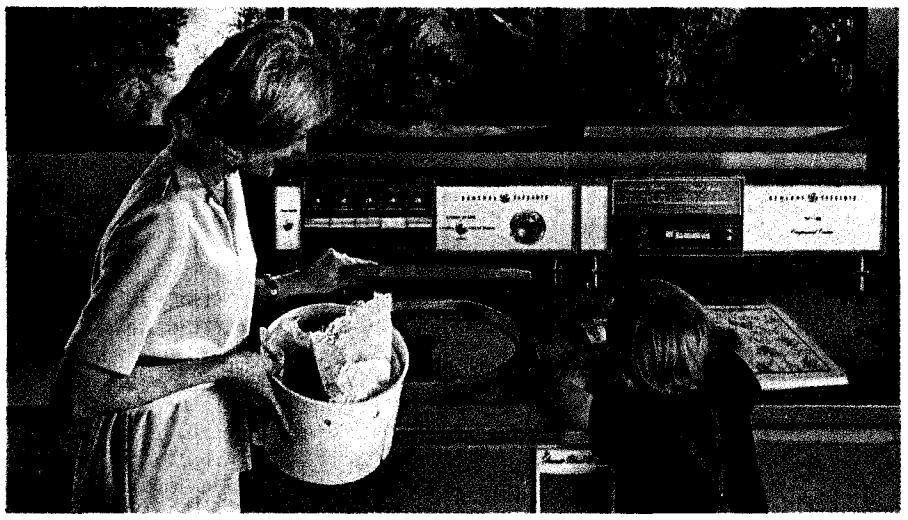
Americana Model J-795

Americana '63 from General Electric... 2 full ovens, yet only 30 inches wide

General Electric ushers the New Contentment into your kitchen with a range that gives you a built-in exhaust system operating at 2 different levels.

In 30 inches, Americana* packs a Skylight-windowed lower oven that lets you see in without bending down, and an eye-level oven with rotisserie.

Americana is fast: it boils a pint of water in 130 seconds. It is careful: Sensi-Temp* cook-top unit holds any temperature you set—automatically—guards against burning and boiling over. And flameless Americana is easy to clean. Oven door lifts off. Chrome back-liner snaps right out. Cooking units tilt up and stay up so you can remove reflector pans and trim rings for cleaning. Model J-794, without built-in exhaust system, also available.



12-lb.-capacity washer has a separate washer—the MINI-BASKET*—to wash all the things you now do by hand—delicate things, leftover and last-minute loads. It's two washers in one: 12-pounder and MINI-BASKET. Filter-Flo® System works for both. Shown: Model WA-1050X.

12-cubic-foot Bookshelf Freezer takes half the floor space of most chest freezers with the same capacity. Huge bookshelf storage door puts pounds and pounds of food and juice at your fingertips. Only 28 inches wide, flush hinges need no door clearance. Model shown, CA-222X.

By any measure...There is nothing just as good as General Electric

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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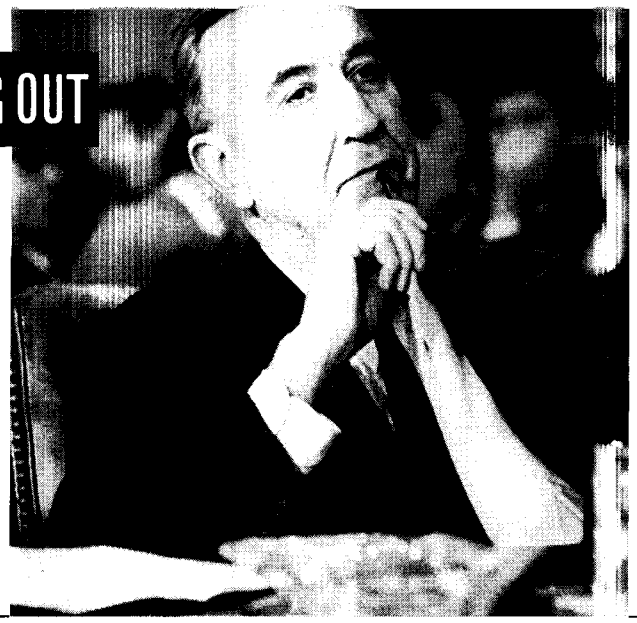
SPEAKING OUT



Self-help, not help yourself

Recently named ambassador to India, Chester Bowles served a highly successful term as ambassador to that country from 1951 to 1953. Bowles entered public life after a career in advertising. During World War II he headed the Office of Price Administration. Elected governor of Connecticut in 1948, Bowles later worked for the U.N. He was an early supporter of the Kennedy presidential boom and joined the State Department after the election.

by Chester Bowles

A foreign-affairs expert says foreign aid is not a magic device or a multibillion-dollar boondoggle.

Foreign aid is neither an outrageous waste of the taxpayers' money, as some critics suggest, nor a magical device which will enable us to shape the world to our liking, as its more visionary supporters seem to think.

In spite of past mistakes in both planning and execution, however, it is an essential tool of U.S. foreign policy. Although a recent Gallup Poll indicated that a substantial majority of Americans favored foreign aid in principle, it also revealed deep misconceptions about the size and purposes of the program.

An example of this confusion is the description of foreign aid as a "hundred-billion-dollar boondoggle," and indeed the total for all U.S. assistance from 1946 through 1962 comes close to that sum.

However, this figure has little relevance to our present-day efforts in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Nearly one third of the 97-odd billions went to rebuild war-torn Europe, and another sixth was provided for Europe's military defense. Any objective person who compares the critical situation in Western Europe in the immediate postwar period with the present vigorously democratic, dynamically prosperous Europe of today must agree that this was one of the most profitable political investments of all time.

One sixth of our total aid expenditures went to equip and train anti-Communist military forces in Asia and elsewhere. This, too, has paid major dividends.

Almost one sixth was provided through Export-Import Bank loans, payable in dollars to help finance the exports of American manufacturers, and surplus wheat, rice, cotton and other commodities.

Only slightly more than one sixth was spent on *development* loans, grants and technical assistance to help the free nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America create societies which their people will consider worth defending. The current foreign-aid discussion deals with the Administration's recommendation to Congress that this limited development program to help emergent nations be continued at approximately the current rate.

Putting the size of the program in its proper perspective leaves the question of foreign aid's objectives. These can be more easily understood in the light of what this program will not do. It will *not* enable the U.S. to run the world. It will *not* enable the U.S. to control the U.N. votes of countries who receive our aid. It will *not* insure us first place in a global popularity contest.

The reasons foreign aid will not accomplish these things are obvious. Proud Asian and African nations that have only recently broken their colonial ties with Europe are not going to jump through political hoops to please any other nation, however rich or right it may be.

Since the four percent of the Federal budget that goes each year for foreign aid does not buy allies, friends or gratitude, why not drop the entire aid attempt and leave the emergent lands to shift for themselves? However, if the U.S. refuses to help these people to bring about social, economic and political change by orderly democratic means, they will have only two alternatives.

They may strive by savage police-state methods to squeeze the necessary development capital out of their already impoverished people. Although no nation has within its own borders the necessary natural resources to justify an attempt similar to that undertaken by the Soviet Union under Stalin, this doesn't mean that such methods won't be tried.

Unable to help themselves and unable to get adequate assistance from the developed non-Communist nations, a new nation may turn in despair to the Communist bloc for the necessary capital and technical help as *quid pro quo* for political support for the bloc's objectives.

In either event, our great and rich country, which we like to describe as "leader of the Free World," would be left on the sidelines watching a fresh crop of Red Chinas and Red Cubas take shape in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

The affirmative course is a wisely administered U.S. aid program which can help create nations increasingly able to meet the economic and social needs of their people, increasingly prepared to defend their independence against totalitarian enemies—external or internal, overt or covert—and increasingly willing to work with the United States as partners on common projects which may lead the world a little closer to peace.

We cannot achieve this objective by backing reactionary governments that refuse to help themselves, or by panicking in the face of every blackmail threat to "go to Moscow," or by roaming all over the world with our moneybags held open, trying to buy "friends" who will agree to take directions from us.

By and large, our loans, grants and technical assistance will enable us to achieve our purposes only if the governments on the receiving end are *competent* to use our aid effectively, only if they are *courageous* enough to tax their own well-to-do people in proportion to their ability to pay, and even then only if they are *wise* enough to recognize and respect the aspirations of their own ordinary citizens.

Justice or upheaval

Experience shows that exclusive emphasis on increasing the physical output of goods and services is inadequate. Unless these material gains are achieved through the kind of community participation that produces a sense of individual belonging and leads to greater justice and dignity, they may actually increase the embittering differences between rich and poor, and eventually lead to a political upheaval. While physical growth is *important* in nation building, what happens to people caught up in the process of such growth is *decisive*.

This suggests some specific questions we should ask before deciding which nation can most effectively use our loans, grants and technical assistance.

1. Is the present national income of the country adequate to provide reasonable minimum living standards and a satisfactory rate of capital savings and investment—if it were distributed more broadly?

2. Does the country have a competent government sufficiently backed by the people and sensitive to their aspirations and needs, with the ability to maintain order and to carry out a comprehensive economic and social program? Are officials relatively honest and efficient?

3. Has the country prepared a well-conceived long-range economic-development plan for the effective and realistic allocation of its national resources and foreign assistance? Does its planning recognize the preponderance of people in the rural areas? Does it include realistic schemes to insure wider distribution of land ownership?

4. Is the tax burden distributed in reasonable relation to the capacity of each family to pay? Does it provide sufficient revenue to meet the requirements for internal financing? Does it provide incentives for increased investment of private capital, both domestic and foreign?

5. Has the government provided for development of integrated rural organizations involving agricultural education, road building, health services, extension services, cooperative marketing arrangements and readily available credit?

6. Does the government maintain effective controls over the expenditure of foreign exchange for luxury imports, and does it appear determined to stop the export of domestic capital?

No nation, not even our own, could satisfactorily answer *all* of these questions. Nor will they provide dependable guidelines for every situation. Used with discretion, however, these questions can provide a set of standards against which we can more wisely judge the abilities of developing nations to use our assistance. In very general terms, they can help us to divide these nations into three categories.

In the *first category*, for instance, we may place those underdeveloped non-Communist nations which, judging from their performance in relation to our questions, are demonstrating both competence and courage in mustering their own resources for more rapid economic and social progress. Such nations should be

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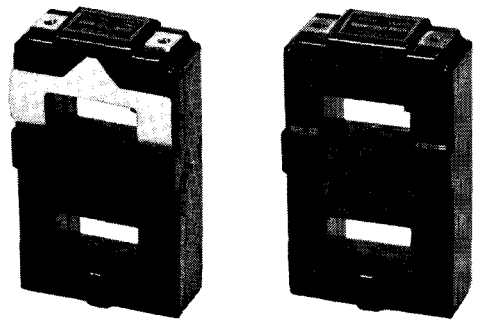
BULLETIN 709 Size 1 across-the-line starter rated 7½ hp, 220 v; 10 hp, 440-550 v

RESULTS OF TESTS

Five new Bulletin 709 Series K, Size 1, 220 v, 60 cycle coils used in each test



BEFORE **AFTER**

These unretouched photographs of "BEFORE" and "AFTER" 35 days in a 10% solution of sulphuric acid show the Bulletin 709 Series K coil surface is virtually unaffected, while the retaining spring has been completely eaten away.

H_2O—BOILING WATER

TIME	DIELECTRIC TEST
24 hrs	All Coils OK

10% HCl—HYDROCHLORIC ACID

TIME	DIELECTRIC TEST
7 Days	1 Coil Failed
14 Days	4 Coils OK
21 Days	4 Coils OK
28 Days	1 Coil Failed
35 Days	3 Coils OK

10% H_2SO_4—SULPHURIC ACID

TIME	DIELECTRIC TEST
7 Days	All Coils OK
14 Days	1 Coil Failed
21 Days	1 Coil Failed
28 Days	3 Coils OK
35 Days	3 Coils OK

ACETIC ACID SALT SPRAY

TIME	DIELECTRIC TEST
7 Days	All Coils OK

COMPLETE EXPOSURE TO WEATHER
–IN A BAD INDUSTRIAL ATMOSPHERE–
SUN, RAIN, AND TEMPERATURE CHANGES

TIME	DIELECTRIC TEST
25 Weeks	All Coils OK

■ There are no better coils used in modern motor control than our Bulletin 709 Series K coils—of this we are certain. But, just *how good* are these coils—that's what *you* are interested in. If you question the quite fantastic story that follows, we can only suggest that you, too, try these experiments—we are certain that your results will match our story.

Using five coils in each test—picked at random from our factory "stock"—these strictly standard Series K coils were completely *immersed in liquids* such as they may encounter, but—*only* as atmospheric contaminants. These tests did not only cover a few hours—the test period covered *weeks of 24 hours per day!*

Believe it or not, there was little or no coil swelling. In fact, here is the maximum change for each test: In boiling water, only 0.003″; after 35 days in a 10% solution of sodium hydroxide, 0.001″; after 35 days in a 10% solution of hydrochloric acid, 0.004″; after 35 days in a 10% solution of sulphuric acid, 0.010″; and, in acetone from 0.002″ in 7 days to 0.064″ in 28 days. Of course, Series K starters and their coils are *not* designed for operating in boiling water or acids. However, the test results should convince *you* that when you use Allen-Bradley motor control, freedom from coil trouble is as good as guaranteed.

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given the highest priority in allocating loans, grants and technical assistance.

Perhaps the best example of a nation entitled to such treatment is India. In the last 10 years, with generous assistance from the United States and other foreign sources, India increased its food production by nearly 50 percent, doubled its industrial output, largely eliminated malaria and provided educational facilities for some 50 million boys and girls.

At the same time, India has maintained a government that has survived three democratic elections; assured freedom of speech, the press and assembly; provided a system of justice under law that draws heavily from our own Constitution, and generated a sense of national purpose and patriotic commitment that is expressing itself in the acceptance of huge new tax burdens and a rush of Indians enlisting for service against Chinese aggression.

India is only one example of the effectiveness of U.S. development assistance in a favorable framework of local sacrifice, initiative and planning. Equally impressive are the records of Pakistan, Formosa, Israel and Greece, where economic and political progress was made possible in substantial degree by wisely administered U.S. assistance. In Nigeria, Tunisia, Colombia, Costa Rica and El Salvador and several other countries, we can now see the promise of similar success.

In a *second category* are those underdeveloped countries which could answer affirmatively to some but not all of our basic questions concerning self-help.

For example, in a particular country, tax and budgetary policy may be soundly administered, and the government may be making the most of its meager capital resources. Yet further progress may be obstructed by the fact that much of the farmland is still controlled by a handful of landlords, while the bulk of the rural population ekes out a marginal existence as underpaid laborers or tenant farmers.

In Latin America as a whole, it is estimated that one and one half percent of the population owns half of all agricultural land. Many landlords have allocated most of their vast holdings to crops sold abroad for cash and have allowed much of the rest to lie fallow.

In such situations we should use our considerable influence to encourage a more balanced economic, social and political development. As a lever to promote the spread of economic and social justice, our economic assistance may be increased for those nations that improve their performance in critical areas of development and reduced where the performance lags.

In the *third category* we can place those underdeveloped nations which at present lack the competence, organization or will that is essential to the effective use of our development loans or grants.

In these cases I believe that we should limit our aid to modest technical assistance and to Peace Corps and food-surplus programs. These would underscore our genuine desire to assist and at the same time help lay the basis for an administrative and economic structure that at some future stage will enable these countries effectively to use development funds.

Although many of the conditions that I have set down here are covered in the recent Clay Committee Report on foreign aid, some of the report strikes me as defensive and negative. We are *not*, as the report implies, a tired old nation striving to hold off the future with dollars but rather a vital democratic power working to create a viable and peaceful world.

Similarly, I do not agree with the committee that we should condition our aid on the willingness of a recipient government to accept our own views on capitalism. The means by which economic development can best be achieved is not a moral question but a practical one requiring a large degree of pragmatism. The timetable of social and economic change will necessarily vary from country to country, and so will the instruments of change.

It would have been a grave mistake to refuse Marshall Plan aid to Britain in 1948 simply because its government believed—wrongly, in my opinion—that the steel industry would be run more efficiently by public managers. And it would be a mistake now to refuse U.S. aid for similar reasons to other nations.

Finally, I disagree that aid to the new nations of Africa should be left increasingly to the ex-colonial powers—Britain, France and Belgium. Although their present contribution is in fact roughly three times our own, a substantial U.S. assistance program will continue to be needed, not only to speed economic development but also to give these new nations a greater sense of independence from their former colonial ties.

Although these exceptions, in my view, are important, I heartily concur with a major thesis of the Clay Report: that the countries receiving our aid must do their part to merit further help.

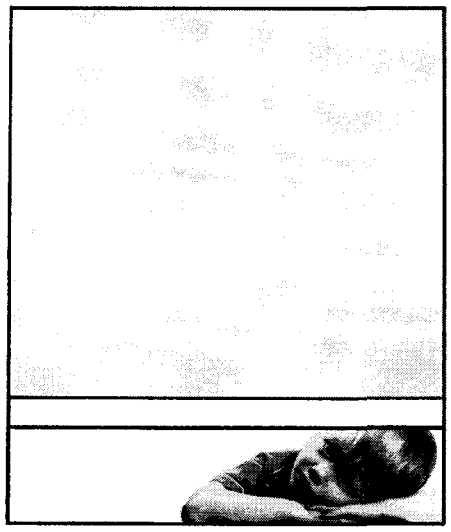
There are, of course, certain political risks in insisting upon more effective self-help from the aided nations. In some instances, courageous adherence to the standards which I suggest may lead us to refuse aid to friendly governments which have assumed that their unquestioning support of our political views in the United Nations would assure willy-nilly a continuing flow of U.S. development dollars—even though their persistent failure to put their domestic houses in order means that we are in fact pouring U.S. funds down a rathole.

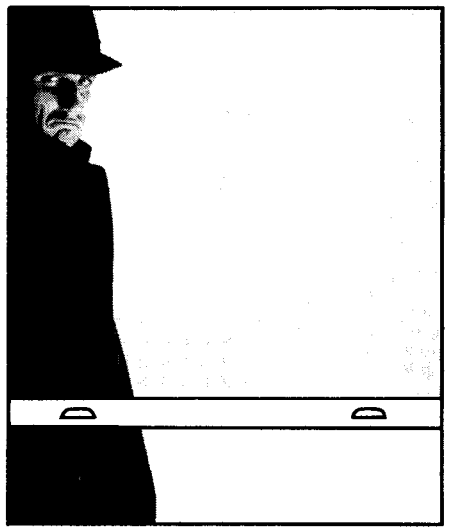
But if the economic development effort in Asia, Africa and Latin America is to succeed, and if our aid program is to maintain the essential support of the American people and of their Congress, we must insist as a general rule on the necessary domestic reforms as a precondition of continuing U.S. Government assistance. Recipient nations can no longer look to U.S. aid as a substitute for their own efforts.

There is nothing in what I have said, however, that requires us to be foolhardy. Specific situations may occasionally cause us to throw away the book, to exercise our own *ad hoc* judgment and temporarily to relax our pressures for reform.

As for the inevitable charges of "Yankee interference in our domestic affairs," we should take them in stride. *Whatever* we do in regard to economic aid—whether we give it or withhold it—constitutes "interference" of one kind or another.

Although the future hangs in the balance, no people has ever been so well qualified as we, by tradition, training and resources, for a task which cynics have always judged impossible—the establishment of the conditions of global freedom, stability and peace. THE END


keeps kids in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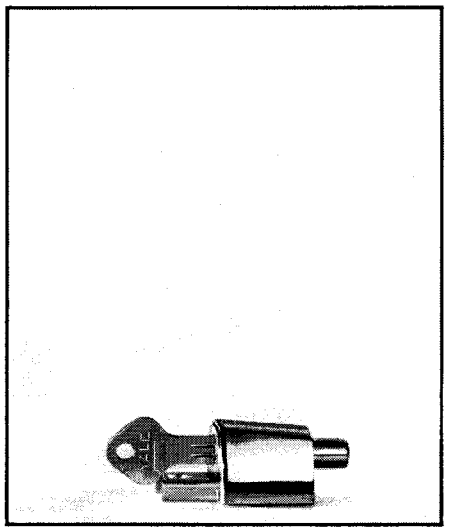
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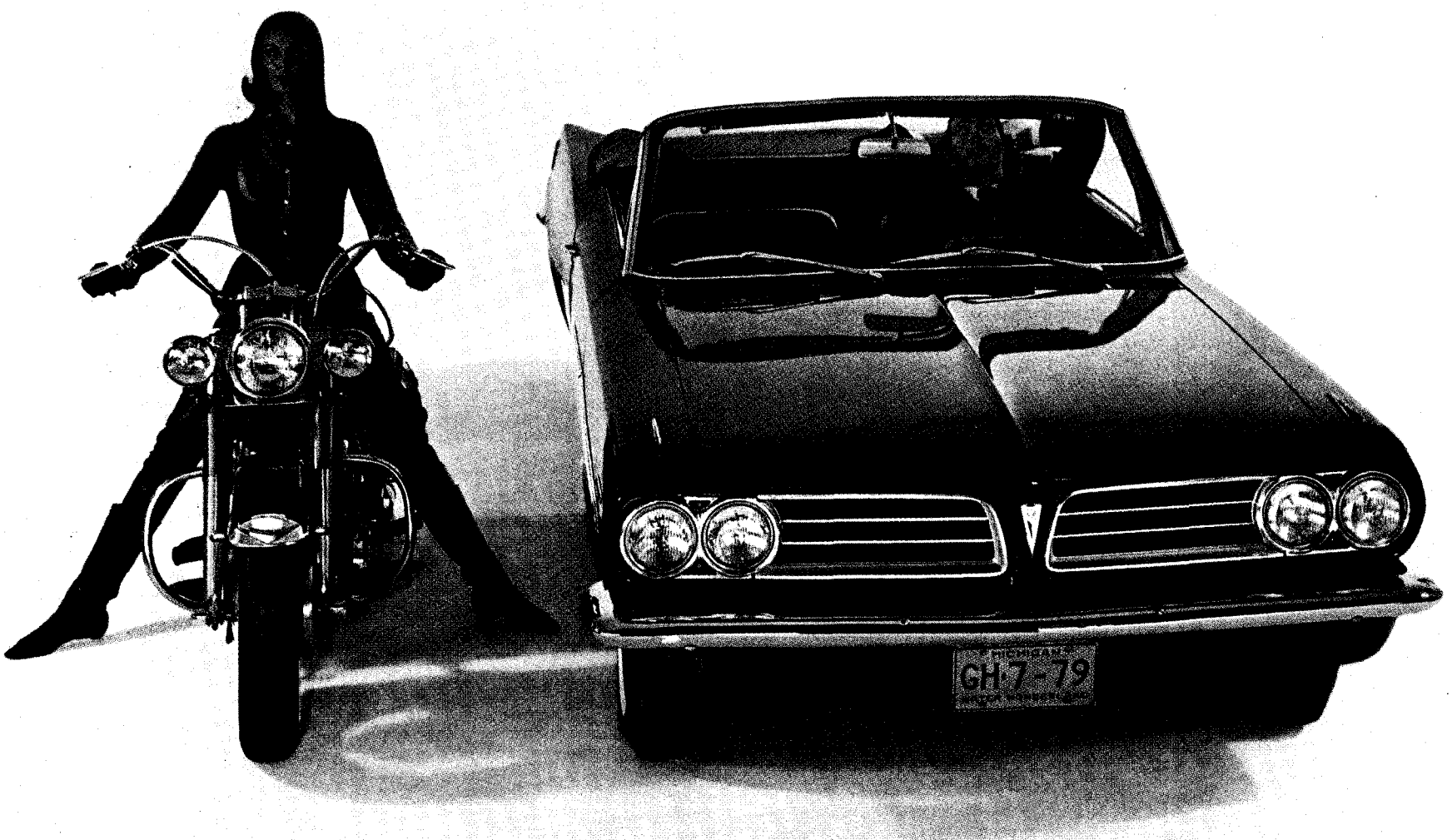

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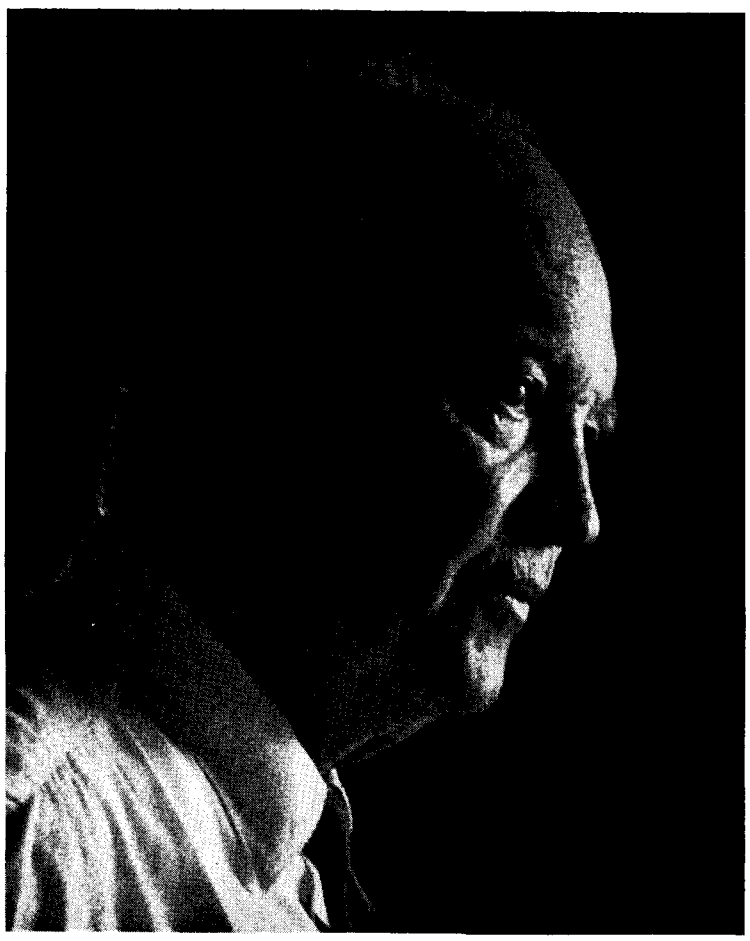
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben. Franklin

"We are stealing from our grandchildren in order to satisfy our desires of today."



DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Spending into trouble

I have no desire to be an alarmist. However, the time has come when my sense of duty as a citizen demands that I speak out bluntly regarding what I believe to be a clear danger which could threaten our free way of life and our security as a nation. That threat is the determined effort of our current political leaders to commit the United States to a risky, highly experimental fiscal adventure, based on a questionable theory which I call "spending for spending's sake." That policy, which fails to heed the plain lessons of history, now has been unveiled in what I consider a vast, reckless scope, calling for a larger-than-wartime budget, a deep tax cut and a deliberate plunge into a massive deficit. Let us review the principal figures briefly: a budget of $98.8 billion, which actually calls for new obligational authority of about $108 billion; a tax cut estimated to reach over $10 billion a year by 1965; and an estimated deficit of $11.9 billion for fiscal 1964 —on top of a current one of $8.8 billion—with further "planned" deficits extending into 1967, if not longer. The Administration's theory, based on the so-called "new economics" it professes, is that in the long run the tax cuts would stimulate our economy enough to offset the immediate losses in revenue. My first reaction to these proposals was one of amazement—and no doubt many other Americans reacted the same way. *What can those people in Washington be thinking about? Why would they deliberately do this to our country?* I asked myself.

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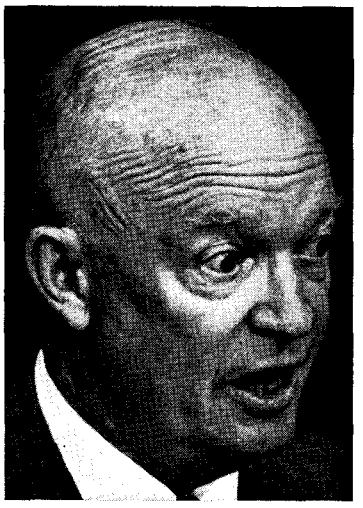

"No family, no business, no nation can spend itself into prosperity."

My concern is not merely with the vast amounts involved but what I firmly believe to be a foolhardy disproportion between income and outgo, plus the willingness of the policy makers to gamble on a grand scale with our economic lifeblood. Such a fiscal policy is bound to transfer more and more of the economic decisions of the country into the hands of the Federal Government: A greater share of our national endeavor will be directed by politicians and bureaucrats instead of by the millions of businessmen, shopkeepers, farmers, bankers and workers whose composite daily judgments traditionally have determined the bread-and-butter activity of our country. To my way of thinking, it is obvious that the "new economics" out of which the Administration has drawn its plans is not new at all; in the end it can be nothing more than the age-old shot-in-the-arm, inflation, dressed up in fancy modern terms. It is the irresponsible, easy road of debt, a road which through history has lured nations to financial misery and economic disaster.

Of course, there is far more to our national life than dollar signs, debits and credits, but at the same time the fiscal policies of the Government reflect its basic philosophy in the exercise of power—and few Federal powers have more direct daily impact on the citizen than the Government's authority to tax and spend. Nowhere is there greater need for restraint and careful balance if we are to maintain sound self-government. As usual, the would-be spenders have prefaced their requests for more money, more borrowing with noble-sounding statements that they have only the welfare of the country in mind. Well, I am not questioning their motives or their sincerity, but I have serious doubts as to their judgment and their sense of proportion. We might well ponder a quotation from the late Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis: "Experience should teach us to be more on our guard to protect liberty when the Government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

Let me emphasize that I am not writing as a partisan. Responsible government is not a partisan issue and I would be just as alarmed if a Republican instead of a Democrat leadership were attempting to embark on such a fiscal program as the one now before Congress. No party doctrine is necessary to tell us that if the present generation keeps passing its bills to the next one, our children and grandchildren will inherit not a free country, bright with opportunity, but a vast wasteland of debt and financial chaos. Republicans and Democrats alike—even our smattering of Socialists—will suffer if our present trend takes the country into debt beyond the point-of-no-return and plunges us into a spiral of increasing Federal powers over our purses, our jobs and our lives.

The Federal Government's financial affairs are immense and complex, but their sound management is not a mysterious art; in fact, they are subject to the same time-tested rules as those followed by any farsighted householder or businessman. A wise family or a well-run enterprise makes a practice of spending less than it takes in; in good years the family builds up savings for its future needs, for sending the youngsters to college, for meeting possible emergencies such as ill health or unemployment; a business builds up reserves for carrying itself safely over poor years and for expansion and investment in new opportunities. This is simply common sense. As Abraham Lincoln once wrote: "An individual who undertakes to live by borrowing soon finds his original means devoured by interest and next, no one left to borrow from—so must it be with a government."

Now I know that the economic theorists who advocate Federal overspending deride this analogy, having convinced themselves that normal financial laws don't apply to a nation. They tell us that a $300 billion national debt and interest costs of $10 billion a year are nothing to worry about. They imply that we can go on indefinitely mortgaging ourselves without impairing the nation's credit. What counts, they claim, is the relationship between the debt and the gross national product—the total value of goods and services our country generates, a figure that ran $554 billion last year. As long as the debt doesn't grow out of proportion to the gross national product, they believe, the country will remain in sound financial condition. But what they don't point out is that nobody really knows where this theoretical peril point might be—how much leeway a nation actually can count on. Also they trot out the old cliché that the national debt can never become a problem, because, "After all, we owe it to ourselves." They speak of planned national deficits as "an investment in the future."

Such justifications have a way of sounding plausible—just as does the spiel of the high-pressure salesman who wants you to buy something you really can't afford. But so did the theories of certain self-appointed "investment experts" who told us back in 1928 and 1929 that the country had entered a new era, a new plateau, that the old rules no longer applied to stock prices and the warning signals were meaningless.

I say that *the time-tested rules of financial policy still apply. Spending for spending's sake is patently a false theory. No family, no business, no nation can spend itself into prosperity.* Any way you look at it, a nation is nothing more than a collection of families—about 47 million of them make up the United States—and it is *their* money that the Government is spending. They are going to have to carry the increased debt. It is their future that is being mortgaged. And they certainly are not going to be excused from paying in taxes the pyramiding interest charges on that debt. They and their children will pay and pay and pay. In effect, we are stealing from our grandchildren in order to satisfy our desires of today.

Some of the things the spenders fail to tell us are more significant than the doubtful premise on which they base their sales talks. For example, they have neglected to outline any plans for preparing the nation financially to meet costly national or international emergencies which have a way of popping up without regard to theoretical timetables. Any thoughtful person knows that a household, an enterprise or a nation which has built up a substantial reserve of savings and has kept its credit good has a much greater ability to weather depression or disaster than one which is mortgaged to the hilt. If the United States embarks on a grand spree of debt, how can we ever know that it can safely meet the extraordinary financial demands of a depression or war?

From experience I know the serious burdens imposed on the Federal Government by even a fairly modest recession. For the fiscal year 1959 we had planned a budget of $73.9 billion and were counting on a small surplus. Then came a sudden unforeseen slump in business, causing Federal income to fall more than $6 billion short of estimates; at the same time Government spending was stepped up to $80.3 billion, much of the increase going to pick up additional payments for unemployment compensation. It is right and just for the Government to use its borrowing powers to meet this kind of emergency. But I want to emphasize that this deficit was not *planned*, and once the crisis was under control we worked as hard as we could to get the budget back into balance as quickly as possible.

The strain of a recession is but a minor headache as compared to the imperative financial demands of war—not an all-out nuclear war, which would be destructive and costly beyond comprehension, but a more likely conventional defense against a probing enemy. Distasteful as such a prospect may be, we know from recent history in the Congo, Korea, Vietnam and Cuba that we must accept such threats as part of the times in which we live. And we know any sign of weakness could bring a Communist thrust at any time. Even a fairly small test of our strength and will to resist could require us to increase spending quickly and substantially. The question now is: Are we then going to find ourselves in the position of a spendthrift family which has little or no leeway in time of trouble? I am not saying that the nation would or should fail to meet its obligations. But all of us would feel more comfortable and secure if our national leadership exercised the foresight and self-discipline to balance its budget and to begin paying back something on the national debt. And just to dream a bit, imagine how much better the country would feel if it had no debt at all, but a healthy surplus!

The proponents of the "new economics" don't tell us, either, that if history has any validity their policies are almost certain to lead us into an eventual cheapening of the dollar and a corre-

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sponding rise in the cost of living. If we keep headed in this direction, we may soon have to find a new term, perhaps "dollarette," to describe accurately the buying power of our monetary unit. This doesn't mean that even financial conservatives such as myself believe that the buying power of our money can be held rigidly unchanged, regardless of any consideration. The three wars we have had in this century have had a strong inflationary effect. Not all of this could have been avoided by better governmental management. When I was a boy living on the outskirts of Abilene, Kansas, I helped supplement the family income by selling eggs for 10 cents a dozen and milk—good Jersey milk—for 5 cents a quart, and in those years a dollar and "found" was a day's pay for a farm worker.

Robbery by the Government

We have come a long way in living standards and prices since those days, but the well-being and stability of the country still depend on maintaining our dollar as a fair, reasonably stable unit of buying power. We have the unfortunate example of the post-World War II period when the cost of living virtually doubled and the value of our dollar wasted away. During my Administration we faced up to the situation and did our best to fight inflation with historically tested, conservative fiscal policies, realizing that no country, not even one as rich as the United States, can always afford everything it might want. I suppose the new theorists would scornfully call those policies "reactionary." But the results speak for themselves. In the seven years of the Truman Administration the cost of living index went up 47 percent. During my terms in office the rise of this cost curve was slowed to only a little over 10 percent in eight years. I might add that we didn't accomplish all that we hoped—the free-spending philosophy has been so deeply seeded into the country's political life that it is a slow process at best to weed it out.

Statistics on the cost of living don't tell the whole story, of course. It is the people, not the figures, which cause me to be so distressed by the fiscal policies that now seem to be espoused by the Federal Government. Were I a younger man, planning for the best possible future for my family and looking forward to eventual retirement, I would bitterly resent the effrontery of the politicians who so blithely plan to experiment with the future value of my savings, my insurance and my pension. I would call it downright robbery for my government to decide on policies that are nearly certain to shorten progressively the monetary yardstick so that when I received my annuity or savings I would get dollarettes—worth only half or a fourth as much as today's dollars.

In these times the impact of inflation could be even greater than in the past, because we now have something of a pension economy. More and more people employed in industry build their future around pensions, insurance annuities and Social Security, rather than on investments in land and other property. If the Government is to keep faith with these people, it will not set out on a course which could make these future fixed incomes virtually meaningless. It is easy to say, "Oh, that can't conceivably happen here. We're going to build a greater prosperity." Well, it *has* happened time and again in other countries as the aftermath of inflationary policies. You have only to talk to a Frenchman, a Japanese, a Greek or a German who lived through the toboggan ride of devaluation to appreciate its toll on the lives of the people.

During the mild recession of 1954 I had a conversation with Dr. Ludwig Erhard, minister of economic affairs of West Germany, and we were discussing what the government might do about the situation. Doctor Erhard said, "I beg of you, don't worry about a slight depression. Just worry about inflation. We have lived through both, and we know there is no misery like that of inflation." While I am not prepared to agree that a recession is not serious, we should remember, too, that inflation often destroys more than the financial structure. In Germany it so weakened the moral fiber of the people and so demolished their faith in democratic government that they welcomed the dictatorship of an Adolf Hitler.

Advocates of spending for spending's sake also gloss over the fact that their policies would place increasing power over our lives and our institutions in the hands of a few politicians in Washington. They don't point out that, as a rule of thumb, the people must abdicate their direct responsibilities almost in direct ratio as they let Washington pick up the check. This doesn't mean that there aren't many functions, especially defense, which are rightful responsibilities of the national Government; rather, it emphasizes the need for us to understand what is right and proper for the Federal Government to do, and what isn't. On my desk I keep a handy reminder of this principle, a saying by Abraham Lincoln, who put it this way: "The legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but cannot do at all, or cannot so well do, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities. In all the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere."

Of course, government now engages in many activities not considered essential a few years ago. Not long ago, while visiting with the presidents of several privately supported universities and colleges, I became curious as to the extent to which Federal financial power had invaded the campus, and I asked, "What would you do if the Government suddenly ended its research contracts with your schools?"

One president threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Why, we'd have to close our doors. We'd be virtually broke."

Another, heading an old, conservative university, said, "We would be badly hurt, but we've tried to look ahead, realizing that some breakthrough in disarmament might cause the cancellation of many defense research contracts. So we have paid all our key professors and scientists out of our own revenue."

This is one small sample. But it makes clear that at some point we should call a halt to the proliferating use of Federal money—which, after all, is *our* money—to control a larger and larger segment of our activities, including the very institutions on which our human dignity and freedom are based.

Another aspect of spending for spending's sake which the theorists fail to explore with candor is its possible effect on the value of the dollar in the eyes of the world. We long have been accustomed to unquestioned acceptance of the dollar as the dominant medium of commerce in the Free World, but there are troublesome signs, such as the persistent deficit in our balance of international payments and the outflow of gold, which should warn us to be cautious. Many countries carry dollars or short-term dollar obligations as a part of their reserves, and as long as they believe that our fiscal policies are sound and we can and will meet our obligations, they see little reason to ship their dollars back to Washington and ask for gold. However, should this country get into large-scale deficit financing, if we get into an inflationary spiral with increasing production costs so as to shake the confidence of the rest of the Free World in our currency, there could be a "run on the bank"—that is, on our depleted gold reserves. Then there would be great pressure on the apostles of the easy way to say, "Well, we don't need a gold standard. We will now repeal the law requiring our currency to be backed by twenty-five percent of its value in gold; we can't let an old-fashioned idea like that hobble our progress." And all the brakes on inflation would be off.

Let me emphasize that I don't for a minute believe that we are, as yet, in a precarious position. The dollar still is strong, and I'm sure the world has respect for our immense wealth and financial integrity. However, what bothers me is that we are heading in the wrong direction, and not enough of our people are viewing the matter with the care it deserves. Certainly one of the things *not* to do is to enlarge our deficit recklessly. What is required is the foresight and moral courage to use our national checkbook with restraint.

I believe in progress; I believe that government has a duty to create and maintain an economic atmosphere in which balanced and constant progress can be realized by the nation. Indeed, how could any man who has lived through the marvelous development of the United States in this century *not* believe in the genius of the American people for progress? But I oppose visionary and costly programs placed in operation in the name of progress by the Government.

Many times recently I have wished our schools and our informational media were doing a better job of dramatizing for the American people, especially the

"As a precondition to any reduction in taxes we must cut spending."

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younger generation, the vital story of the way in which this country has become strong, rich and powerful in world affairs under the rare climate of freedom and responsible self-government. These are more than pleasant phrases. They represent the unique fulfillment here of an ancient dream of mankind. For us, happily, the dream largely came true. It did so because our forefathers had the opportunity to build their own futures, starting with a great continent of tremendous, unmortgaged resources of land, water, minerals, timber, which an energetic people could shape to their needs without bowing to the restrictive hands of kings, dictators or oligarchs.

"Many items in the budget have become distended beyond reason."

This American system, we must remember, is still an experiment and even today is being tested on many fronts. Of this we may be sure: That system's continued success depends on our ability to preserve the values which made it great, on continued freedom to work hard and to exercise our ingenuity—not in impulsively distorting that pattern. That is why I would hope that all of our young people, no matter how well-off their families, might have the experience of earning a living for themselves by their hands and their brains. The science of what I call "constructive economics" is more easily absorbed by people who have earned their own way than by those who recognize a dollar only as something provided by an indulgent parent.

Let us get specific about the several parts of the Administration's tax-budget-debt package. First of all, every well-informed citizen must know by now that Federal taxes are too high, and the whole patchwork system of income taxes is unfair and inefficient. In our free society the primary function of taxes should be the production of enough revenue to meet legitimate government expenses, not to rig the economy or to support unnecessary governmental programs. *Necessary taxes should be collected in a manner that will be fair and just to every individual and will do the least damage to the economy.*

By such a definition, we are much in need of a tax cut. I urgently favor one. Present income-tax rates, ranging from a low of 20 percent to a high of 91 percent, seriously impair opportunities in our economy, becoming virtually confiscatory in the upper brackets. The men who originally set up our income-tax system would be shocked by the rates today and the effect of the system. Recently I read an account of some of the debates prior to the adoption of the graduated income tax in 1913. The opponents argued that if the Government had the right to take one percent of an individual's income in taxes, it might in the future have the right to take as much as 5 percent or even 10 percent. The advocates of the tax replied that this was a foolish contention, because any government which attempted to take in taxes that large a share of the people's earnings would face revolution!

We haven't had a revolution, but the longer the delay in cleaning up the tax mess the longer the unfair rates will hold us back and the more difficult reform will become. Personally, I believe that we should lower the rates to the neighborhood of 65 to 70 percent in the top brackets and to 17 or 18 percent in the lowest ones. But that is only one man's opinion. More important than the exact range of the rates is a system which distributes the load fairly. And as a precondition to any reduction in taxes we must have the courage to cut spending. I still insist that the proposed budget is extravagant and can be cut by billions of dollars without harming a single *essential* Federal function.

The way to get basic tax reform, in my view, is to enlist a group of our ablest citizens to take a long, hard look at our whole tax system and to blueprint a complete overhaul that would get us back to solid ground. Such a group would be something like the Hoover commission—which was notable for nonpartisan operation—with its attention devoted wholly to reforming our tax structure. It should include people from various walks of life—businessmen, union labor officials, farmers, lawyers, doctors, teachers and economists—even a few of what I call the wild-eyed kind, although they shouldn't dominate. These men would need to be highly public-spirited, because theirs would be a grueling, brain-fagging job. The present tax laws are not a system but a patchwork quilt of laws and amendments, many of them enacted to meet certain emergencies long since passed.

The swollen budget for fiscal 1964 has been defended as "the most powerful single tool the nation possesses" to promote economic activity. However, this confidently stated proposition does not square with our economic history and our traditional free-enterprise philosophy on several counts. For one thing, sheer weight of government spending by itself never has been, nor do we want it to be, the principal force in our long-range growth. Certainly it does not produce the self-supporting kind of expansion that has been typical of private investment and development. Government spending does produce activity, of course, and if all we want is feverish activity, we could carry that proposition to its absurd conclusion and let the Government take over *all* spending. Then everybody would be working for the Government, and we no longer would have a democracy.

The Government formula now given us is: Spend more, collect less, go more in debt. Doesn't this whole proposition put the cart before the horse? If we reduce public spending *and* taxes at the same time, then our economy will have its best opportunity for showing new growth. When we reach that happy stage where, with lower tax rates, the budget shows a surplus, *then* we can see our way clear to pay off a bit of our debt and devote more money to government services for an expanding population.

Of course, the country must have economic growth, but when so-called experts say that it must be a certain number of percentage points per year, I just think they don't know what they are talking about. It's like saying that each and every child should grow the same number of inches a year. And when they say that government spending should be the controlling factor in expansion, I regard this as a pernicious myth.

Where do you start measuring this growth? It would be a blessing if such poor, underdeveloped countries as India or Egypt could increase their productivity by 10 percent or more a year, giving them the opportunity steadily to raise their standards of living. For some time countries of the Common Market area have been expanding faster than the United States, as is to be expected, because they started from a lower level, had to rebuild from war damage, and had accumulated needs and desires. Now they are breaking down trade barriers between states, as we did in the beginning, and are moving into the mass-marketing, automotive, mass-production age. In other words, many other countries, including Soviet Russia, are striving to catch up with our mature, highly developed society which has fulfilled far more of the material needs of its citizens than any other system on the face of the earth. The United States should not try to match some arbitrary percentage formula; rather its goal should be the maintenance of a climate in which our society can develop continually greater opportunities—both economic and cultural—for new generations.

For a moment let's think of national security and its costs. A key point to keep in mind is this: *No matter how much we spend for arms, there is no safety in arms alone. Our security is the total product of our economic, intellectual, moral and military strengths.*

An easy way to bankruptcy

Let me elaborate on this great truth. It happens that defense is a field in which I have had varied experience over a lifetime, and if I have learned anything, it is that there is no way in which a country can satisfy the craving for absolute security—but it easily can bankrupt itself, morally and economically, in attempting to reach that illusory goal through arms alone. The military establishment, not productive of itself, necessarily must feed on the energy, productivity and brainpower of the country, and if it takes too much, our total strength declines.

So how does one judge the limits of defense needs? That is the task of the statesman: to apply the rule of reason in judging what is clearly adequate but not excessive. The foibles and specialized viewpoints of human nature must be balanced off. For example, when I was President, it was not unusual for the Joint Chiefs of Staff to agree that the total defense budget was adequate—but later individual members would come to me to argue that the share of their respective service should be increased at the expense of the others.

The defense budget I left behind provided amply for our security at that time. Even though there have been costly developments in weapons since then, it does not seem that the spectacular increase of $10 billion in new obligational authority in two years, as is now requested, has been proved necessary. We already have

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the nuclear deterrent, the most valuable single element in our defense posture and one which, of course, must be kept up to date. One truth we should keep in mind at all times is that the other fellow, your potential enemy, doesn't want to be killed any more than you do. As long as he knows we are maintaining the power to destroy him if he dares attack us, as long as we keep our nation fiercely proud, not only of its military strength but of its way of life, then we have the best possible defense in this imperfect world. Patriotism is as important as all the guns we can build.

Let us turn to the space exploration program, which I publicly have called "downright spongy." Now clearly the strong competitive spirit of the American people has been aroused by the so-called space race. But let us step back for a moment from emotion and be objective. This is what my scientific advisers and I tried to do when we started space work back in 1955 and thereafter enlarged it into a comprehensive program. We didn't and don't want to be a second-best nation, not in any important field, and certainly not in total accomplishment. But can we best maintain our over-all leadership by launching wildly into crash programs on many fronts? This is where we seem to have got out of focus.

Let me make it perfectly clear that we should have an aggressive program of research and exploration, so broadly based that in the long run there will be no question of our space leadership; but we should pursue it in an orderly, step-by-step way to enlarge systematically our knowledge of the scientific, military, and industrial potentials in space. This sort of a program would be a strong, steady push from the known into the unknowns of space science, accumulating along the way the techniques and skills to put our astronauts on the moon, among other developments. The annual cost would not include money for stunts and unnecessary contests.

Most of the scientists who advised me on space matters—all men of great knowledge and integrity—believed in this step-by-step program as most effective for the long pull, pointing out that the things we need to learn in space are almost as endless as space itself. Proud as we may be of our astronauts and our Venus probe and other accomplishments in space, this racing to the moon, unavoidably wasting vast sums and deepening our debt, is the wrong way to go about it, as I see it. Because it has been stated that the country's prestige is at stake in this race, the average citizen may be loath to question the huge sums now being requested. But he *should*.

Many items in the budget have become distended beyond reason; several should be mentioned for the pattern they make. The $5.7 billion allotted for agriculture—and the actual spending could easily exceed the estimate—to a large degree represents subsidies, originally intended as wartime incentives for increased production, which now have become imbedded in our farm economy. Moreover, these subsidies are a prime instance of the way in which Federal controls usually go along with Federal money. Ask any farmer about his cropping system these days, and he will answer not in terms of *his* plans but in terms of the acres permitted for this crop and that under his Government allotment.

Or take the way in which the Federal Government seems to have decided that it must do much of the medical research, despite the multitude of state and private medical schools, hospitals and research foundations. The item for medical research in the budget left to me by the outgoing Administration in 1953 was $96 million. The same item is now around $900 million. In this, as in so many other fields, the Congress seems to believe that money will buy anything and everything.

This poses the question: Are private hands being pushed away from this kind of research? I'm afraid they are. Often in recent years I have talked with people who have been giving generously to worthy causes, such as the American Cancer Society, the Heart Association, crippled children's organizations, and so on, but who are beginning to feel they no longer should do so because they already are supporting such work through the taxes they pay. Again it seems the Government insists on taking over.

Finally, a few words about the most misunderstood and controversial of all Federal expenditures—foreign aid. Never has there been any question in my mind as to the necessity of a program of economic and military aid to keep the free nations of the world from being overrun by the Communists. It is that simple. Such a program, if well-run and kept within the limits we can afford, offers the United States one of its best bargains in national security.

Unfortunately, foreign aid has suffered through its history from political maneuvering and lack of stability. Congressmen seeking reelection have found it a handy issue to kick around. They go back home and stir up voters with speeches saying, "You can be sure I'm not going to vote to give your money to Timbuktu when *you* good people so badly need more schools and hospitals." Because of this and other political factors, foreign aid never has been planned or administered on a long-range basis, although we know the Communist threat is going to be with us for a long time to come. Back in 1953 we inherited a foreign-aid budget of $7.6 billion and we cut expenditures to a more reasonable $4.8 billion, hoping to build a steady-going program. But we never were able to get Congress to assure the program the continuity in funds and personnel that are absolutely necessary if this important work is to attract and hold experienced, dedicated people.

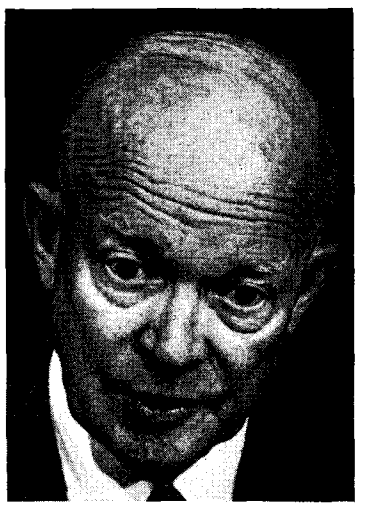
That is why I agree with the recommendations of the Committee to Strengthen the Security of the Free World, headed by Gen. Lucius D. Clay. The Clay report follows the guidelines of rule of reason that I have been talking about. It recognizes that we should not increase the burden of foreign aid at this time but should strengthen the program in areas where our purposes are best served while phasing it out in areas where it is not effective. I applaud the Administration for accepting the terms of the report and hope that Congress will act favorably on it.

People who talk with me about the threat of spending for spending's sake often wind up by asking, "But what can I, an ordinary citizen, do about it?"

The answer is: plenty. One of the first things you can and should do is to inform yourself on this critical situation. Just how much are you paying in taxes? What is your share of the national debt? How much is the interest on that debt costing you? You can join with your neighbors or like-minded people in probing into these things, in discussing the whole problem. Determining what taxes you pay isn't an easy job, because so much of the load is hidden or indirect. A development which has my hearty approval is the little sign which now often appears on the gasoline pump showing the customer just how much of the price goes for taxes. Business should do that with other products—with such things as cigarettes, liquor, luggage and other items on which excise taxes are collected. Employers should make sure—and so should labor unions—that workers realize just how much of their wage is being withheld for income taxes. All too often the worker thinks of his take-home pay as his *real* wage and doesn't stop to think how much larger his earnings would be if the taxes were more reasonable. I wish that employers would—if permissible—adopt a system used some years ago by a company to dramatize the tax bite: At one window workers were given their full pay envelopes and then, at an adjoining "tax window" the amount to be withheld was collected from them. Every earner would soon begin to ask, I'm sure, "Why do we need to spend all this money?"

If you believe in self-government, it is your right and your duty to make your wishes known to Washington on an issue as vital as spending for spending's sake. Actually, the solution to the problem could be this simple: If enough citizens write to their representatives and senators asking *why* they have been voting so much money for racing to the moon, farm subsidies, and even for defense, Congress will get the message. Your congressman will get it particularly well if you demand not just a polite, noncommital form reply, but a detailed, reasoned answer.

All of us will share the blame if continued spending and debt lead us not into lasting prosperity but into decadence and peril. This includes those who are seeking to lead us down this risky road. It includes the empire-building bureaucrats, too few of whom seem able to follow the wise doctrine of self-restraint. It includes Congress, holder of the purse strings, but all too often willing to give in to subsidy-seeking pressure groups or too eager to seek votes with "pork barrel" appropriations. But most of all it applies to us—private citizens—who allow our votes to be swayed by the "carrots" held out by the public spenders, who fail to look beyond an immediate Government check to ask ourselves, "How does this affect our children's future?" THE END



"What can those people in Washington be thinking about?"

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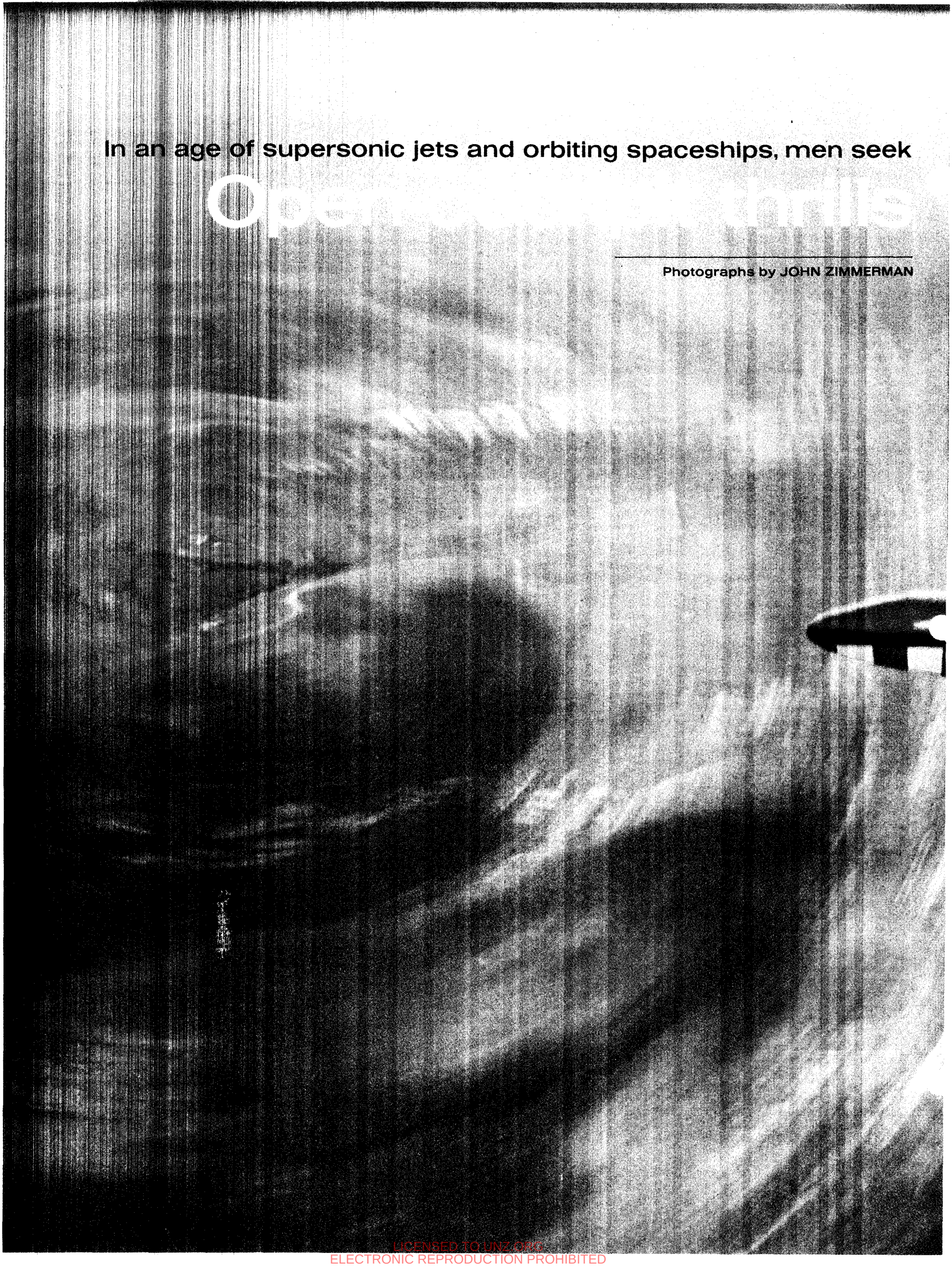
In an age of supersonic jets and orbiting spaceships, men seek

Open Horizons

Photographs by JOHN ZIMMERMAN



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Antique-airplane collector and stunt flier Frank Tallman flips his Stearman biplane in a dizzying snap roll as cockpit-mounted camera records the swirling relative movement of the ground below.

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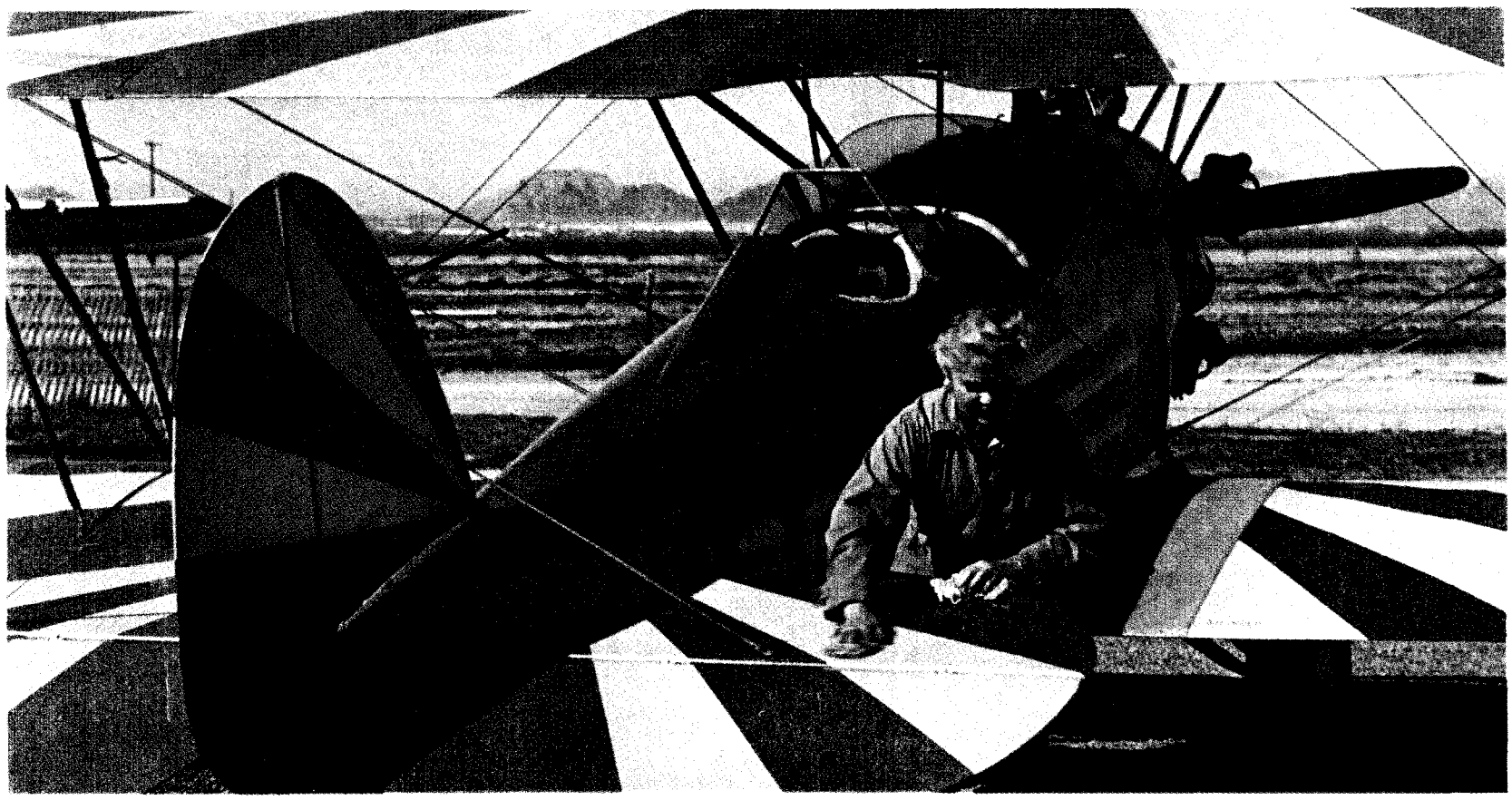
Famed 1909 Blériot, first airplane to cross English Channel, and another over-water veteran, the 1927 Lockheed Vega, fly near Newport Beach, California.



Melba Beard polishes the 1929 Brunner-Winkle Bird that she restored in 1958.

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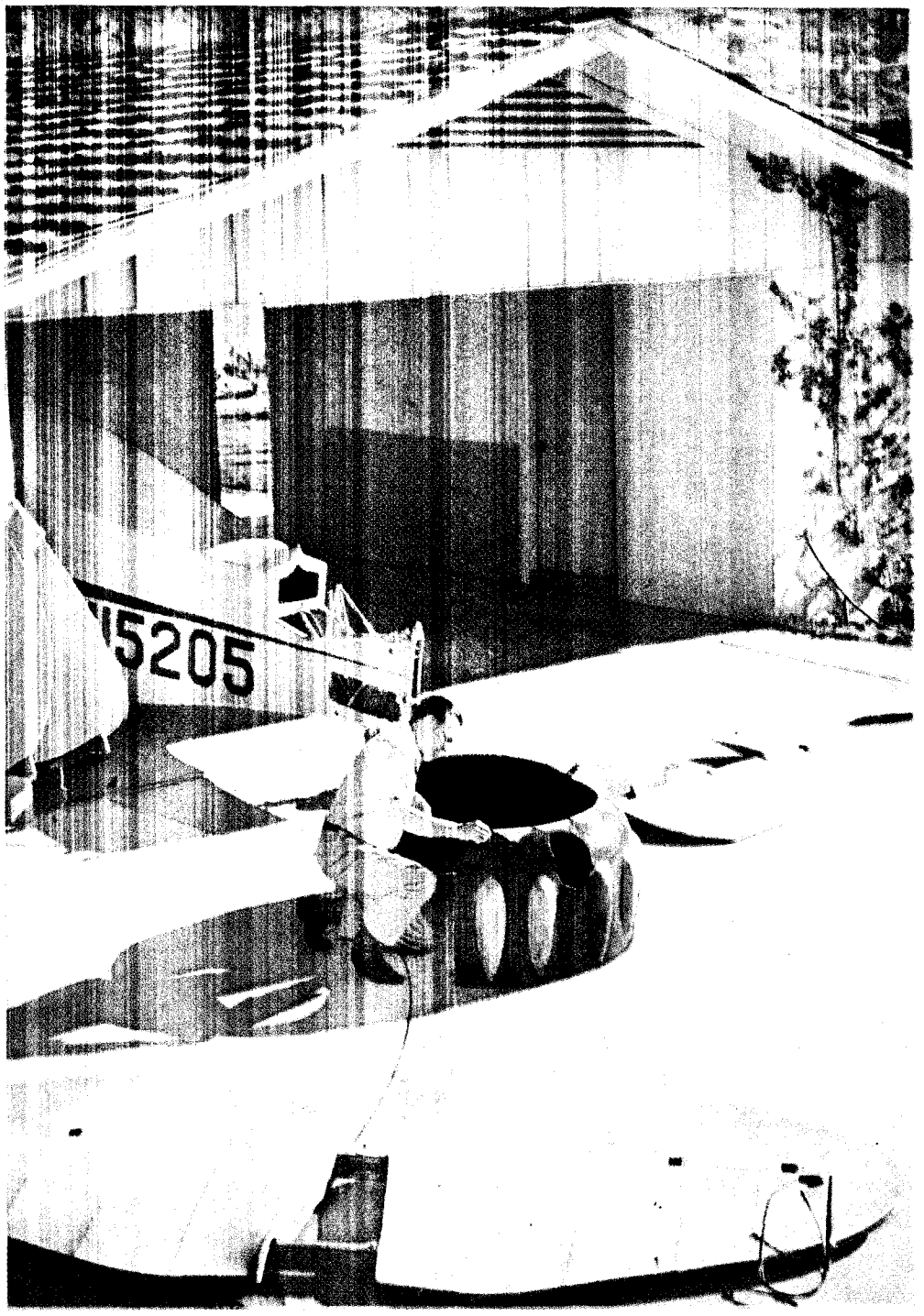
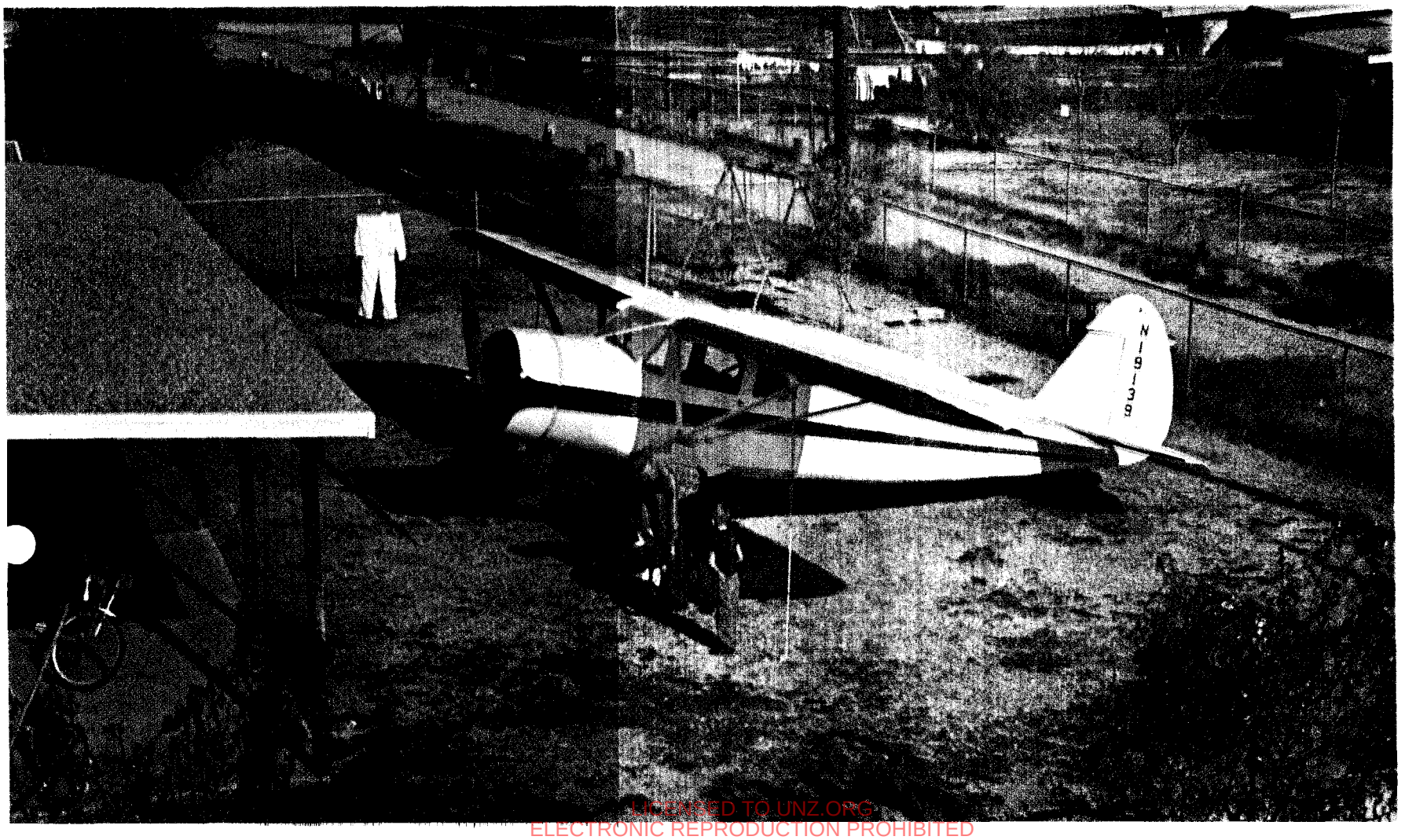
The antique buffs

Man still yearns after the bird, a fact illustrated by the 83,000 privately owned airplanes now flying in this country. Of all small-plane buffs, none is more dedicated than the lover of antique airplanes. Evenings and weekends, in cluttered barns and garages, the antiquers rip apart and restore mazes of tubing, wood and wires that once flew. According to Bob Taylor, an Iowa aviation writer who is founder and president of the Antique Airplane Association, 3,000 antiquers have restored over 1,000 planes to flying condition in the last decade alone. "Ten years ago anyone who owned or flew an old airplane was considered somewhat unbalanced," Taylor says. "Now we are swamped with requests to bring our planes to aviation functions all over the country." Enthusiastic Melba Beard (lower left), one of the Association's charter members, is presently restoring five airplanes on her Scottsdale, Arizona, ranch. She's been flying since 1929. Not all antiquers are led into the hobby through flying, however. Tucson schoolteacher Paul Ummel, shown with his plane at lower right, began a rebuilding job four years ago with only model-building experience. "Ever since I was a kid I wanted to build an airplane," he says. So he bought the remains of one and invested 2,000 work hours and $1,500. Dapper Bob Bonniwell (right), an aeronautical engineer, is a new Association member. In keeping with the perfection all antiquers strive for, Bonniwell's 1935 cabin Waco will be rebuilt from the skeleton out. Frank Tallman (in 1909 Blériot at left) makes his living from aviation (see article, page 26) and therefore is scorned by "true" antique hobbyists. Nonetheless, Tallman lives the antiquer's motto: "Keep the antiques flying."



Outside his Scottsdale, Arizona, home, Bob Bonniwell inspects authentic 1935 Waco cowling.

With son Eric watching, Paul Ummel pumps tire on 1937 Fairchild he assembled in backyard.



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Aerial daredevils

At the head of the short runway the engine of the glistening red-and-white Stearman guns to an ear-shattering level and the biplane rolls forward. The dust swirls up and then, as the plane gets closer, the crowd discovers that a person is standing on the top wing. The Stearman lifts off, and as it climbs out over the grandstand, the pilot does a slow, 360-degree roll. Spectators hold their breath. After a series of maneuvers at 500 feet the airplane makes a low pass in front of the stands, upside down. The person on the wing, strapped to a strut, waves reassuringly. When the plane lands, the wing walker, a small, pretty woman named Judy Cole, whose frail appearance hardly suggests a talent for riding the wing of a flying airplane, alights and bows, acknowledging the cheers. Her performance is one act of the Cole Brothers' Flying Circus, which her aerobat husband Duane started 17 years ago. The Cole Circus is the last of the many such aerial shows which flourished in the days before the airplane became just another common carrier. The Coles find that darederil performances with little airplanes can still thrill the crowds at airports all over the country.

Breathtaking wing stunt is calmly performed on biplane by mother of three, Mrs. Duane Cole.

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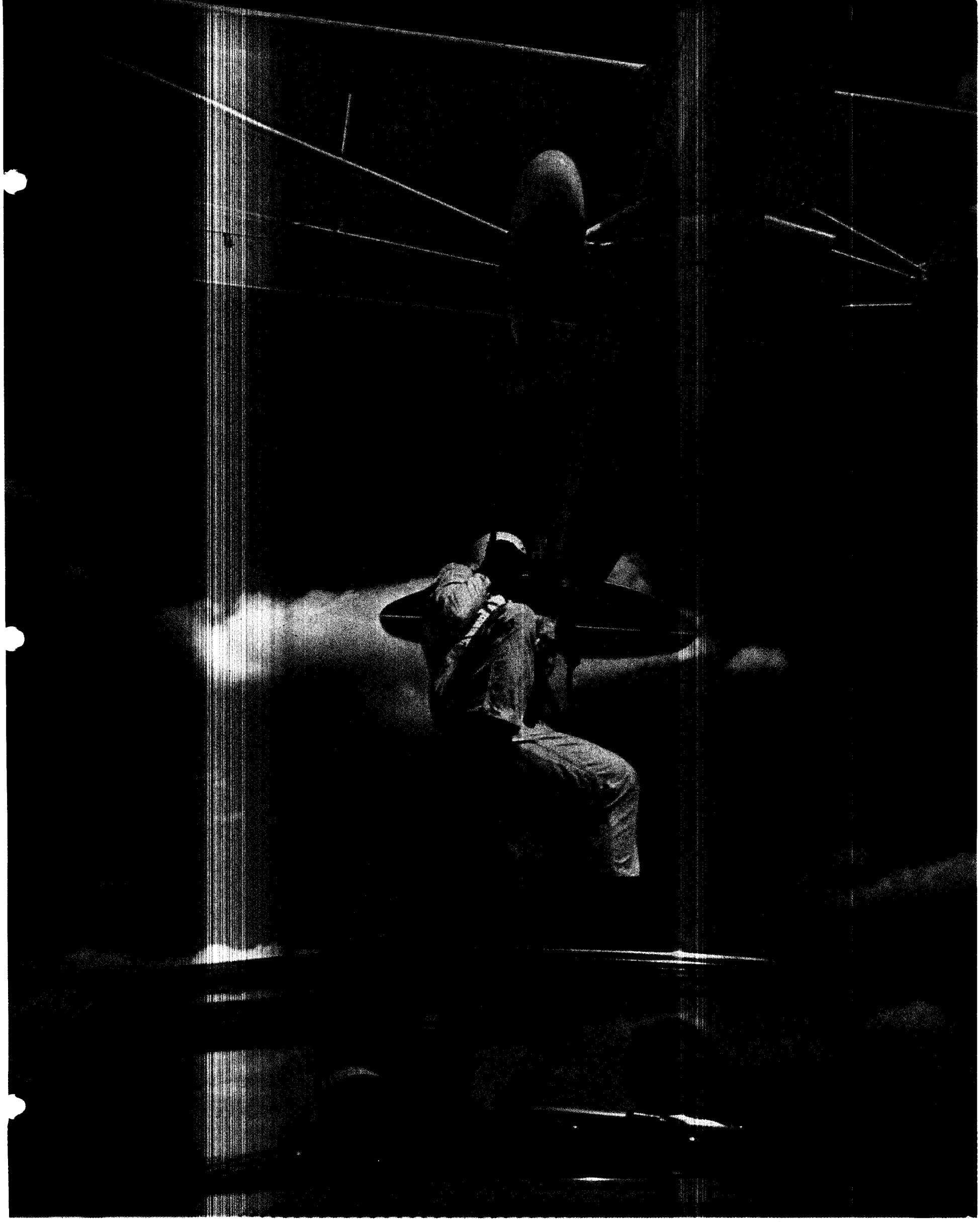

Skydiver and daredevil Lee Meyers holds on for his life during the high-speed auto-to-airplane transfer act of the Cole Circus.

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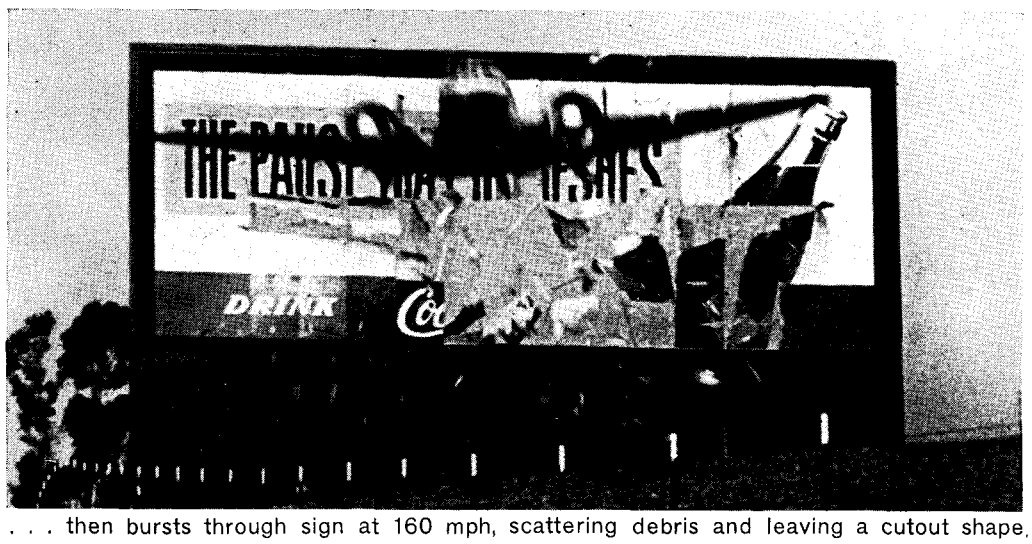
THE MAD, MAD WORLD OF THE STUNT FLIER

HE EARNS A LIVING GAMBLING HIS LIFE IN THE AIR.

BY
ROGER VAUGHAN

In stunt flight, plane's nose makes bulge . . .



. . . then bursts through sign at 160 mph, scattering debris and leaving a cutout shape.

The twin-engine plane was obviously much too low, and when it missed the top of the highway billboard you had to feel relief. But then it pulled up, circled and again headed for the billboard. This time it wasn't going to make it. For an instant it disappeared behind the sign and then with an awful crash it ripped through the center, scattering paper and wood in all directions.

For a moment the cameramen and technicians on the ground seemed frozen. Then, as the plane struggled clear of the debris, a spontaneous cheer went up. Stanley Kramer, producer of the movie *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, for which this scene had just been shot, could feel his heart begin to slow down.

In the cockpit of the Beechcraft, now heading back for Orange County Airport, in Santa Ana, California, stunt pilot Frank Tallman radioed for emergency landing clearance. He had a fleeting second in which to be happy it was over; then he had to concentrate on getting the airplane down. His front windscreen was smashed. Broken glass was everywhere. He shook it off his arms and brushed it away from his goggles. The plane was not responding properly because of dents in the wing edges and the nose. The starboard engine, stuffed with pieces of balsa wood and Styrofoam from the billboard, was dead. For a few minutes Frank Tallman was very busy.

Later photographer John Zimmerman and I visited Tallman at the Orange County Airport, where he and his partner, Paul Mantz, keep their enormous collection of antique airplanes. A lean, good-looking man of 44 whose mustachioed, weather-beaten countenance would fit perfectly

Tallman: "Full throttle, no brakes."

With Tallman again at the controls, the plane sends restaurant diners fleeing in another wild stunt for movie.

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into a group photograph of World War I pilots, Tallman leaned on a silverheaded cane as he greeted us. He explained with some embarrassment that he had broken his foot sky-diving. Even with both feet on the ground, Tallman strikes you immediately as one of the last of the old-time adventurers.

There are few men alive who have as intimate a knowledge of aviation and fewer still who can handle an airplane with Tallman's facility. Even his office is a small-scale aviation museum. On one wall a fighter streaks away from the flames of a dirigible it has destroyed. On another wall hang a dozen drawings of famous World War I aerial combat situations. A photo of Jayne Mansfield smiles from the midst of the smoke and flames, signed and inscribed, "To Frank, with full throttle and no brakes." Machine guns loaded with dummy clips hang over each window, and beside Tallman's walnut desk is a beautiful gun belt with its Colt .45 holstered.

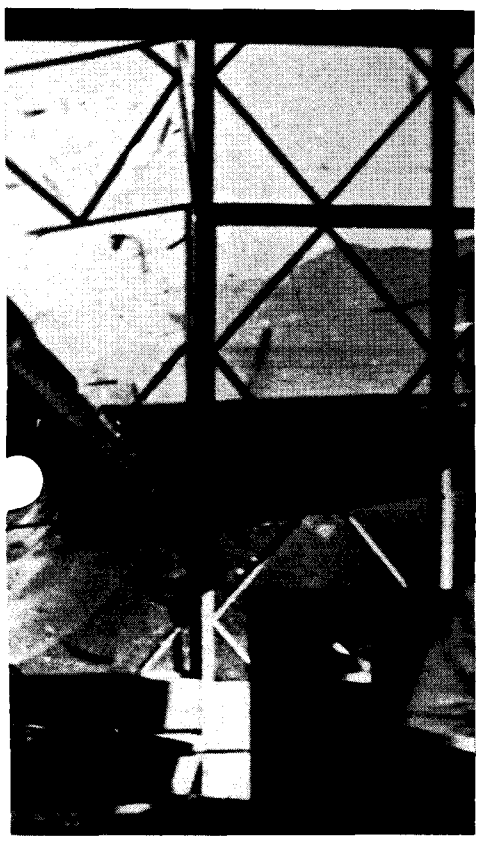
"I'm a nut about guns," Tallman said, taking the Colt .45 from the belt. He opened a drawer and brought out a service revolver, loaded. "Paul and I always have considerable cash around," he explained. Then he reached into his hip pocket and produced a tiny firearm. "Beretta automatic. Just flip this lever, and you have nine shots."

On a table stood a large silver tray inscribed, "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—1962—with all my thanks, Stanley Kramer."

"Kramer sent me that after the stunts were over," Tallman told us. "Darned nice of him."

The stunts Tallman referred to were many and hair-raising. For the *Mad World* movie he had buzzed a control tower far inside the safety margin. He had taxied a plane into the glass wall of an airport restaurant. He had flown at 160 miles per hour through an open hangar. And he had flown through the billboard.

"That was the single most dangerous flying stunt that has ever been done," Tallman said. "It will never be done again because no one else will do it, and neither will I. We set up a billboard shape with cloth tapes, and for three weeks I practiced flying through it in all kinds of wind conditions. On the real signboard, the middle was Styrofoam and balsa-wood planks. What made it dangerous was the steel girder around the outside of the sign. I only had three feet of clearance off each wingtip when I went through."



We had planned to photograph Tallman flying his 1909 Blériot later that day, but by the time the airplane had been checked out it was nearly dark. Tallman limped over to where we were standing by the Blériot. He had on coveralls, an old, heavily stitched leather helmet, goggles and a white silk scarf around his neck. Standing by the Blériot he looked like something out of an old movie. "It's too damned late for pictures," he said, absently caressing the plane's varnished propeller. "Well, hell, this bird is ready to go, so I may as well take it for a spin anyway."

Dragging the heavy foot cast, he climbed through the framework of oak, fabric and wires into the tiny seat. The prop was spun. Tallman ran up the engine, waved and bounced off down a grass strip on the Blériot's thin, bicycle-spoked wheels. One of his mechanics watched the frail plane waver into the air and muttered, "I wouldn't fly that thing for a thousand in cash, and he's doing it for kicks."

Touch and go in a Blériot

Tallman banked around and dove the Blériot at us as he came by, pulling up sharply just a few feet from the ground. Then he leveled off, touched the wheels down for about twenty yards, added power and was off again. When you consider the antiquated control system of such an airplane (the Blériot has no ailerons—the fabric-covered wing must be "warped" with cables to bank the plane), it was an incredible performance.

Frank Tallman has been flying in old airplanes since he was five. His father, a World War I pilot, owned a Curtiss Jenny, and would hold Tallman in his lap when he flew short hops. When Frank was eight his father bought a two-seater biplane, and at an age when most boys have not even thought about driving the family car around the yard Tallman began to get in some flying time. In 1938 he soloed. "I was born a little too late to begin flying when I would have liked to, but I made it," Tallman recalls. "I was probably one of the last to learn to fly in the helmet-and-goggle days of the open cockpit. Of course when the war started, that type of training was revived because planes were scarce." During the war Tallman was a flight instructor for both the Army and Navy and later commanded a helicopter squadron.

During Tallman's long romance with airplanes he has been a charter pilot, flown crop dusters, tested planes for government and private industry, and has stunted for air shows and movies. Just a few years ago at a Pittsburgh air show he finally caught up with something he had never tried, wing-riding. A wing-rider stands on the top wing of a biplane, strapped to a special support while the plane stunts. "I had to see what it was like," Tallman said. "I went up with loose clothing and just goggles, no helmet. The wind whipped away most of my clothes, and I couldn't comb my hair for a week."

Tallman's ability as a pilot can be measured in part by his easy command of so many planes. In one day at Orange County we saw him fly the Blériot eight miles out to sea for a photograph we wanted. Then he test-flew his German 1918 Fokker D-7 fighter, performed aerobatics with a 1917 French Nieuport and finally flew tight maneuvers for an hour with the only 1918 German Pfalz fighter in existence—a plane even the German aces thought was a horror to handle.

Scott Crossfield, the former test pilot whose exploits with the X-15 rocket plane have made aviation history, once flew the 1916 Lincoln Standard that Tallman and Mantz own. He said, "I've got nothing but respect for the men who had to fly those old warplanes. Compared to today's jets those old crates were impossible to control. Tallman is a real expert."

Tallman once decided he had better buckle down to a "good respectable job with a future." This was just after the war. He tried advertising and then broadcasting. "From the moment I heard the first plane fly overhead I knew I didn't belong on Madison Avenue."

Airplanes had remained a hobby, and it was an old Sopwith Camel, famed British World War I fighter plane, that turned him back toward the aviation business. Tallman stumbled upon the tattered remains of a Camel in an old barn near Moorestown, New Jersey, one afternoon in 1949. The rarity of his find sent him on a search for the Camel's owner, who sold him the plane and five other World War I relics for $500.

Tallman supervised the restoration of the Camel, and soon was off for Europe in search of more antique airplanes. When he returned he went to California and flew for the filming of *Lafayette Escadrille*. He bought more planes while flying for the movie and shortly was building an impressive collection.

He also did stunt flying for Hollywood—under bridges, through open hangars—even crashing planes when the scripts called for it. In *The Last Time I Saw Archie* he demolished a Fairchild World War II trainer. He crash-landed a P-51 on one wheel eight times for *Wake Me When It's Over* before the director was satisfied that the action looked real enough. Recently Tallman has flown sequences for television's *Route 66* and *Twilight Zone*.

Just a year and a half ago Tallman joined forces with Paul Mantz, an expert pilot who has been thinking up wild aerial stunts and executing them for the movies for many years. Eventually Tallman and Mantz hope to establish a flight museum near the headquarters of Tallmantz Aviation, Incorporated.

At dusk on the last day we were at Orange County an old Spad was reported missing. Tallman roared frantically off to look for it. He returned in 15 minutes, visibly relieved. He had located the Spad in a field where one of his pilots, Jim Bissel, had been forced to make a dead-stick landing when his engine failed. Part of Tallman's concern was explained when a mechanic told us how another plane had been missing six months earlier. At that time both pilot and plane had been lost in a crash.

Tallman limped over to us as the setting sun made eerie shadows of the Corsairs, B-25's and biplanes tethered in front of his hangars. The planes were through for the day, and it was very quiet. "You know," he said, "at the end of a day like this I'm tired. Thousands of dollars' worth of irreplaceable planes to worry about, cranky engines to fix, pilots to check out, crosswinds we can't fly in, and now this scare. You know," and he smiled a little, "I'd rather fly through the damn billboard again." He had to be joking. THE END

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New Tactical Patrol Force, a picked body of 36 skilled men, receives night's assignment.

THE SEARCH FOR THE STRANGLER

As terror mounts, Boston police hunt desperately for a phantom killer.

By JACK IAMS

Gainsborough Street in Back Bay Boston has something of a European air about it. It is a short and curving street, a quiet street, and at dusk its lamps gleam through the trees that line it, softening the dark red brick of its somber housefronts. Perhaps it was this atmosphere that appealed to Anna Slesers, 55, a refugee from Latvia who had wandered Europe for a number of years before coming to the United States with her son and daughter. In any event, she chose, with considerable care, an apartment on the third floor of No. 77 and moved into it on June 1 of last year.

Two weeks later, early on the evening of June 14, her 24-year-old son Juris came to pick her up and drive her to the Latvian Lutheran Church in Roxbury. June 14 is a day of national mourning for Latvians and prayers were to be offered for countrymen slain by the Russians.

The front door to the four-story building was unlocked as usual, and Juris climbed the dimly lighted stairs to his mother's apartment. There was no reply to his knock. He tried several times more, then gave the door an experimental push. Its flimsy lock immediately yielded. The chain bolt was unfastened. "I somehow knew," he said later, "that something was very wrong."

The living room was dark, but there was a light in the kitchen. And on the kitchen floor, Juris saw his mother's body. She lay on her back, clad only in a loosened housecoat of blue taffeta. Drawn tight around her slender neck was the housecoat belt, tied into a flaring bow.

She had been sexually molested, but otherwise there was no mark of brutality on her body. Nor was there any sign of a struggle. The apartment had been searched—bureau and desk drawers pulled out—but nothing, so far as could be ascertained, had been taken. There was no indication of forced entry.

Had Anna Slesers admitted her killer voluntarily? If so, given her known cautiousness, must it not have been someone she had good reason to trust?

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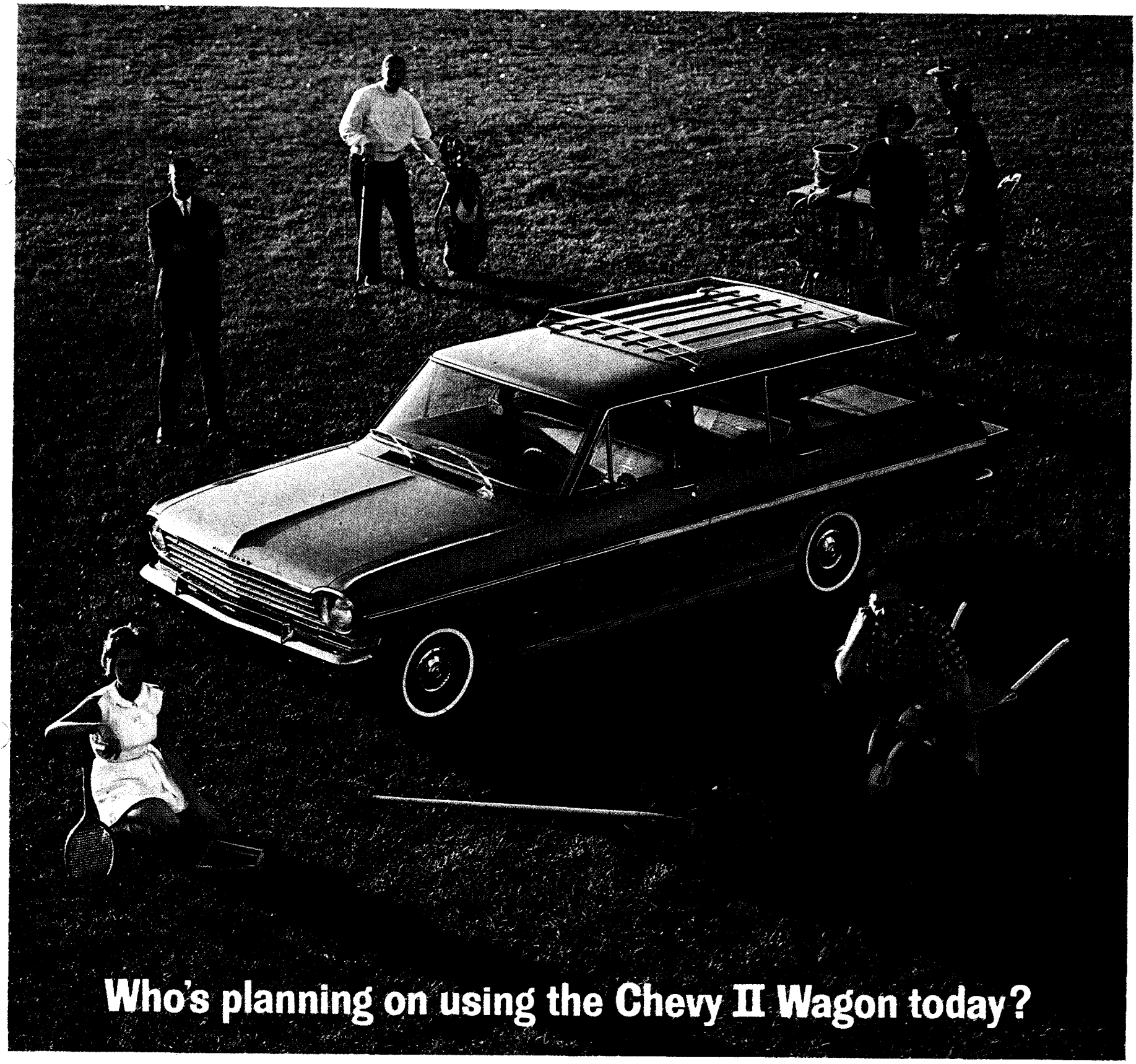

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[all of them]

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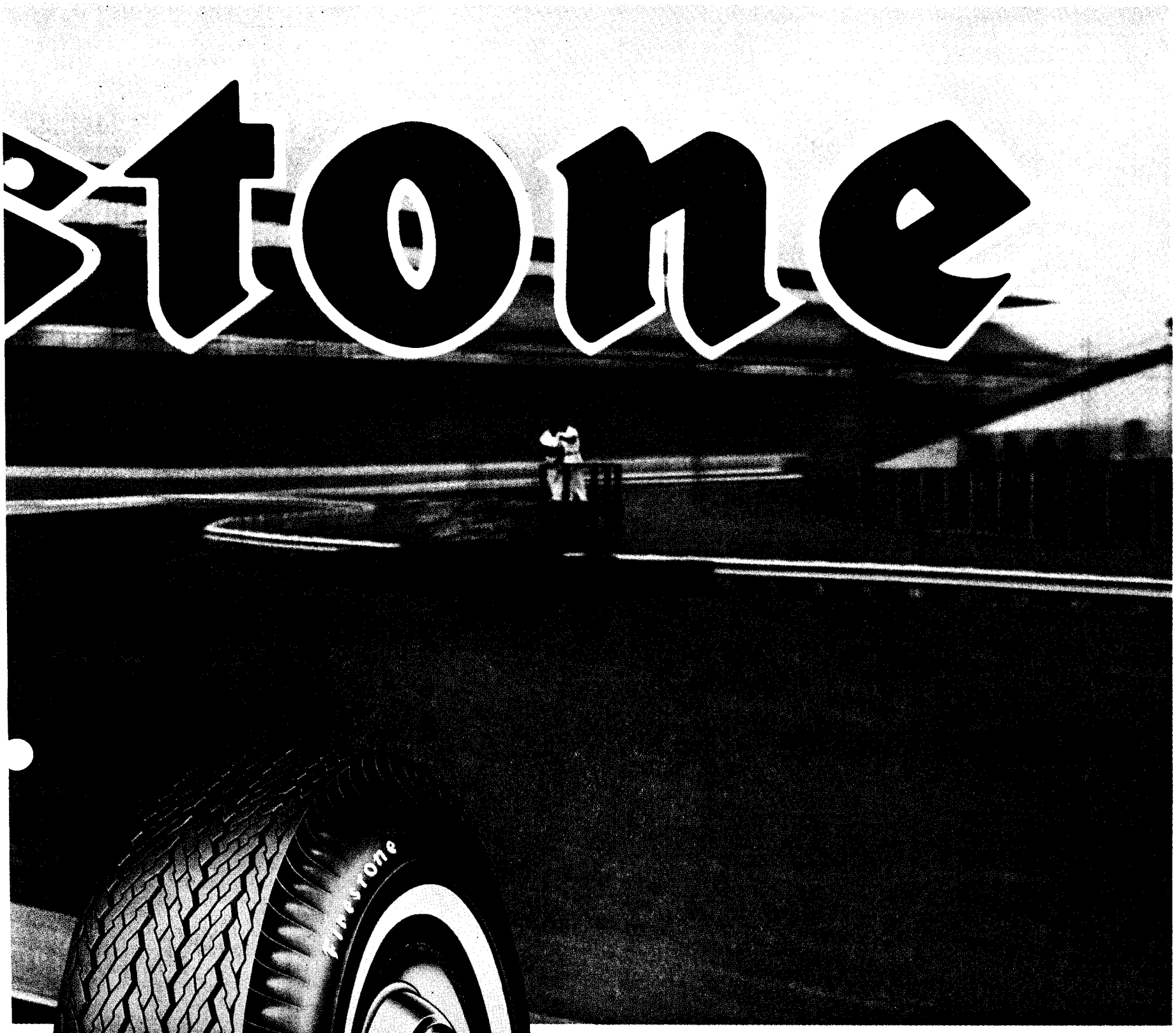

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One bizarre theory: "Could the Boston strangler be a woman?"

Police remove body of 23-year-old Patricia Bissette from her apartment.

Detective guards Erika Wilsing, husky waitress who fought off attacker and gave police their only description.

STRANGLER

It was a chilling question even then, when only one murder was involved. The same question, but with different names, was to haunt all of Boston as murder followed murder in the ensuing months. By springtime of 1963 ten women had died by strangling since that June day of Latvian mourning. And at least seven of them had every appearance of having been the victims of a single, psychopathic killer, a killer whom the entire city had come to call simply "The Strangler."

Not since Jack the Ripper terrorized London just 75 years ago had a great metropolis dwelt in such fear of senseless murder. Already The Strangler had exceeded the score of the Ripper, whose known victims numbered only six.

"We must face the fact," said the attorney general of Massachusetts, Edward W. Brooke, "that a maniacal killer is loose in the streets of Boston."

These grim words were spoken in a private conversation a few days after the attorney general had summoned the area's top law-enforcement officials to an urgent meeting in early spring. He demanded an all-out drive to end what he flatly called "a state of emergency." What Mr. Brooke says carries real weight in Boston. He is the first Negro ever to hold such high position in Massachusetts, and he was the only Republican to win major office in last year's election. Many a Bostonian interpreted his call to arms as an expression of dissatisfaction with the results obtained so far by a police force that has been under a drumfire of charges of corruption and ineffectiveness.

The police, in turn, call their investigation "the most thorough and intensive in the history of Boston." They also maintain, with some irritation, that The Strangler, as such, is a figment of public imagination—that the murders are the work of several demented minds, possibly a different one in each case. And yet the same police officials who assure a visitor that there is no single killer will frequently, in the next breath, refer to their quarry as The Strangler—just like everybody else.

Sometimes in the headlines it is The Phantom Strangler, and if the phrase seems lurid, it is justified by fact. The seven murders were all carried out in multiple dwellings, in decent neighborhoods, in daylight or early evening, without other tenants noticing any suspicious character on the premises or hearing any outcry on the part of the victims. In every case, the murderer gained access with no visible sign of forced entry.

Did this mean that each of the victims had voluntarily admitted the killer? There was no sure way of knowing. Other explanations could usually be offered—Anna Slesers, for example, might have gone out shopping, and the killer could have pushed his way in, just as Anna's son did, to await her unsuspecting return. Also, it seemed increasingly unlikely in an atmosphere of mounting fear that so many women would have opened their doors to a stranger.

Yet it was the sixth of the seven victims, a 19-year-old student named Sophie Clark, who alone appears beyond any doubt to have let her murderer into her apartment of her own free will. Sophie was known among her friends to have lived in a state of nervous dread of The Strangler. And yet on the raw, cold afternoon of December 5, she evidently

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unlocked her door to a visitor who was bent on her death.

The murder of Sophie Clark and that of 23-year-old Patricia Bissette at the end of that same month were cited by police officials as evidence that more than one strangler had been at work. There had been a lull of three months since the five earlier stranglings and, in all of those five, the victims had been older women.

Nevertheless, aside from the age discrepancy and the gap in time, all seven murders bore marked similarities. Six of the stranglings were executed with articles of clothing, usually stockings; the seventh was done with a pillowcase. Sexual molestation of a consistent pattern—never actual rape—was evident in every case except one. (In that one nothing could be determined for certain because the body had gone undiscovered for more than a week.) None of the bodies had been mutilated or disfigured, which police agree is relatively unusual in perverse sexual attacks. There were few signs of struggle. The faces of the victims were strangely lacking in the contortions of terror. Some seemed actually tranquil, as if eyes and mouth had been smoothed out by the fingers of a mortician.

One more similarity in the murders is of a particularly puzzling nature. In every instance there was evidence the victim's apartment had been searched, and three were wildly ransacked. Yet in not one apartment did anything appear to have been taken. Was the killer looking for some specific object? Could it be that he chose his victims because he had somehow learned, or had reason to suspect, that something he passionately wanted was in their possession?

Fear comes with night

Such speculation has become a popular topic of conversation in Boston. It would be misleading, however, to picture the Hub as a city of huddled people, talking in whispers. When the sunshine is bright on Boston Common, working girls eating their lunch on its benches can tease each other about their qualms. Ladies of fashion taking tea at the Ritz can shiver deliciously over gory details, comfortably sure it couldn't happen to them. The State House dome gleams in the sun. Harvard crews are out on the sparkling Charles. All is right with the world.

Nevertheless, the fear is there. When dusk descends and those same working girls go home to their lonely apartments, they are scared, and they admit it. There will probably be new locks and chain bolts on their doors—thousands have been sold since the stranglings began. In their handbags the girls may well carry knives or tear-gas guns that look like fountain pens. The guns, a sporting-goods house reported, "have been selling like hotcakes, though we haven't even advertised them."

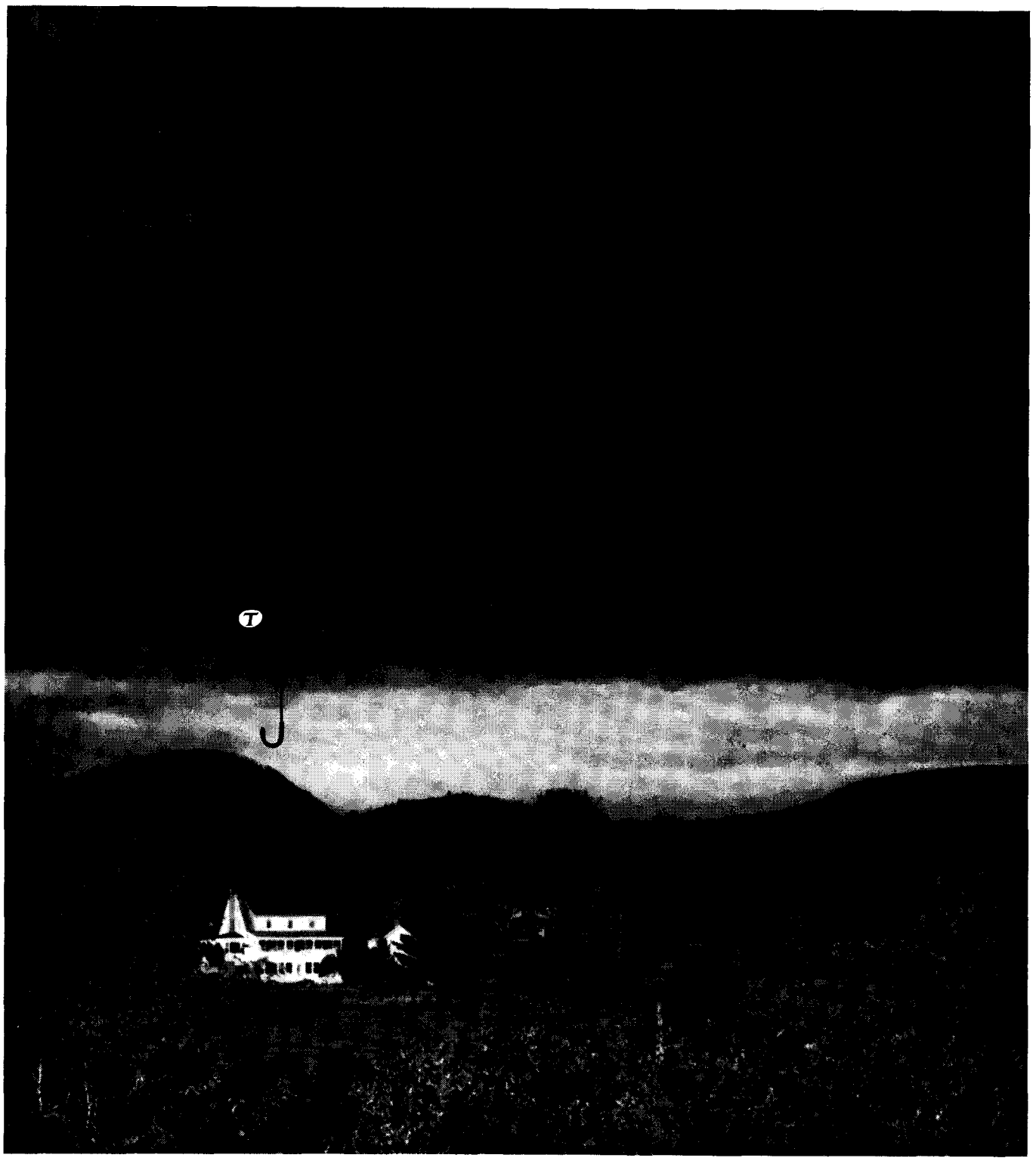
The state of nerves in which thousands live was exemplified by the case of a woman in Brockton who opened her door, expecting a friend, and saw a strange man in the hallway. She dropped dead of a heart attack. The stranger was an encyclopedia salesman.

Even the ladies of the Ritz, returning to the citadel of Beacon Hill or to the soothing suburbs, are no longer as complacent about their safety as they used to be. Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club reported that a number of the dowagers who normally attend the opening of the club's annual show sent their regrets this year. And suburbanites were shaken by the March strangling of a housewife in prosperous Belmont, even though it soon became apparent that the crime had no connection with the other murders.

Upper-crust Boston has better reason to be perturbed than did upper-crust London in Jack the Ripper's day. The Ripper confined his activities to the slums of Whitechapel and to prostitutes. Yet great ladies of Mayfair would not venture out after dark and even Queen Victoria grew alarmed, demanding of her Home Secretary that the Ripper be caught forthwith. (He never was. And the Home Secretary lost his job.)

Boston's Strangler, on the other hand, has selected victims of good repute, living in neighborhoods that vary from upper middle class to the slightly rundown, but never in slums.

The five older women were of extreme respectability. Sixty-eight-year-old Nina Nichols, whose body was the second one to be found, was the sister-in-law of the president of the Boston Bar Association. Another, Ida Irga, 75, lived on Beacon Hill, only a few minutes' walk from stately Louisburg Square. Helen Blake, 65, and



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Jane Sullivan, 67, were practical nurses, highly esteemed by those who knew them. All were women of some refinement and all, it is interesting to note, took an interest in classical music.

Of the two younger women, Sophie Clark was a student at the Carnegie Institute of Medical Technology—also located on Beacon Hill—and was engaged to a young man in New York. She came of a well-to-do Negro family in Englewood, New Jersey. One of her teachers at the institute described her as a girl of such decorous behavior as to be almost prudish.

The second of the younger victims, Patricia Bissette, was revealed by an autopsy to have been one-month pregnant. Hers was the only case in which illicit romance offered a possible solution. But her lover quickly made himself known to police and satisfied them of his innocence, at least of murder. Otherwise, Patricia appeared to have led a quiet, orderly existence, working as a secretary and living alone in a Back Bay apartment on Park Drive, about a mile from Sophie Clark and Mrs. Slesers.

These were the seven women whose murders pointed to a single killer. An eighth was included on the list which accompanied Gov. Endicott Peabody's offer of a $5,000 reward, but only because it was still unsolved. The pattern of death was entirely different. The victim, Margaret Davis, middle-aged, had gone with a man to a cheap hotel in a sleazy part of the South End and had been found there, manually strangled, next morning. It was the kind of sordid crime only too common in any large city.

The March 1963 murder of the Belmont housewife, Mrs. Israel Goldberg, appeared at first to fit the pattern. Within a matter of hours, however, police in nearby Cambridge had picked up a Negro handyman, Roy Smith, who had been working at the Goldberg home the afternoon of the murder. Smith, who had a long record of lesser crimes, was indicted shortly afterward. He maintained his innocence, however, through 11 hours of intensive questioning, and some observers felt there was a possibility that, in the short interval between the handyman's leaving the house and the discovery of Mrs. Goldberg's body by her husband, The Strangler had slipped into the picture. In any event, there was no possibility that Smith was The Strangler. He had been safely in jail when most of the other murders were committed.

One more killing deserves mention because, more than any of the others, it created a wave of public indignation against the Boston police. Early in January 16-year-old Daniela Saunders, a bright and popular Negro high-school student, was strangled in an alley near her home in Roxbury. A week later, a 15-year-old neighborhood youth, also a Negro, confessed to the crime—"because Daniela wouldn't kiss me." But in the interim, some 500 Roxbury parents had held two stormy mass meetings to demand better police protection.

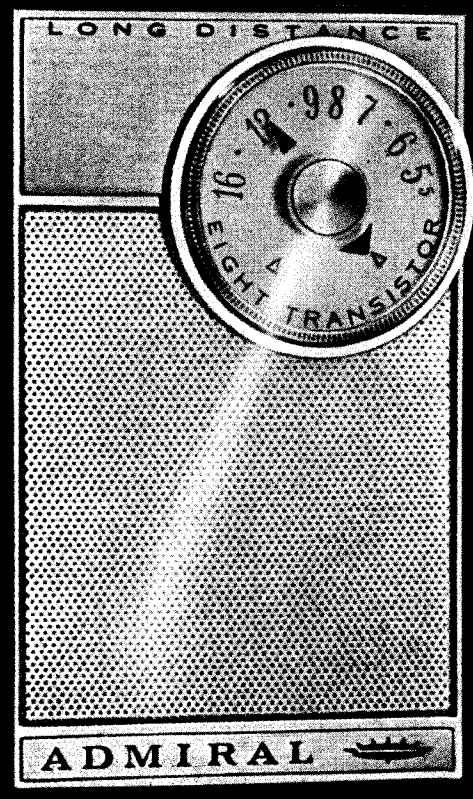
The reasonably swift solution of Daniela's murder served to quell the upsurge of popular protest. But a month later another incident shook the faith of *all* Bostonians in the effectiveness of their police force. Five of its members had undertaken to guard the apartment, also in Roxbury, of a woman whose former lover had broken out of jail and was understood to be on his way to settle old scores. Two sergeants and a detective took up positions inside the apartment. Two patrolmen were stationed outside.

The lover duly arrived, with two friends. All three started shooting. When the smoke of battle had cleared, the woman and her two-year-old son were dead on the floor, and the intruders were gone. True, they were captured within a day or so, but not before Boston was asking itself just what kind of performance this was on the part of its "finest."

Police morale wasn't helped any by two events that followed soon afterward. One was the televising, long delayed in Boston, of the widely discussed CBS television documentary, *Biography of a Bookie Joint,* which showed policemen entering a Back Bay horse parlor presumably to collect their payoffs. It was a bitter reminder to Bostonians that corruption in their police force had been held up to nationwide scorn.

That same week Commissioner McNamara—whose predecessor, the late Leo Sullivan, had resigned under fire after the original network presentation of *Bookie Joint*—himself came under fire in connection with another scandal. McNamara, a former FBI man with the shoulders and vocal cords of a bull, had been appointed by Mayor John F. Collins avowedly to clean up all remnants of

ADMIRAL



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graft in the force. Now a city-council investigation revealed a more than casual acquaintance between McNamara and one of the operators of a garage that had been getting a suspiciously dominant share of the lucrative car-towing trade.

"Politics," roared McNamara, but as a white knight he was tarnished. Inevitably, these matters were brought up whenever Bostonians discussed The Strangler and the unpalatable fact that the police seemed to be getting nowhere in their efforts to solve the murders. Such criticism is bitterly discouraging to the scores of policemen and detectives—especially those of the Homicide Squad—who have put in weary months of endless checking and questioning in their tantalizing search.

They have screened some 2,500 persons with records of sex offenses in the Boston area and have brought more than 300 of those in for closer questioning. They have talked to some 5,000 people living in the vicinity of the murder sites—as well as to friends, relatives and fellow workers of the victims—in the constant hope of unearthing some vital scrap of information.

They have gone through half a million fingerprints on file with the state police, checking them against those The Strangler may have left. (Understandably, detectives are not saying exactly what they have in the way of prints. But their apparent scarcity suggests that the killer may have worn skintight surgical gloves.)

They have run down the thousands of tips that have steadily poured in, either by mail or by phone.

All of these activities are routine in themselves. But never in Boston's history, says Homicide's Detective Lt. John Donovan, "have they been carried out on such a widespread scale."

In addition, there has been set up within the Department a group known as the Tactical Patrol Force, a picked body of 36 men, all volunteers, all specially trained in karate, in quick-draw shooting, in the handling of riot guns and in laboratory procedures. In three-man units they cruise the city by night, alert for situations that ordinary prowl cars might not be able to handle. Police dogs imported from Germany are being added to several of their units.

At Tactical Force headquarters, a huge map of Greater Boston shows where each of the murders was committed (except for that of Nurse Blake, which took place in Lynn, 10 miles away). From each pinpointed site a tape leads to a summary in the map's margin of the pertinent data. The map hangs there as both a handy refresher and a stern reminder.

Study of such a map also emphasizes the lack of any geographical pattern. "If we had a limited area to work on," says Homicide's Detective Sgt. Leo Gannon, "we could use decoys, either policewomen or policemen dressed as women. But you can't put decoys in apartments all over the city and wait for something to happen. They might wait forever."

The nearest thing to a pattern in the murders, aside from similarities in method, has been the connection, sometimes tenuous but always present, which the victims have had with hospitals. The two practical nurses worked regularly in hospitals (though never, so far as is known, in the same one). Nina Nichols was a physiotherapist who had worked at Massachusetts Memorial before her semiretirement. Sophie Clark's medical-technology studies involved frequent field trips to various hospitals. Ida Irga's apartment was a stone's throw from Massachusetts General, and many nurses lived on her street. Patricia Bissette's apartment had been occupied by nurses until Patricia moved in three months before her death. Anna Slesers had visited a doctor at New England Medical Center, and her neighborhood was also one in which nurses lived.

Certainly the hospital connection has provided police with their strongest single line of investigation. Among the suspects most thoroughly questioned have been a number of former orderlies or other attendants, some of whom had been dismissed for sexual irregularities. On the record, all passed lie-detector tests and otherwise accounted for themselves satisfactorily. But it would not be unreasonable to assume that some have remained under surveillance.

"It's my hunch," said one policeman who took part in the questioning, "that we have already had The Strangler in here. He would be the cunning kind who could brazen it out. He would also probably decide to lie low for a while. But that type of person is bound to strike again. And when he does, we'll get him—God willing, before he kills."

Another potentially fruitful line of inquiry lies in the possibility the killer obtained access to his victims' apartments

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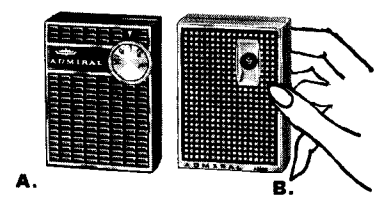

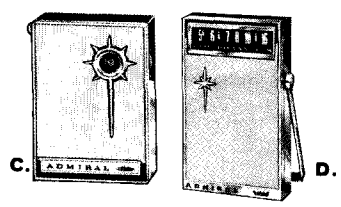

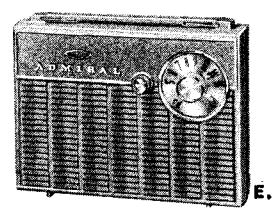

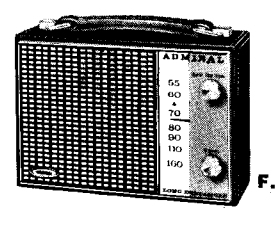

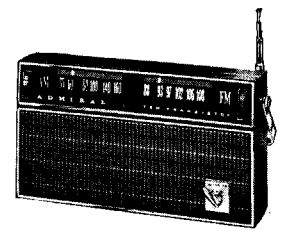

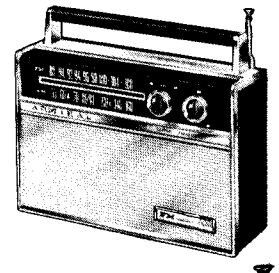

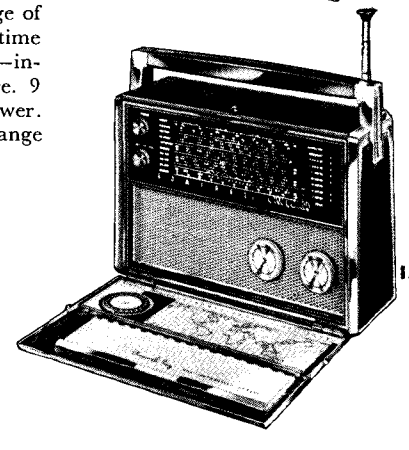

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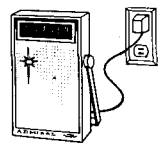

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because he was known to them. If some common denominator could be found in the women's backgrounds, some point where their paths had crossed those of a single individual, or group of individuals, the focus of investigation could be sharply narrowed.

Among the cases where voluntary admission appears highly likely, that of elderly Nina Nichols is unique in one respect. At 5:10 on the hot afternoon of June 30, Mrs. Nichols was talking on the phone to her sister, Mrs. Chester Steadman of Wellesley.

"There's my door buzzer," she said suddenly—and Mrs. Steadman plainly heard it. "I'll call you back."

Those were her last known words. Two hours later the worried Steadmans—it is Mr. Steadman who heads the Bar Association—roused the apartment-house janitor, who discovered the body.

If Mrs. Nichols did indeed admit her killer, it is worthy of note that this decorous woman was clad in a bathrobe at the time—and that, furthermore, every one of the other victims was in some sort of dishabille when her murderer entered her apartment. Two of them, Anna Slesers and Nurse Sullivan, had evidently been preparing for baths.

This provocative fact poses two more questions for investigators: If the killer deliberately chose a time when his victims would be in a state of undress, must he not have been familiar with their daily habits? And if he was freely admitted by some or even all of his victims when they were not properly clad, would it not point strongly to the possibility that the killer was disguised as a woman? Perhaps, so speculation persists, as a nun? Or could it be that The Strangler actually *is a woman?*

To the last question, top police officials come back with a flat no. No woman, they maintain, could have had the strength to overpower her victims with such ease and swiftness as The Strangler has displayed. In particular, they cite the case of Jane Sullivan, whose body was carried—not dragged—from the kitchen to the bathroom of her Dorchester apartment and carefully placed in the tub. Jane Sullivan was a big woman. She weighed 180 pounds. Only an unusually strong man, police say, could have handled such a weight.

Nevertheless, at least one high-ranking authority feels that the theory of a woman killer should not be ruled out. He points out that hospital work, such as the lifting of patients, not only calls for women of great strength but also teaches them techniques for dealing with heavy weights.

Amid all such theorizing as to The Strangler's appearance, there is one woman in Boston who *may* know what he really looks like. At noon on February 18, a husky young waitress, German-born Erika Wilsing, heard a knock on the door of her apartment on Melrose Street, two blocks from the Statler Hilton Hotel. Erika, who worked nights and had been in bed, threw a coat over her nightgown and opened the door to a youngish man who explained that he was working on the roof and wanted to check her apartment for a leak. Erika let him in. A moment later, when her back was turned, he flung his arm around her throat and tripped her to the floor. As they struggled, Erika sank her teeth into his hand, loosening his grip sufficiently to let her scream. At her first cry, the man fled.

To police—who attach considerable importance to her story—Erika described her assailant as between 30 and 35, about 5 feet 9 or 10, weighing around 175 pounds, dark-haired and of an unusually pale complexion. She was later shown photographs of dozens of known sex offenders to whom her description might have applied but was unable to identify any of them.

Was it The Strangler from whom Erika escaped? Or was it someone "inspired" by the earlier murders?

Dr. Richard Ford, Boston's nationally known medical examiner, leans strongly toward the theory that imitators have been responsible for a number of the stranglings, possibly for all of them. "When you have one murder of this sort," says Doctor Ford, "it invariably activates members of the lunatic fringe which, unhappily, we have with us always. These murders were the work of sexual perverts, and such people are easily inflamed by what they read. I don't mean to belittle the seriousness of the situation, but I don't believe that all of the murders were committed by any one man. And I certainly don't believe it possible that any were committed by a woman."

On the latter point, however, Doctor Ford is disputed by one of his colleagues at the Harvard School of Medicine, a top-ranking psychiatrist who has worked

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with the police on the stranglings. The psychiatrist, who asked that his name not be used, agrees that the murders were "palpably the work of a homosexual, whether one or more." But, he went on, "they *could* have been done by a woman homosexual, one who through frustration or other emotional upheaval develops a hatred of her sex. Such cases are not uncommon, though the ages of the older victims would be unusual.

"If a male homosexual was the killer, he probably had a hatred for his mother or some other older woman who dominated his childhood, and he now gets his satisfaction from the defiling of older women's bodies. The two younger girls would hardly fit into that picture—but they might."

On another controversial aspect of the murders, the psychiatrist was firm. "When The Strangler is caught, he will be found to have had a previous history of violence. Unless he is very young—which is most unlikely—he could not have kept his compulsion to violence hidden through the years."

A directly opposite opinion was expressed by a homicide detective who has spent frustrating months questioning known sexual offenders. "It's my personal belief," he said, "that The Strangler will turn out to be a man without a record, someone you would never suspect."

A city's life changes

However theories may differ, there is no argument about the impact the killings have had on Boston's daily life.

Meter readers have had difficulty in gaining access to homes; door-to-door sales have fallen off sharply. Many salesmen now travel in pairs, in hopes of inspiring confidence.

The Age Center of New England, which is conducting a major survey of old people's problems under a U.S. Public Health Service grant, has been seriously handicapped by the refusal of elderly women to admit their researchers.

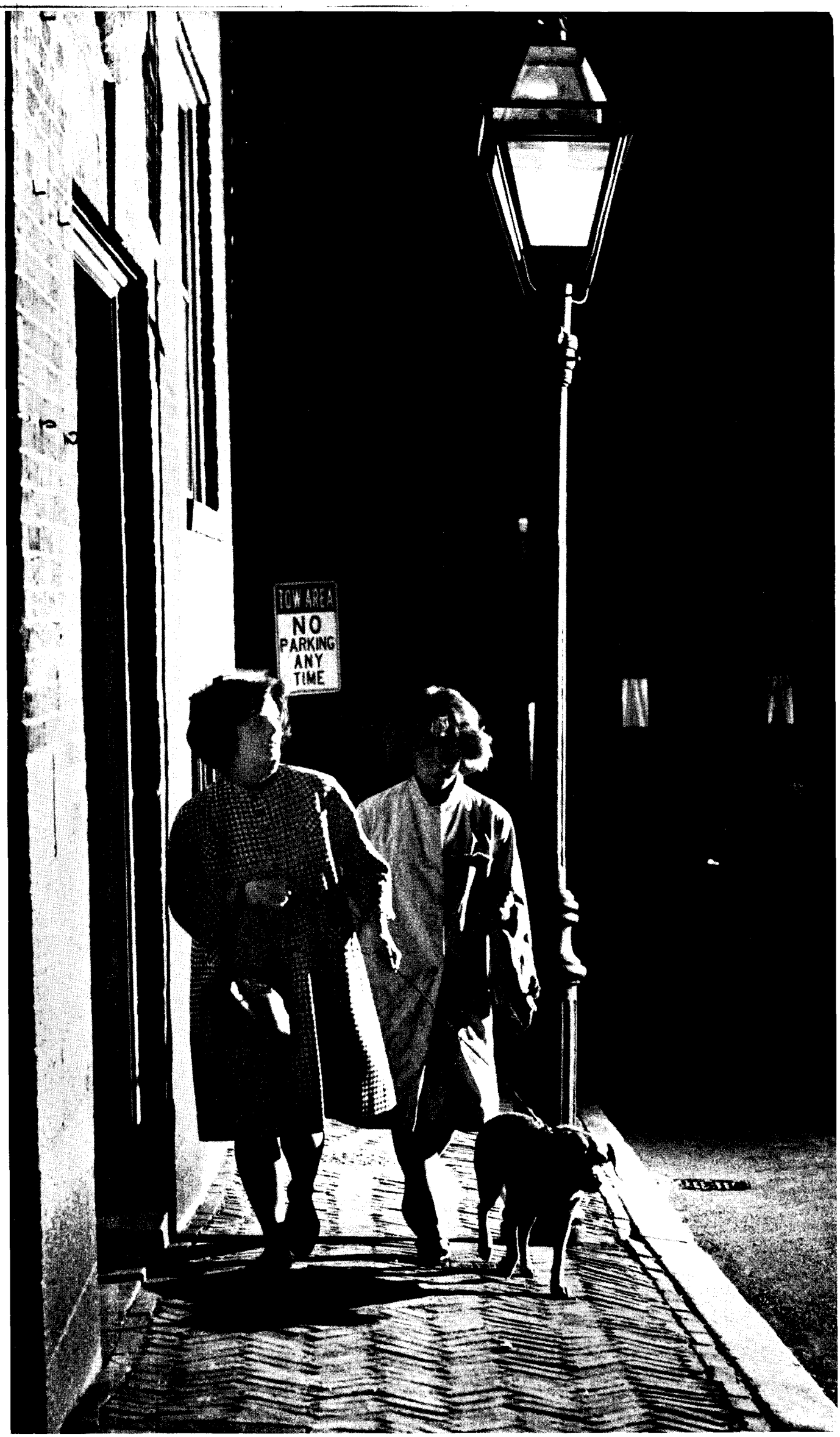
The Heart Fund's annual house-to-house drive was a near fiasco. Women did all right, but men, as one put it, "got nowhere."

The field assignments of Harvard sociology students have been thoroughly disrupted. "People just won't talk to them," says Professor George C. Homans.

The A.S.P.C.A. has been flooded with requests for dogs—"any kind of dog that barks, regardless of age or size," according to an official, who added: "We've been able to find homes for a great many older dogs who would otherwise have had to be destroyed. I guess there's a bright side to everything."

But to Boston's lonely women, there can be no bright side so long as they feel in their hearts that The Strangler still roams their city. He may no longer exist. As an individual, he may never have existed. But fear of The Strangler *does* exist and will continue to exist until exorcised by solution of the murders or diluted by the passage of time.

A solution could come at any moment. But if the murders ascribed to The Strangler are never solved, there will surely be for years to come—as in the case of Jack the Ripper—nebulous rumors from far-off lands of some mysterious wanderer murmuring on his, or her, deathbed, "I was The Boston Strangler." THE END



Walking in pairs, using dogs, knives and tear-gas guns, Boston's women seek protection from The Strangler.

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BUSINESSLIKE ON THE MOVIE SET, OUTSPOKEN OFF, LEE'S A BLONDE WITHOUT A WHINE OR NEUROSIS.

The double image of Lee Remick

FAIR-HAIRED AND FRANK

"I haven't seen a movie in two years that I didn't want to walk out of," says Lee Remick.

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By BILL DAVIDSON

Last year, when the late Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma was asked to list the assets of the Democratic Party, he said, "We've got the Kennedy family, the labor vote, the minority vote—and Lee Remick." He had just exchanged badinage with the actress after she had delivered one of the principal speeches at the President's inaugural anniversary fund-raising ball in Washington, and he was taken with her outspokenness. "If that gal ever got into the Senate," Kerr declared, "even our gag rule wouldn't hold her down."

The senator's observation points up the curious double image which is projected by the long-legged young movie star with the innocent, cobalt-blue eyes. Unlike the typical Hollywood actress, who is wont to throw tantrums, spew venom and toss her weight around on the movie set, Miss Remick is the epitome of docility while at work. She is so businesslike that producers and directors tend to think of her only as a placid, accomplished actress who, to their glee, has become a top moneymaker at the box office.

Offstage, however—where many other actresses reveal themselves to be empty bags of air—it is an entirely different Lee Remick. At the White House last year, and later at a dinner party at the home of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, she cheerfully poured out her opinions on such crises as Berlin, Cuba and the indiscriminate use of Jacqueline Kennedy's photograph on fan-magazine covers. At public gatherings in Hollywood she has to be shushed by studio executives vexed by such disgruntled Remick observations as, "They always have me parading around either in rags or a slip in a movie," or "In my pictures there's always some measure of torture being inflicted on me by myself or somebody else."

Recently Lee boarded a New York-to-Los Angeles plane and found herself seated near producer Ray Stark, who once had the temerity to offer her the starring role in his projected Broadway musical about the late comedienne Fanny Brice. Lee promptly engaged him in a three-hour conversation, the burden of which was that his proposal was idiotic—that Fanny Brice was short, dumpy and ugly, whereas she, Lee Remick, is tall, slender and beautiful. So odious became the comparison that Stark, married to Fanny Brice's daughter, Frances, finally was forced to plead, "Please, you're talking about my mother-in-law."

Not long ago, with at least one television executive on hand, Lee spoke with scorn of the medium which once employed her. "It's deplorable," she said. "TV audiences sit and stare at the bloody box every night, and they know every angle, every plot twist, every line. They even have the endings all figured out because there isn't a single new idea being tried. But the people keep watching—just because it's free. I find it depressing that fifty-four million people look at *The Beverly Hillbillies* every week."

To a top movie publicity executive she snapped, "How ridiculous can you people get? When I finished *Anatomy of a Murder* they sent me to England for personal appearances, and do you know how they billed me? As the American Brigitte Bardot. Me, with my Puritan New England upbringing, a Brigitte Bardot? The British press took me out in a boat on the Thames, and they kept yelling to me to lift my skirts, lower my blouse, let my hair blow free in the breeze. When I got back to Hollywood I called my publicist, and I said, 'No more. If anyone insists that I do this again, tell them to use Jayne Mansfield in the picture.'"

Since Miss Remick's entire movie career encompasses just nine pictures (she recently received an Oscar nomination for her work in *Days of Wine and Roses*, has just finished *The Ballad of the Running Man* for Columbia and now is doing *The Wheeler-Dealers* at M.G.M.), one can only guess at her future forays. On the other hand Remick the performer is remarkably tractable. In her first picture, *A Face in the Crowd*, she dutifully practiced baton-twirling—she played a sexy young drum majorette—until her hands were black and blue. At Ishpeming, Michigan, during the making of *Anatomy of a Murder*, she calmly knitted small garments for her infant daughter, Kate, between scenes, while violent tides of temperament surged around her. While *The Ballad of the Running Man* was being shot in Europe she obediently traipsed all over Spain and Ireland while taking care of Kate, then 4, her son Matthew, 2, and her handsome young producer-director husband, William Colleran.

Elia Kazan, who directed her in *A Face in the Crowd* and in *Wild River*, gives testimony to the spartan and professional nature of the onstage Remick. He says, "She went through a rough experience while we were making *Wild River* on location in Cleveland, Tennessee. With nine out of ten actresses in the same situation I don't know whether we would have been able to complete the picture."

The experience involved her husband. It happened on December 11, 1959, when his car hit some concrete pillars, and he was rushed to a Los Angeles hospital, unconscious and paralyzed.

"I've never told the full details of this because I knew the mess some mushy Hollywood writers and the fan magazines would make of it," says Lee, "but I was on location in the woods in Tennessee, and they couldn't get me on the phone until noon the next day. When they did I spoke with a doctor at the hospital. I asked, 'Is he going to die?' The doctor said, 'I still don't know.' I went into hysterics for an hour and a half, and then I began a dreadful nine-hour trip back to Los Angeles. I chartered a plane from Chattanooga to Birmingham. In Birmingham I got a flight to the coast with a 20-minute stop-off at El Paso.

"In El Paso I had to find out if Bill was still alive, and it was like a terrible scene in an Alfred Hitchcock movie. I ran to the terminal building, which seemed to be about a mile and a half away. I got to a phone and I found that I only had a five-dollar bill. I ran to the newspaper stand. The man said, 'No change, lady.' I ran to the drugstore. I begged and pleaded, and finally they changed the bill. When I managed to find a phone that wasn't being used, the circuits to Los Angeles were busy, and I had to convince a skeptical operator that it was an emergency. It seemed ages before I heard the voice of Bill's sister on the line. She said, 'Bill's alive, and they just told me they don't have to operate. He's still paralyzed but now he's moving his left pinky.'

"I got to the hospital that night. They took me in to see Bill. I fainted for the first time in my life. His face was so swollen I could barely recognize him. They gave me knock-out pills and put me in another room. The next day the nightmare continued. Bill just lay there.

"On the sixth day I was at Bill's bedside as usual when suddenly he opened an eye. The nurse pointed to me and asked him, 'Who's that?' He said, 'My wife,' as if it was the most absurd question ever asked. This was the first time they knew there hadn't been any brain damage. To me it was a miracle."

Strain gave her hives

Three weeks later the paralysis had disappeared, and Colleran was discharged. Seven months after that he returned to work. But Lee had returned to her own job long before. Kazan said, "She came back as soon as she knew Bill was going to be OK. She looked dreadful. The nervous strain had made her break out with hives, and her hair was falling out. But she went right to work."

Reconciling the quiet and businesslike onstage Lee Remick with Lee Remick, the offstage curmudgeon, poses a problem. But a friend explains it this way: "They stem from the same root. I attribute her ambivalence to her parents. From the time she was a little girl they taught her respect and obedience, but also taught her to speak her mind frankly and fearlessly—in the proper place and at the proper time. In short, she's a normal, bright girl, and maybe that's what makes her seem so odd in a Hollywood that's inhabited by nuts."

In her early years Lee suffered none of the traumas that have characterized the childhoods of many less-fortunate actresses. Her father owns the Remick Company, a deluxe clothing emporium in Quincy, Massachusetts, and she wanted for nothing as a young girl. "I still have great fun visiting Quincy, " she says. "I go through the store like a cyclone, buying up everything in sight. When I was about fifteen my father had to put his foot down because I'd just appropriate whole armfuls of clothes, acting like the worst example of the boss's spoiled brat daughter. He finally put me on a clothing allowance, letting me charge things at the wholesale price."

Her parents separated and divorced when she was still a youngster, but she remained extremely close to both. Her mother, a beautiful former radio actress, still works occasionally on the stage—last year she played the female lead in *Take Me Along* at the State Fair Auditorium in Dallas.

Lee went to the exclusive Miss Hewitt's School in New York, took dancing lessons and found herself on the Broadway stage at the age of 16. "The story of how that happened is so corny I'm almost ashamed to tell it," she says. "I went to Sardi's restaurant for lunch with mother one day, and I was introduced to playwright Reginald Denham. He asked me if I could act. I said, 'Oh, yes, yes,' although my entire experience consisted of one summer at camp at Hyannis on Cape Cod. He was doing a play called *Be Your Age*, and he needed a wisecracking teen-ager. I got the part, and even though the show closed in four days it was the beginning of my career. It's sickening when I think how so much of it is luck and of how many enormously talented people this *doesn't* happen to."

Kazan saw her in a television play and put her in *A Face in the Crowd* in 1956. By then she was hooked for acting. (She had tried to continue her education at Barnard College while pursuing her career but says, "After three months it was politely suggested that I leave. I was an impossible wretch at school, flunking everything.") It was in 1956, too, that she met Bill Colleran, then the director of the *Hit Parade* television show. Eighteen months later they were married.

The Collerans now live in a comfortable non-California-type home with their two youngsters and a white cat named King. Strangely enough, there is only one photograph on display in the entire house, and it is not of Lee Remick. It's a portrait of the President, inscribed, "To Lee and Bill Colleran, with very warmest regards. John F. Kennedy."

At present the Collerans are hoping to produce their own picture. "Bill owns a great story," says Lee. "We'd like to raise our own money, go to Boston and shoot the bloody thing without all the ridiculous nonsense that goes on out here in Hollywood. Wouldn't it be great if for a couple of hundred thousand dollars we could beat the pants off those thirty-million-dollar spectacles?"

Contemplating the Hollywood scene, the offstage Remick began to get up a full head of steam. "I haven't seen a picture in two years that I didn't want to walk out of," she said. "Gadgets and gimmicks are ruining the movie industry. They spend money on everything but quality and content. They feel they have to have a wide screen, two big stars and a title song for every picture—the story is the last thing they think of.

"They," she said emphatically, "are out of their bloody minds." THE END

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Shelagh Delaney
Sweetly sings the donkey

Shelagh Delaney was only 19 when her play, "A Taste of Honey," was produced in England in 1958. It played to full houses in London for a year, and for 391 performances in New York, where it won a Drama Critics' citation. Miss Delaney wrote the script for the movie version. After the Broadway opening The New York Times noted that Miss Delaney's work was "an expression of unusual gifts" and, unlike the offerings of so many other young writers, it was not "clamorous with wildly aimed, rebellious rage." These comments would apply to this portion of "Sweetly Sings the Donkey," which G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish next August.

Brian Friel
Ginger hero

Post readers responded warmly to Brian Friel's "The Illusionists" a few weeks ago. "Ginger Hero," in this issue, is as compelling a story. Again Mr. Friel has written of the Ireland he loves. Born in County Tyrone in 1929, Brian Friel has lived in Ireland all his life. He is married and has two children; his favorite sport is trout fishing, and he pursues it, when not engaged with plays and fiction, in West Donegal, which he finds "the wildest and most beautiful part of Ireland."

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"Life gets no better and no worse, I think. If it did one or the other, things

Sweetly sings the donkey
As he goes to grass.
He who sings so sweetly
Is sure to be an ass.

I am here and I am safe and I am sick of it. How long have I been here? How much longer must I stay? This Convalescent Home is overrun by nuns. Hundreds of nuns. They are supposed to be taking care of the thirty girls convalescing here. The oldest girl is fourteen. The youngest six. Some of them have been here for years and they don't look any healthier than I do now so if this convalescent place does me as much good as it seems to have done them it's hopeless and I've had it. Most of the girls sleep in dormitories with twelve beds in each but a few of us are privileged and have private rooms. My private room at the top of this big house is very small. For furniture I have one bed, one cupboard so big that all my belongings don't fill one of its drawers, and a lame chair. The room is on the sea-facing side of the house so I have a good view of the water. The windows are iron-barred like in loony bins. Although the place is so religious, its owners have taken no notice of Jesus Christ's warnings about putting up houses on sand for this building has been put up on the beach and the downstairs rooms get flooded out every high tide, and all surrounding the house, and we inside it, are shifting sand hills that cause the creeps. . . .

. . . I can't find out where the nuns sleep. This might seem a stupid thing to bother about like imagining the king and queen having a bath but I'm not the only person here who thinks stupid things because all the new girls are wondering the same. We have searched the Home for nun cells but no go. Out on the cold beach this morning getting our fresh air we discussed it and somebody suggested that the reason why we can't find any nun cells is because there aren't any on account of the nuns having taken a vow to stay awake all the time. This was ridiculed but when you come to think it's not so daft really—not when you consider some of the other vows nuns make. Late last night I investigated the cellars—not mainly to discover the nuns' hiding places but just for the sake of investigation. The cellars I found out are filled with food supplies. Sacks of spuds, turnips, carrots and onions. Flour bins and bread bins. Giant-size tins of National Dried Milk and powdered egg. Salt and sugar and jars of malt and bottles of orange juice and cod-liver oil and green pills for constipation. But no nuns. It's a mystery. I think they sleep hanging upside down from the roof rafters. They all look ghostly pale and faded. Everybody here looks pale and faded, for that matter—all the children are sickly—some are recovering and some will never recover and we are all either too thin or too fat, too tall or too short. Every morning we are weighed and carefully measured. I am the tallest, thinnest girl in the place and they are trying to build me up by stuffing me with iron pills, brown malt, cod-liver oil and bottles of Scott's Emulsion. With so many vitamins piling up inside me I'm bound to explode sooner or later into a big mushroom cloud. . . .

. . . very young nun who is new here. She is not pale and faded. She comes out with us when we go to the beach and if the weather is windy and cold she gets very rosy cheeks which makes a nice change after seeing so many white faces. When we were throwing a ball about this morning she joined in the game. She can run fast but I don't know how with all the long robes she has to wear. They flap around her ankles and get under her feet. The wind blew so hard once while she chased the ball that I hoped it would blow her hood off but it didn't. I was sorry. It would have been interesting to see what a bald-headed woman looks like. The more she ran the redder her cheeks got and a man watching us couldn't take his eyes off her. I can't make out why she wants to be a nun. She could get hundreds of lads if she wanted. Still—maybe she doesn't want. . . .

. . . has stopped coming out with us now and seems to have disappeared. This is just the place for people to disappear from. So the young nun has gone and the old nuns take us to the beach now. They don't do any harm. They just sit and watch to make sure we don't do anything they won't like. One of them's got a face that looks like it doesn't like anything. She wears glasses and walks as if she's wearing an iron corset. I think she is one of the bosses. When we first arrived here she told us the rules. She thinks we are frightened of her and has the habit of staring at you as if trying to fix you with the evil eye. She stared at me once for so long that when she finally turned her eyes away I asked her if she was sure she had seen enough. Every night before going to bed we are given one hour to write letters and to read books. Next door to our reading room is a big library full of books that look interesting but we are not allowed to read them and must make do with the children's books from the glassfronted cupboard but they are all children's adventure books which I read years ago and didn't like even then. The chief nun who has an office all to herself has given me a Bible to read instead. I told her I had read it but she said, "It will do you no harm to read it again and in all probability will do you some good."

So I'm going through it chapter by chapter. It seems a waste to read it when there is a room full of books I haven't read next door but there's

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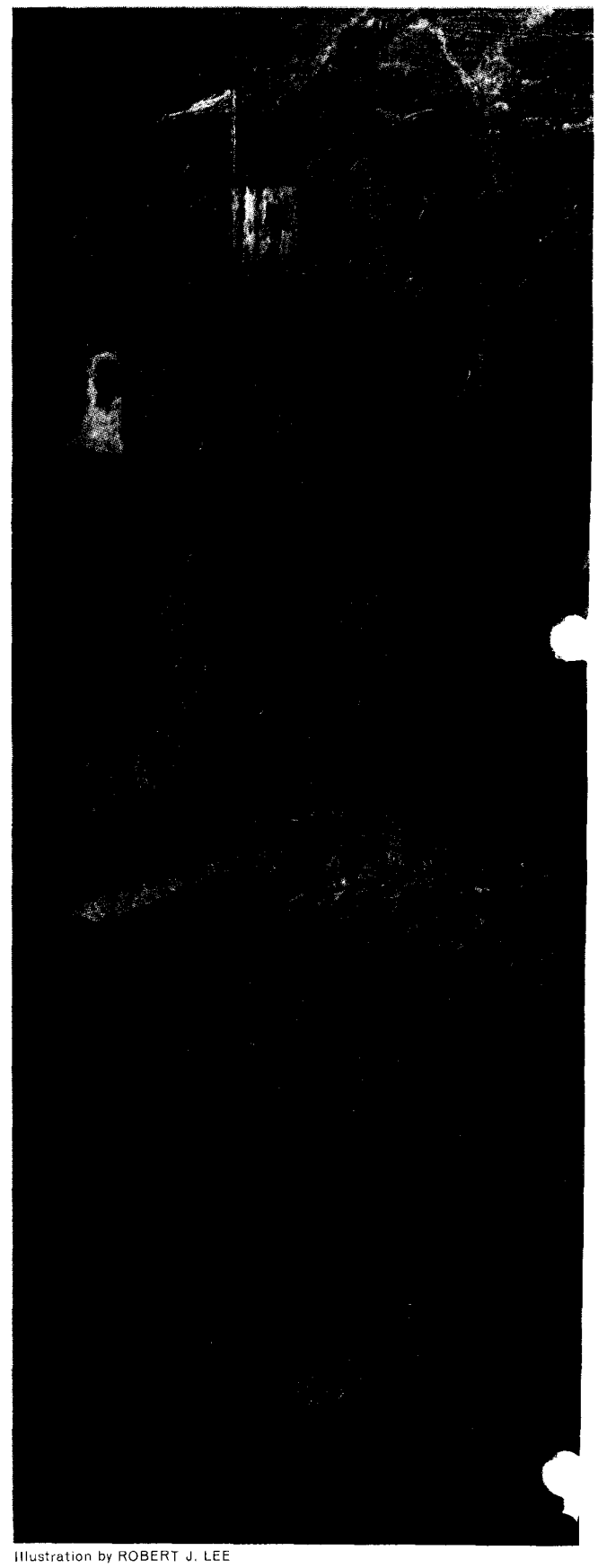

Illustration by ROBERT J. LEE

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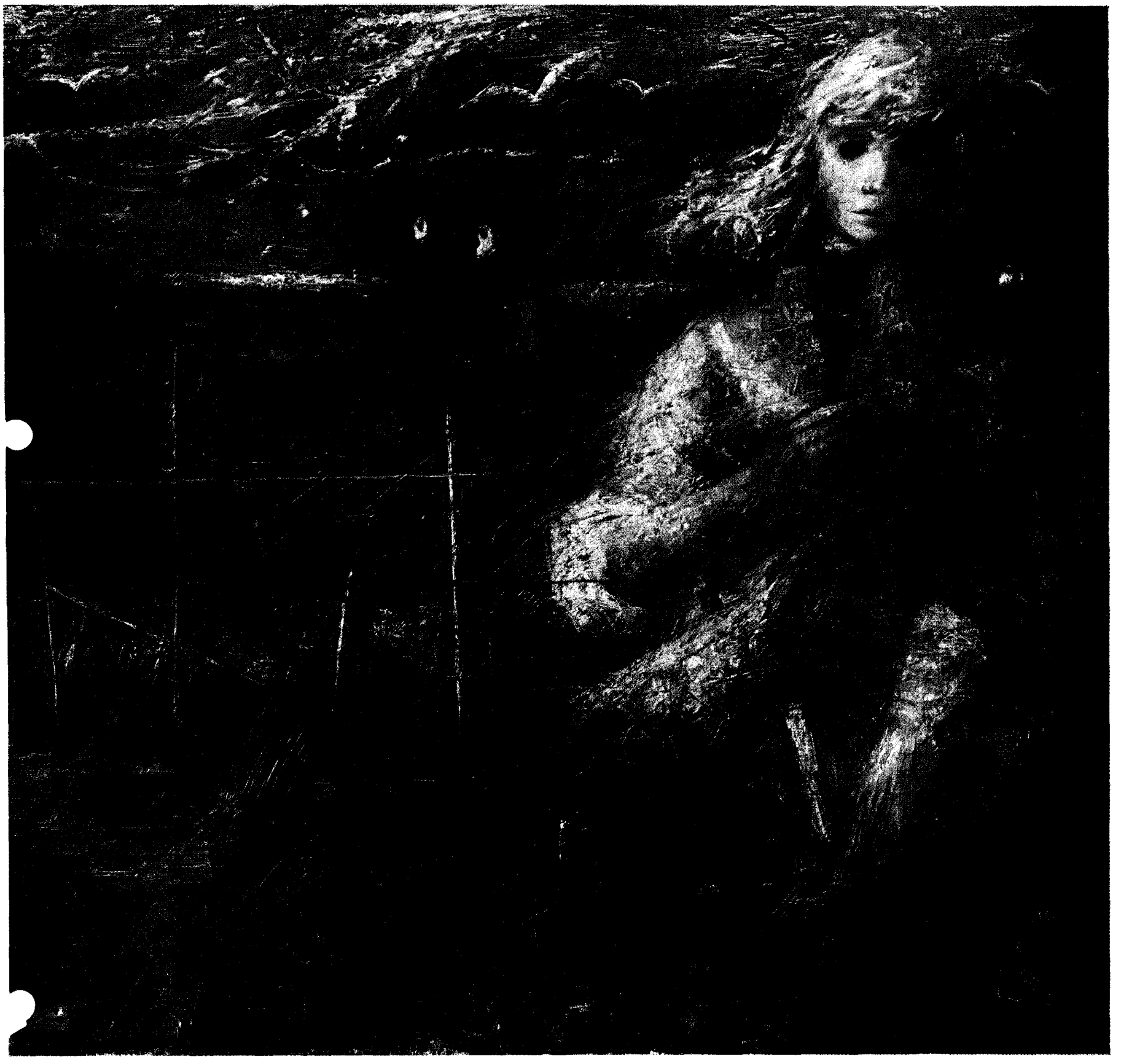
would be livened up a bit."

Sweetly sings the donkey

by Shelagh Delaney



"I've never been to the seaside in winter before. It is lonely and quiet in a way I have never come across."

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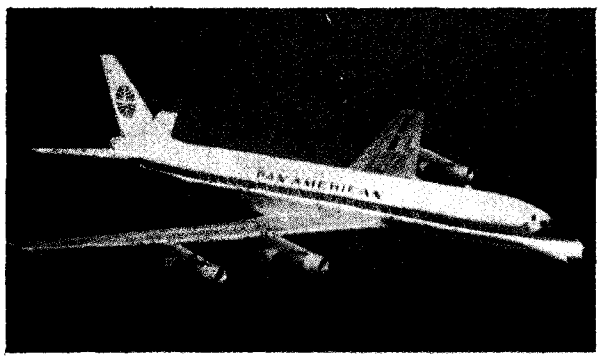

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2. Entries must be postmarked by June 30, 1963, and received by July 8, 1963. Enter as many times as you like but each entry must be mailed separately.

3. Entry must be accompanied by the words BEST FOODS from any size jar of Skippy. Or you can send a 3 x 5 piece of paper on which you have printed the words "BEST FOODS" in block letters.

4. Entrants must be at least 18 years of age and must be residents of the United States or Puerto Rico. Employees and their families of Corn Products Company, its advertising agencies or D. L. Blair Corp., are not eligible.

5. Whispering Sweepstakes void in any locality or state where prohibited or restricted by law.

6. Winners will be selected at random in drawings conducted by D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent contest organization, whose decision will be final. Only one prize per family. All winners will be notified by mail about 30 days after the drawing, which will be held July 14, 1963. The winners of any trip must specify a date no later than December 1, 1963, for taking the trip. Tax liability on any prize will be the responsibility of the prize winner.

7. A complete list of winners will be sent to anyone who mails a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Skippy Winners List, Box 55, New York 46, N.Y. Do not send this request with Sweepstakes entry.

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CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

NAME OF PERSON I WHISPERED TO_____

DID HE/SHE LISTEN? YES_____ NO_____

Remember: Entries must be postmarked by June 30, 1963.

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nothing I can do about it. They don't get newspapers here. No wireless. It is FORBIDDEN to buy comics. It is FORBIDDEN to run. It is FORBIDDEN to sing loudly. It is FORBIDDEN to read and it is FORBIDDEN to write outside the lawful times. My fountain pen has been taken from me and put into the chief nun's secret drawer for safekeeping. I am only allowed to have it once a day and the way it is treated you'd think it was a valuable relic. To keep us occupied on bad-weather days when we can't go outside we are allowed to sew. I can sew and if we were set to make something useful then I wouldn't mind doing it but instead of sewing skirts, shirts, frocks or blouses we are set to make nightdress cases. When I think of what I could be doing instead, I get upset. There we all sit in one big room licking our thread and threading our needles while a hawk-eyed nun keeps us under observation, every now and again offering a bit of advice in connection with the hemming of hems and the stitching of seams. Conversation is permitted but most of the girls watch their tongues in case they say something the nun in charge won't like so we sit hushed up sometimes whispering:

"Can I lend your scissors?"

"May I borrow your black thread?"

This afternoon I leaned across the table to the girl sitting opposite and whispered, "There's a black beetle crawling in your hair."

She screamed.

I asked once if instead of sewing I could write or read but the answer was no. I decided to go on strike and put my tools down.

"What are you doing?" the nun inquired.

"Thinking."

"What about?"

"The sufferings of Saint John of the Cross."

They clicked their tongues inside their heads and said, "The Devil finds work for idle hands." And forced me to pick my sewing up again. It's true I suppose that the Devil does find work for idle hands but he finds work for idle thoughts too and idle thoughts can be just as dangerous, if they are left lying about. My head is crammed with idle thoughts I've had and there seems no way of letting them out. The contents of my head will soon be like a garbage dump and some garbage dumps I've known have festered first then burst out into flames. I am getting bored with having to read the Bible while there is a room full of books next door I've never read. But that's the way it is. The books are in prison just like me. . . .

. . . girl got a food parcel from home this morning. It was full of biscuits and chocolate and toffees. A month's toffee coupons at least. And the nuns made the poor girl share the contents with all the girls who share her dormitory. It was tragic. The girl looked as if she'd have a heart attack as she doled out all her treasures. I don't think it's good to force us to be unselfish. It only makes you selfish when you get older and can please yourself. The girl hated being forced to give her sweets away and all the girls she had to give them to didn't really enjoy eating what they were given. If she'd been left alone she'd probably have handed some of the stuff round of her own free will and that way she'd have enjoyed it and so would the others. We are wondering whether the nuns read our letters before they post them. Some old-timers say they do and some say they don't. The best thing's to find out for ourselves. . . .

. . . morning we went for a walk on the beach. The sea was a long way away. We could hardly see it. The sun was shining but the sand was frozen solid. I've never been to the seaside in winter before. It is lonely and quiet in a way I have never come across. While we were walking we saw a man on a horse. They came over the sand hills and galloped fast along the beach. The man wore brown leather boots right up to his knees. He looked very handsome. I hope I see him again before I leave this place. It must be nice to ride a horse. Better than donkeys. One of the girls staying here says she has got a pony and rides it every day when she is at home. I think she tells lies, though. Yesterday she told me her father was tortured to death in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp but this morning after we'd been given our letters she was telling everybody she had got a letter from him and when I asked her how she managed to get letters from ghosts she said it's her mother who's dead. Tomorrow she'll house is haunted by the restless spirit of a man who used to work in it and who cut off his own head with a pair of gardening shears. I told her how he roams at night making terrible moans which come out of his severed head which he carries before him in his upturned cap. She was scared stiff and cried all night. She didn't tell the nuns why she was frightened which is a pity because if they found out they might have me sent home. I wish they would.

For tea today we had bread and blackcurrant jam washed down with a cup of cocoa. It was very good but at home it would only be considered a fill-in for between proper meals. I would sooner have the sort of teas we have at home and could just eat a plate of potato pie, gravy, red cabbage and apple crumble and custard. It is terrible to feel hungry all the time and if I stay here much longer I'll look like a skeleton. . . .

. . . life gets no better and no worse. If it did one or the other, things would be livened up a bit. The horseman rides every day on the beach now. All the girls here are going around saying they love

All the girls are going around saying they love the horseman, but if he loves anybody it is either Sister Veronica or me.

be bereft of both parents. If she was a real orphan she wouldn't like it because she's the most spoiled girl I've ever known. She has got dozens of frocks and hundreds of pairs of shoes and necklaces and bangles and brooches. She moans about the food we get here and it's not all that bad really. It's a lot better than she gets at home I'll bet. She is very pleased at being ill and does all sorts of things to make herself iller and gain as much sympathy as she can from the nuns who put her to bed whenever she complains about a pain or a sickly feeling. I never knew anyone who enjoys lying in bed so much as she does. If you let her she will tell you all the diseases she's had—whooping cough, chicken pox, measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia. And she's always showing off her appendicitis scar which isn't worth showing off anyway. I've had worse scars left over from cat scratches. She cries if you look at her sometimes. I told her that the garden at the back of the him but if he loves anyone it is either a nun called Sister Veronica or me. When we are out walking I walk beside her at the end of the line. The horseman always smiles at us two but I don't think it's me he's after. Sister Veronica is not like the other nuns. She doesn't wear glasses and although she's pale she looks as if she's got some life in her. She's not old or young but somewhere in between. I have made friends with a girl called Nina Tarragon who is staying here convalescing after rheumatic fever. The name Tarragon is a new one on me and is the name of a herb, she says. I like her and we get on well together which is a good job because neither of us gets on very well with anyone else. Most of the other girls are childish, even the girls who are older than we are. . . .

. . . church services every morning after breakfast. Every morning. Once a week is enough for me and sometimes that can be once too often. I have been trying to think of ways I can get out of going but can't come up with anything that the chief nun will accept. Two girls are allowed to stay away because they are Spiritualists—or at any rate their parents are. . . .

. . . this morning during the service while the incense was being swung in its burner I collapsed in a dead faint. Sister Veronica carried me from the church and laid me out on my bed. She stood over me until I came to consciousness and we looked at each other. I moaned.

"What's the matter with you?" Sister Veronica inquired.

"I don't know," I said. . . .

. . . same thing happened again, and again Sister Veronica carried me away.

"What's the matter this time?" she inquired.

"I don't know," I said.

"The doctor will soon find out," she announced and smiled.

So they sent for the doctor and while he was coming I imagined myself paler and weaker on the bed. The doctor finished examining me and rocked about on the lame chair by my bed. He tapped his fountain pen against his buck teeth and then got up.

"Anything serious?" Sister Veronica asked.

He moved away from the bed and spoke to her in a low voice by the window: "An overactive imagination. She's very highly strung and finds it hard to relax physically and mentally. You know how it is with some children—especially children who've been very ill—they dwell on certain things and create images they can't control. I'd keep her in bed for a day or two and let her rest completely and keep her away from the church until she's a bit stronger. A lot of children—especially young girls who are developing—get obsessions. Sometimes with sex, sometimes it's religion—it's an outlet for their energy and it can become quite a problem if it isn't handled carefully from the outset."

He picked up his bag and said goodbye. So there it is. I don't have to go to church until I'm stronger in mind and body. . . .

. . . if I have to stay in bed much longer I really will go daft. I haven't seen anybody for days. The only visitor I have is Sister Veronica who brings me food and drink and although she doesn't ever say it I know she thinks I'm a big fraud.

"Could I have something to read?" I asked her once.

"You have the Bible," she said. "That should satisfy you."

And it does but only so far.

"Can't I have any visitors? I've not got anything that's catching."

"I'm not so sure about that," she replied and took my empty plates away. . . .

. . . allowed a visitor. Nina Tarragon came and we were allowed to eat together.

"Anything interesting happened?" I asked her.

"No. Nothing. What's wrong with you?"

"It's a mystery."

"Rumors're going round."

"What are they?"

"Somebody told me you have epileptic fits."

"And what did you say?"

"I told them you'd been having visions in the church."

She hardly ever smiles, this girl, and I often wonder whether she always feels as mournful and serious as she looks. We ate our boiled beef and carrots.

"My room isn't like this one. Why have you got iron bars up at the windows?"

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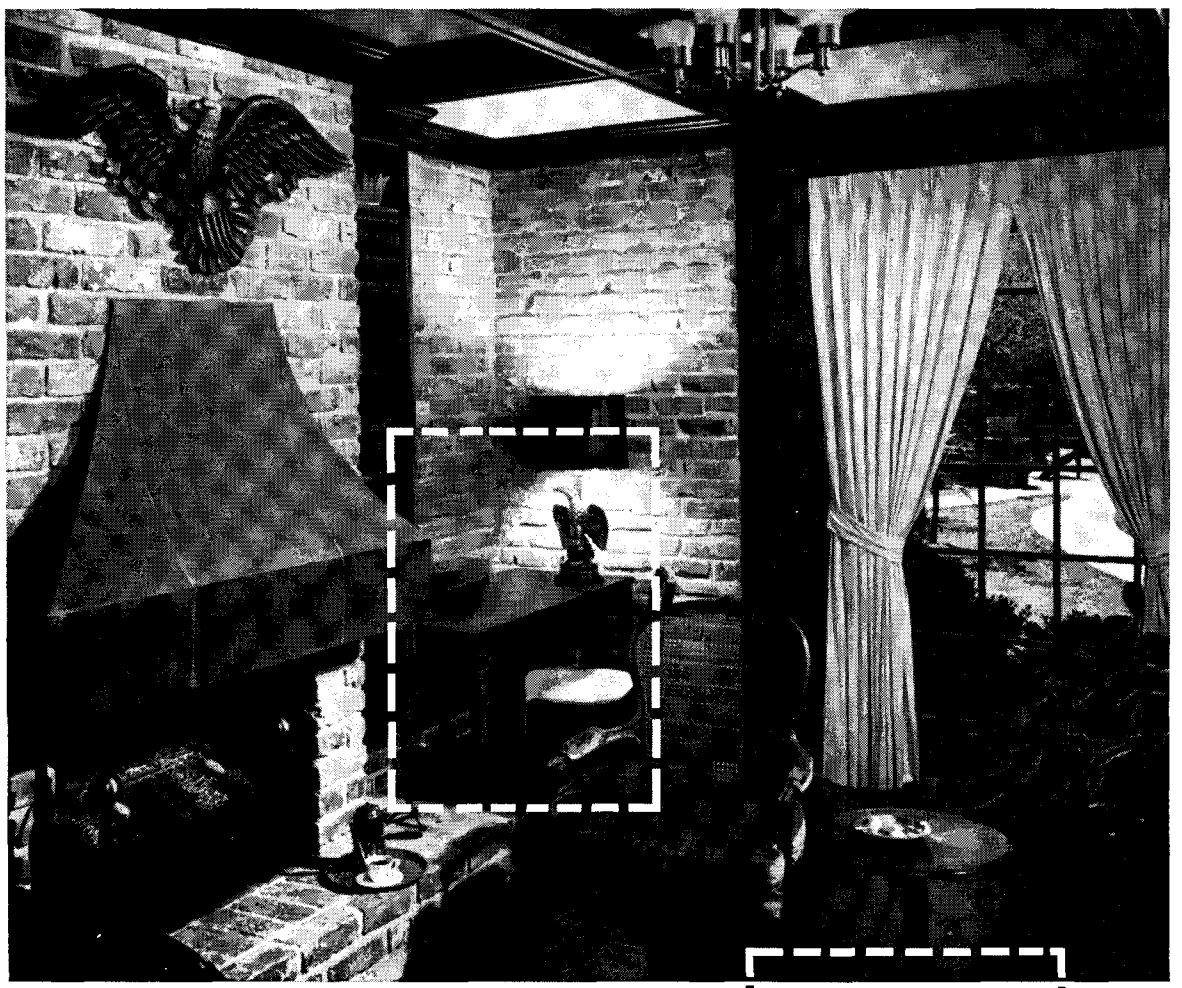

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THE DONKEY

"It's to stop me from flinging myself through the glass down onto the rocks.". . .

. . . walking all day long and for once I feel tired enough to sleep well. Instead of walking on the beach we went along the main road and nearly reached the city. I didn't realize how many other convalescent homes there are around here. On top of the highest hill is a sanatorium for t.b. patients. One of the places is for old men and we saw some of the old men strolling along two by two just like we do when we're out. I feel bad enough walking along the streets in a procession, so what they felt like, being so ancient, I don't know and to make matters worse they all had labels looped through their buttonholes with their names and addresses written on them. This is something even we don't have to put up with and it is rotten to see old men going about like that. It's humiliating if you ask me. I could understand it if they were all soft in the head but they seemed sane enough to me—one of them whose hair must have been ginger when he was younger kept stepping out of line and once he nearly got run over by a double-decker bus. He'd been collecting bits of evergreens and had a bunch of them in his hand, including a small pine branch which was thick with cones. The man in charge of the old men was full of his own importance and kept giving orders in a loud voice so that passersby would know he was the boss. I've seen the same thing happen at school when a girl is made a prefect or a games captain. They change in front of your eyes and start to strut. Strutting is all very well but if you need a special badge to flash around before you can strut you're not a natural strutter and everyone knows it. Trouble is, not everyone lets on they know it and they're just as bad in their way as the artificial strutters. . . .

. . . at long last I've been given a book to read. Sister Veronica brought it to me and she looked ashamed when she handed it over. It is called *Dot and Go One, or The Good Shepherd's Care* and is written by someone called M. Blanche Hayward. It is published by the Religious Tract Society. . . .

. . . storm blew last night. This house is too close to the sea for comfort. I watched the lightning from my bedroom window. The sea chopped against the bottom end of the house and if it had chopped a bit harder we'd have all fell down. Early this morning was chaos. The cellar and all the rooms on the ground floor were smothered in water and the nuns with their skirts tucked up and their sleeves rolled high bailed out and mopped up for all they were worth. This afternoon a few of us—the tough ones able to stand up to the hard weather—went to the beach with Sister Veronica. We found all sorts of stuff washed up on the sand and the man who does professional beachcombing was already at business and from the sound of it seemed to be finding all kinds of treasures and bargains. He chuckled and laughed and rubbed his hands together and his sack was packed tight so that his back bent under the weight of it. We found a shipwrecked armchair standing up on its legs and facing the sea like a throne. We found old pieces of metal that might have come off a torpedoed ship or a gunned-down plane, and tin cans, rusty oil drums and scrap lumber, rubber boots and dead birds and a lot of other dead things we couldn't identify. It was very interesting. The beachcomber was nearly off his head with happiness by the time everything had been inspected. Another man came walking along the shore. He smiled at us and at Sister Veronica.

"Good morning, Sister," he said and raised his cap.

I didn't recognize him at first, then all of a sudden the penny dropped. The man who usually rides the brown horse. He ought never to get off his horse because without it he isn't much to go mad about. It is a pity that he isn't as beautiful as I had thought from a distance. I always hoped that one day he would gallop along the beach straight through the front door of the Convalescent Home, up the stairs and into the church where he would see Sister Veronica and snatch her up and carry her off under his arm to a more interesting life, but now I've had a closer look at him I don't think he'll ever do anything like that and Sister Veronica will do better to stay a Bride of Christ after all. I asked Nina Tarragon if she thought the horseman was a disappointment. She said that she had never thought much about him to tell the truth as she isn't man-mad. She was sitting on the old armchair staring at the sea and fancying herself as Neptune's daughter but she didn't get a chance to fancy herself for long because the chair was soaked and crusted with sea things and Sister Veronica, who'd been busy talking to the man and forgetful of her duties, suddenly noticed and shifted her off it quick. As we all walked along the shore the beachcomber following behind sang a song to himself:

"O crabs and crayfish prawns and shrimps
Sand hoppers wood lice and lobsters beware
We'll boil you alive till you're juicy and pink
And impale all you winkles on chrome-plated pins
We'll masticate masticate thirty-two times
Smacking our lips with glee
Then we'll greedily gobble you up in a tick
And you'll wish you'd stayed in the depths of the sea
O you crabs and crayfish prawns and shrimps
Sand hoppers wood lice and lobsters beware. . . ."

And so on and so forth. At the first pier we stopped. Everybody else did, anyway. I was so occupied listening to what the comber was singing that I went waltzing on straight ahead till I sank down to my knees in black mud swamp. To wash the stuff off my legs I had to stand in a rock pool which was high enough for me to look over the sea wall at the seaside city shut up for winter. When we came here last summer for a day's outing the city was open and swarmed with people. Wherever you looked you'd be sure to see somebody having a good time and the courting couples who lay on the beach were so engrossed in each other that they didn't notice when playing children kicked up sand all over them. But not now.

At Easter a man set up a Punch-and-Judy stall by the sea.

"Back home now," Sister Veronica called and we all turned to go. The horseless horseman sat on a rock smoking a cigarette and watched while we filed past him.

"Don't stare at him," Sister Veronica said.

"He's staring at me," I told her.

"Don't flatter yourself."

"He must be staring at you, then.

"If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be.
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me,"

I recited.

"Do you know your prayers as well as you know your jingles?" she inquired.

"'Pierce O most sweet Lord Jesus Christ my inmost soul with the most joyous and healthful wound of Thy love, with true serene and most apostolic charity that my soul may ever languish and melt with love and longing for Thee, that it may yearn for Thee and faint for Thy courts and long to be dissolved and to be with Thee. Grant that my soul may hunger after Thee, the bread of angels, the refreshment of holy souls ——'"

"Are you a Catholic?"

"No."

"How do you come to know that, then?"

"My father's a Catholic. I often read his missal."

"What religion is your mother?"

"Church of England."

"Which faith were you baptized in?"

"I haven't been baptized."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Every week."

"A Catholic or Protestant church?"

"Some weeks I feel Catholic and some weeks I feel Protestant."

"So you go to either church?"

"Yes."

"Do the priests of these churches know?"

"I don't think the priests ever see me. And if they did they wouldn't see me again because there's so many churches where I live I can go to a different one every day. No one gets a chance to know my face."

"And do you faint in these churches?"

"No."

"Then why do you faint in our church?"

"I don't know."

"Do your parents go to church regularly?"

"No. Do yours?"

"No."

"So you don't get it from them?"

"Get what?"

"Being a nun."

"No."

"Do you ever see your parents? Is it allowed?"

"Sometimes."

"Do they like you being a nun?"

"No."

"How long have you been one?"

"Six years."

"I've never talked to a nun before."

"Is it strange to do so now?"

"Do you know what people are supposed to do when they see a nun coming toward them?"

"No."

"They're supposed to unfasten their coats and to keep them unfastened till they see a four-footed animal. Then it's safe to fasten your coat up again."

"And what's that ritual in aid of?"

"It's got something to do with letting the Holy Ghost in. I don't know how much truth there is in it but it's the custom."

"It must be a difficult custom to keep here. You're surrounded by nuns."

"I know. It's very bad luck not to keep the custom, but we can't keep it here."

"So what do you think will happen?"

"Something terrible, probably."

"Haven't you got another custom that will cancel out the evil effects of this one?"

"I'll have to invent one."

"I'm sure you will."

"Is that your wedding ring?"

"Yes."

"My grandmother had a beautiful wedding ring but it had to be buried with her. It was very valuable and she'd pawned it many a time herself and wanted somebody else to have the same benefits but her fingers swelled and they would have had to chop her hand off to get it so they didn't bother. Did you have a vision?"

"What sort of a vision?"

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THE DONKEY

"Joan of Arc heard voices."

"I'm not Joan of Arc."

"It's the same sort of thing, though. A man who works with my dad had three wives and ten children and last year he went to the police and confessed he was a bigamist because he said he'd heard voices telling him to repent. But no one believed him and he was sent to prison. Most people said he'd given himself up because he was sick of having three wives but I think it was just bad luck. Three wives and ten children add up to thirteen and thirteen's an unlucky number."

"If he'd taken another wife he'd have been all right, you think?"

"He might."

"Are all children as superstitious as you?"

"Don't you believe in it?"

"No."

"A lot of people do. One of my aunties bought a piece of iron when she was in Lourdes last year that's supposed to come from one of the nails they nailed Jesus Christ to His Cross with."

"If all the bits of iron said to have come from the nails they nailed Christ to the Cross with were collected together on this island the whole of England, Scotland and Wales would disappear beneath the ocean."

"A girl near us at home had whooping cough at Christmas and her mother cured her by making her eat a fried mouse."

"A mouse?"

"Yes."

"Cured her?"

"A mouse fried in butter."

"Fried in faith too."

"The mother said it was the mouse. What are nuns for, Sister Veronica?"

"Do we seem completely useless?"

"You do useful things I know like looking after the sick and things but you don't need to be a nun to do that so I think you must be up to something else."

"We pray."

"All the time?"

"All the time. Somewhere in the world at all hours of the day and night a nun or a monk is praying for the souls of men. Why are you looking at me so suspiciously?"

"I didn't know I was."

"You always have a funny look in your eyes."

"I must have been born with it."

"You must," she said and tripped up over the hem of her long black robe. "Oh it's a long road leading them home," she muttered.

"Yes it is but if it was any shorter it wouldn't reach the front door."

I deserved the sad look she gave me. It wasn't very funny. . . .

. . . to the city this morning with Nina. We went to have our aching teeth pulled. Sister Veronica took us. We traveled there on a bus and it was like going through a place where the plague has been as the inhabitants all seem to be hiding themselves. Every shop is shuttered. All along the promenade deck chairs are piled up and covered with tarpaulins. It was a relief, though, to get off the bus because an old man sitting behind us was coughing his heart up. When we left the bus Sister Veronica took hold of our hands and flew. We fluttered behind caught in her slipstream and couldn't see a thing hardly because her robes billowed round our heads like giant bat wings. One amusement arcade was open and I noticed one boy banging a punching bag that had a gauge connected to it, testing his strength. We nearly trampled a shawled old man in a Bath chair to death and once, just once, we stopped. But not for breath. A dignified procession of funeral cars passed by and Sister Veronica stood still on the curbstone muttering to herself until it was out of sight. Then we were off again. I glanced behind once and was sure I saw the Devil himself chasing us on a motorbike. And then we arrived at the dentist's shop.

"Come in. Come in. I've been waiting for you," the dentist said and rubbed his hands together. "Who's first?"

"Not me," said Nina.

"Not me," said I.

So we tossed a coin for it and she went in before me. There's nothing worse than waiting sometimes—it wasn't like waiting for Christmas or birthdays to come. When Nina came out of the surgery I looked at her face and went pale.

"Next customer, please."

Sister Vernonica pushed me through the door and before I had time to think I was in the chair with the dentist poking instruments into my mouth.

"Sixpence a ride," she cried. "Sixpence a ride on the donkeys."

"Now I'm going to tap each tooth individually with this small hammer and when I tap the tooth that's hurting you tell me."

A scream's as good as any word, I suppose, and the dentist set to work. He pulled and pushed and twisted.

"Dear me, dear me, dear me," he said and his nurse wiped sweat out of his eyes. "I've pulled teeth out of the heads of lorry drivers with half this trouble."

When the tooth did come out it tore my gums open and blood poured from the wound everywhere.

"Never mind now, my dear. A stitch in time will soon put that right."

The gap in my gum must have been giant-size because it took him hours to darn the hole over and even then the blood got through so that I had to keep emptying my mouth of it. The dentist examined the pulled tooth and declared it a rare specimen. To me it looked like something that had dropped out of the mouth of the prehistoric monster's skeleton in the Buile Hill Park Museum at home.

"Would you like to keep it, my dear, as a souvenir?"

"No, thank you."

Not likely. Just the look of it gave me a pain. As I was leaving the dentist's room the nurse told me to hold out my hand and into it she dropped a bag of peppermint creams.

"That's for being so brave."

Sister Veronica was not impressed by my braveness, though, and as soon as we were out on the street she took the candies away from me and dropped them all into a litter bin.

"A stupid thing for a dentist to give to anybody. I look forward to the day when all children go into shops and instead of asking for bars of chocolate and sticks of toffee ask for a carrot or an apple," she said. "Your teeth must already be in the last stages of total decay."

We had to wait fifteen minutes at the bus station for our bus back to the Home and the three of us sat on a wooden bench in the waiting room. We didn't speak. My mouth was filling up with blood and I could tell from the expression on Nina's face that hers was too. A woman with a fat Pekingese dog on her knee stared at us rudely until we both spat blood into our handkerchiefs. After that she moved away to sit beside an open window. An old lady came into the room with a little boy. The pair of them were loaded down with bags and the lady looked exhausted. We sat behind them on the bus and both of us and the rest of the travelers admired the old lady's beautiful hair which was piled up on top of her head in waves and plaits and thick curls.

"I hope I have hair like that when I'm as old as she is," Nina said.

The rocking of the bus gradually rocked the lady to sleep and soon her head drooped to one side. The little boy fidgeted and looked round for something to do. He reached toward the woman's head and lifted her hair up so that we all could see the pink, bald scalp beneath it. When he thought we'd seen enough he put the wig back and woke her.

"We get off here, Gran."

"Aren't you getting a clever boy," she said serenely and led him away.

Back at the Convalescent Home we were treated like real invalids and made to lie down for the afternoon in the room you go to when you're sick which is made of glass and nothing else.

"Now you two rest here. No talking either," Sister Veronica ordered and left us alone.

I looked across at Nina stretched out on her bed. She was wearing her sunglasses as usual.

"Would you like me to make certain that when you die you are buried wearing your sun-specs?" I asked.

"You might be the one who's buried first," she said and looked gloomier than ever.

I say she looked gloomy but that's wrong really. It isn't so much that you can see her gloominess as feel it. I tried to sleep but the sound of her breathing kept me awake, so I asked her to breathe more quietly.

"I'll stop breathing altogether if you like so's not to disturb your afternoon rest," she offered.

"What you so nowty for?"

"I'm not nowty," she snarled and sat up straight and took her sunglasses off and glared.

"Oh no. You don't look it," I told her and yawned against the wall.

"I don't like being disturbed," she growled.

"I don't like being disturbed either and your heavy breathing was disturbing me."

"It's a pity for you."

"Yes, it is."

"That's the trouble with you. You're too selfish."

"Go back to your heavy breathing."

"Have you ever seen anybody dead?" Nina said.

"No. Have you?"

"No. I thought you might have done."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"There's no need to bite my head off."

"I'd need a big mouth to do that."

"You're morbid, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"My grandmother died," I said.

"But you didn't see her?"

"Wouldn't let me. They let all her relations who hadn't seen her for years while she was living have a look but not me. I used to share a bedroom with her as well. I didn't like doing that, though. I'd sooner have been on my own."

"Did she breathe heavy?"

"Heavier than you."

"I bet you were glad then when she died."

"Oh, I danced a jig in celebration," I said.

"I wonder what they do to people when they die?"

"Have a special man to do it anyway."

"The undertaker's man."

"The Egyptians make dead people into mummies."

"I've seen one of them in a museum."

"So have I. Not much really, are they?"

"They'd be interesting with their bandages off."

"I heard that the undertaker's man takes all the insides of dead people away."

"You mean all their livers and kidneys and lungs?"

"And their blood and bones too."

"What happens to all the stuff they take out, then?"

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THE DONKEY

"What happens to animals' insides? Have you never had stuffed sheep's heart or blood sausage?" I said.

"No. I don't eat things like that. I once tried to eat a lamb chop but I couldn't bear cutting the meat off the bone. Then chewing it. It's bestial."

"The man next door to us died a year ago last Pancake Tuesday and me and this lad wanted to see him but they'd nailed the coffin lid down."

"Perhaps he wasn't fit to be seen."

"He was very ugly but people can't help the faces they're born with," I said.

"The nearest thing I ever saw to dead people was in a film about concentration camps. Kids weren't meant to see this film but we got in the picture house. But when we saw it we were sorry we had because it gave us nightmares for weeks. It was about the Jews in Belsen and I've never seen anything so rotten. It showed you the gas ovens the Germans burnt the Jews in but the Jews who hadn't got burnt were all standing about. They were thin like matchstick men—you could see their bones through their flesh as well as if the flesh wasn't there. It was horrible. I don't think proper dead ones could look worse than them. And once when I was young my mother took me to see my dad who'd been sent home from abroad to a hospital near Bristol. He'd been wounded. The hospital was full of Yank soldiers who'd been wounded as well and they made a fuss of me, giving me things I'd never even seen before."

"What?"

"Oh you know—big bars of chocolate and tins of peanuts and piles of Yankee chewing gum. They loaded me down with presents. I'd never had so much before and I bet I never have as much again. But they were all wounded and some of them had no legs and some of them had no arms and one man only had his head left attached to his body. I was scared of seeing my dad in case he was like that. But d'you know I didn't recognize him when we reached his bed. I'd only ever seen photos of him before and in them he was big and tough and his hair was thick black."

"Why didn't you recognize him?"

"Because he was thin and white. His hair was gray and long like a girl's. All my insides heaved when I saw him. I was scared of touching him, he looked so frail."

"But he didn't die?"

"No. What you so interested for anyway?" Nina asked.

"Don't know. I just am. Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I know a lot of ghost stories."

"Not true ones."

"True ones."

"I've heard some of your true stories. You make them all up," I said.

"They're all based on the truth. Have you noticed that big house over the road from this one?"

"I'd have to be blind not to."

"There's a woman lives there who's a witch. I've watched her at nighttimes. She sometimes changes her appearance ——"

"Pull the other leg. It's got bells on it."

"But her favorite disguise is a black toad. So be careful when you go to bed tonight and watch out for a black toad to come hopping over the fence and up the stairs to get you. She's very fond of young girls with golden hair."

"What will she do if she gets me?"

"I'm not sure but she's very partial to a feast of roasted babies every now and again. I've seen her chief imp cooking them up for her supper."

"Do you have dreams?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Scaring ones?"

"Sometimes. Usually I dream I'm flying or floating through the air somehow."

"I have dreams but they're always frightening. One dream I have every night. It's not scaring because of murderers or robbers or things like that. It's always that I get off a train and walk along a path—it's always in the country too."

"Have you ever lived in the country?" Nina asked.

"In the war I did. My mother and father were in London and I was sent to a big old house miles away from anywhere."

"Do you know all about country things?"

"What do you mean?"

"Names of trees and birds and things like that."

"Yes."

"I'd like to know things like that. I know a bit from books but it's not the same as living it, is it?"

"I used to ride ponies bareback when I was little," I said.

"And when you have your dream do you dream about that?"

"No. It's funny. I walk along this lane and then I find a bike and I ride it up to a house and then I get off the bike and walk into this house. It's very big and nice but there's only me in it and all of a sudden I reach the end of the house and there's no windows. Just a brick wall. It doesn't sound frightening but it is. There's nothing you can do about dreaming, is there?"

"Except to stay awake all night and day," Nina said.

"I've tried that but it's no good. Are you hungry?"

"It's no use you asking for food. They'll only give you bread in hot milk because of your sore mouth."

"I want something I can bite."

"Well, don't look at me," she said and started to polish her sun-specs carefully on the bed sheet.

I have now finished reading *Dot and Go One, or The Good Shepherd's Care*. Everything in the story turned out for the best. . . .

. . . fat nun here who is asking for trouble the way she carries on. They say fat people are jolly and happy but in her case I think it's more happy-daft than anything else. Her face haunts me. She laughs at everything, even things that aren't the least bit funny, and her face is fixed in a horrible grin. The sound of her being cheerful can be heard miles away and I'm sure ships at sea often mistake it for a foghorn. She is determined to be cheerful at all costs but she spreads misery and gloom and causes more hatred than Hitler ever did. We went for a walk this morning and for once the sun was shining and I was feeling fine and enjoying myself in my own way but ——

"What's that gloomy face for?" the fat nun asked.

"What gloomy face?"

"This one," she said and pinched my cheek between her finger and thumb.

I looked at her.

"Come on, child. Give us a smile. You've got a lovely smile. Don't be niggardly with it. Put a twinkle in your dark eyes."

All the happiness I had been feeling started to run away from me and I didn't blame it. If I'd been able to I'd have run away myself.

"What have you got to be gloomy about, a fine day like this?"

She only asks questions so she can answer them herself, so I walked along like someone struck dumb.

"The rain has stopped. The sun is up. Let the sun shine into your soul, child."

I nearly asked her to play another gramophone record. The more she said, the more miserable I began to feel and all the sad things that have happened to me, that I have heard of or imagined, came into my mind and a song I once heard Billie Holiday sing started to sing itself in my head:

Sunday is gloomy, my hours are slumberless,
Dearest, the shadows I live with are numberless,
Little white flowers will never awaken you,
Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you. *

Oh I wished then that the black coach of sorrow would take the fat nun away. . . .

. . . while the others were in church I went to the kitchen to see the woman who does the cooking here. She was peeling onions and the fumes had the pair of us in tears. It is a good idea to get friendly with people who have food under their control. This woman has taken a fancy to me and gives me things. I collected today six arrowroot biscuits, cocoa and sugar in a twist of paper and a chunk of slab cake. She has warned me to keep quiet about it, though, because the nuns disapprove of favoritism. We had an interesting talk, mainly about my fainting attack in the church. According to the cook this is a sure sign that my soul is rebelling against the false chains of religion that society wants to bind it with. She comes from a Roman Catholic family but has renounced the Faith, as in her opinion, after giving the matter thought and consideration, religion as a whole is an evil influence that the upper classes encourage among the working classes to keep them from rising. When I asked her how, feeling the way she does about religion, she can bring herself to work in a place as religious as this she answered:

"Needs must when the Devil drives."

She told me that the upper classes are only out to oppress and exploit the class I come from for their own ends. According to her only a revolution will ever bring true democracy to this country and the sooner revolution comes the better and even though hundreds of innocents will be slaughtered they will die in a good cause and men must be willing to sacrifice themselves. But that depends I suppose on which men you're thinking of. . . .

. . . house is very quiet at night or so it might seem to some people but every noise sounds ten times louder than it is and near noises seem far away and far noises seem near. But all the sounds here are strange to me. How in a city do you get to know the noise of the sea and hooting owls at the same time or any time? How in a city do you get used to tree branches tapping at your bedroom windows and creaking horribly in the night? Once I got to know what these and all the other strange sounds are they didn't worry me but all the same it would be nice to hear something familiar. Many a time I imagine some of the noises I know and see things and remember sirens and searchlights, gas mask and shelter, ours and theirs going over, all clear. Back to bed again. Street parties and flags out flying for victory. All smiles. School. Norman Conquest 1066. Henry the Eighth had six wives. I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high. . . .

"'Geography is that field of learning in which the characteristics of particular places on the earth's surface are examined. The face of the earth is made up of many different kinds of features each one the momentary result of an ongoing process.' Your attention please, young woman!" the teacher said.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord who was born of the Virgin Mary suffered under Pontius Pilate was crucified dead and buried the third day He rose again from the dead. . . ."

"Now all together, girls—Books of the Bible," the same teacher said.

"*Genesis Exodus Leviticus* Numbers! *Deuteronomy Joshua Judges* Ruth!"

Has worked hard this term. Does not exert herself sufficiently. Unwilling to accept discipline. Has some originality of thought. A likable girl. Inclined to sullenness. Uncommunicative. Overimaginative.

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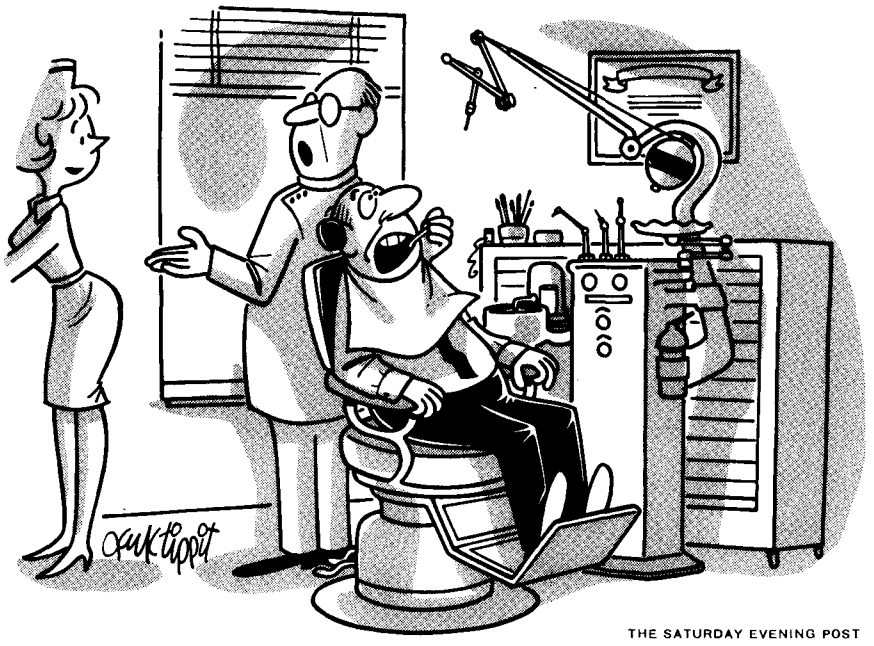

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hand me that big heavy thing."

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Has difficulty distinguishing fact from fiction. This girl is a liar. Expect improvement next term. Position in class examinations 9th. Number of children in class 52. Times absent 10. Times late 43. This will not do. Oh beware the moonlight shining upon your sleeping face. It causes madness. Oh beware the black beetle crawling across the toe of your boot. He warns a death. Oh beware the stare of a cross-eyed woman. Spit three times on the ground to break the bad luck she brings. Oh beware you who have stolen gray-stone chippings off a tomb. You bring a curse down on yourself forever. May Day Molly Dancers beg a penny for a song . . .

Bus-ticket numbers reckon up fortunes—1 for sorrow, 2 for joy, 3 for a letter, 4 for a boy, 5 for silver, 6 for gold, 7 for a secret that's never been told. The nice girl says I Love You to all the boys. A woman speaking to the public on the public ground at St. Mary's Gate told us to pray for tribulation in order that we might enter the Kingdom of Heaven and then set fire to herself and ran away down Deansgate screaming as the flames fanned by the wind turned her into a pillar of fire. These and all sorts of other things I remember but why I remember I don't know. Sometimes I think it is because I am frightened being here in this place and miles away from home but when I try to find a cause of being frightened I can't and begin to think that it is not fear I feel at all but something else. I know that when I was a baby and felt like this I cried and sucked my thumb for comfort but now I am old and for comfort I don't know what to do. I lie awake in bed and listen to the noise of the nuns walking along the corridors and up and down the stairs. Very light on their feet though they are, their long robes brushing against the floor as they move make noise enough to deafen me, and then I think I hear them praying all the time, morning, noon and night, for the souls of men. Maybe this is just imagination but ever since Sister Veronica told me that day on the beach that they are praying all the time for the souls of men I've heard them at it. Last night I heard somebody crying and didn't know who it was. I stuffed the sheet into my ears and put the pillow over my head to shut the noise out but no go. . . .

. . . I know now who is crying. It is Nina. I had a feeling it was when I first heard it but now I am sure. Last night she cried for hours and I just lay back and listened to her. She doesn't cry very dramatically. She makes hardly any sound at all. Am I the only one who hears her? Or does everybody else hear too and ignore it like I do myself? But I'm not ignoring it really. While she cries I've got to listen. . . .

. . . night she cried again. I listened for as long as I could bear it, then I went to see her. I had to be careful leaving my room in case a prowling nun copped me roaming around at that late time of night. I opened Nina's door and went in. She was stretched out on the bed looking comfortable and fast asleep except that tears were pouring down her face. After looking at her for a long time and wondering what to do I decided to do nothing and left.

I have been given another book to read. Sister Veronica handed it to me and she looked apologetic. It is called *Dwell Deep* and written by Amy Le Feuvre.

"What's this for, Sister?"

"Mother Superior told me to give it to you," she replied and read out to me the notice on the book's back cover: "'It will delight the girls with its well-conceived characters and its winsome though sometimes wayward young people.'"

"The Religious Tract Society?"

"Yes," she answered.

"You're being brainwashed."

Kitty Skidmore, so they say, has been in a children's home for care and protection. How these rumors get into this place I don't know. I think they crawl up through cracks in the floor boards. Kitty Skidmore has been in the home for twelve months because of something her father did to her. . . .

. . . she shivers all the time. Nobody likes her. Whenever she approaches a gang of girls talking they close their gaping mouths until she has gone by and then, as soon as her back is turned, they begin to laugh. She pretends not to care but she trembles and lets them see it and they have no pity. One reason why they don't like her is because she gets special treatment. It isn't all that special really but these girls are petty-minded. Instead of Kitty getting washed with the rest of us in the big bathroom she goes to a private place and gets scrubbed and changed there. . . .

. . . been moved into my bedroom. This is a shame because I like sleeping on my own but I suppose she's as much right to be where she is now as I have. It is no use asking her why she has come to sleep with me. She's telling nothing to nobody. . . .

. . . like being in the company of a vampire or a nocturnal creature of some

How much tax will you pay over 40 years?

Both Democrats and Republicans seem to agree at this point that U.S. Income Taxes are too high. So do most taxpayers, regardless of party.

But we doubt if very many U.S. citizens realize what their income taxes really add up to.

Take a Union Oil employee, for example, who earns $600 per month. With a family of four, his Federal income withholding tax each month is $67.68.

Just to get an idea of how much these taxes amount to in a working lifetime, we made some hypothetical assumptions.

Supposing our Union Oil employee started to work for the company at the age of 25 and retired at 65. Suppose further, for the sake of simplicity, that he earned the same salary throughout his career—$600 a month.

At $67.68 per month his taxes would amount to $812.16 per year. Over a 40-year period, this would total $32,486.40. But this isn't all of the story.

What would happen, we asked, if our Union Oil employee didn't have to pay any Federal income taxes at all? Say he put his $67.68 each month into a savings account paying 4% interest compounded semi-annually.

By the time he reached 65, he would have accumulated $79,300.

Now, obviously, very few people are going to advocate that this country do away with the Federal income tax completely. However, when we realize not only what the average American pays out-of-pocket during a lifetime, but also what it costs him in addition by not having the use of his money, any tax cut assumes a great deal more significance.

If Federal expenditures could be cut to the point where taxes could be reduced by 10%, for instance, it would be worth about $7,000 to our Union Oil employee. If taxes could be reduced ⅓, it would amount to over $24,000.

It seems to us that these sums of money are significant enough to the average U.S. taxpayer to demonstrate the importance of constant vigilance in regard to Federal expenditures and taxes.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write: President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company of California 76 UNION

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sort. She never sleeps. I only sleep a bit but compared to her I'm a dormouse. She lies flat out on her back on the bed with her hands folded on her stomach and her toes turned up to the roof. One of these nights while I sleep I think she might sink her fangs into my throat. I see the sheets moving as she trembles underneath them. If this goes on much longer I'll end up trembling too. . . .

. . . the sun has started to show its face again. Yesterday was a beauty. We spent the whole time out in the garden or down on the beach. The sun being so bright gave Nina a good excuse for wearing her dark glasses. After dinner the little kids played on the swings and roundabouts but we older ones went wandering off, or at least Nina and I did—the others seem to like going around in a group. At the back of the house there is an open space facing the sea. Soon, the nuns say, this space will be covered with thick, juicy grass but at the moment it is covered in hard, brown brittleness that must be last year's crop. We stretched ourselves out on top of it, though, and lay there in the sun. It was very quiet. Every now and again we heard the sound of the kids on the seesaw in the playground. I turned my head to see if Nina was asleep but her sun-specs are so big and black that it is impossible to tell.

"Are you asleep?" I asked her.

"Yes, I am," she answered and took hold of my hand.

If anyone else had done that I'd most likely have told them not to but I let her go on holding it until the fat, grinning nun came out into the garden and rang the bell for teatime. . . .

. . . beginning of Lent. Everybody is giving up things for it. It is hard for me and for Nina too. We both know that the idea of Lent is to renounce something we enjoy so that we suffer until Easter Sunday.

"What are you going to renounce?" Nina asked.

"I don't know."

"And nor do I."

"I suppose we could give up food."

"The nuns wouldn't allow us to starve. We're here for the good of our health."

Sister Veronica, who had been listening in, inquired:

"Why are you so anxious to give something up for Lent?"

"We thought it was a rule."

"It's a rule only if you decide that you want to do it."

"It's hard to find something we enjoy enough to suffer without."

"There must be something you've got or do here that you enjoy."

"There's nothing here that I couldn't give up cheerfully."

"Then perhaps your stay here is a sacrifice of your happiness in itself," she said and moved away to eavesdrop on somebody else's conversation.

Out in the garden this morning I met the girl who does the weekly wash. I know she is very religious because she wears a golden crucifix on a chain around her neck, and a Saint Christopher medallion which she has had blessed by the Pope dangles from her watch strap.

"What are you giving up for Lent?" I asked her.

"Oh I'm not giving anything up this year. I'm going to put a little extra money into the collecting box each week instead," she said and it was a good idea. If I had money I'd do the same.

A woman who has been asked by the government to investigate children has arrived to investigate the children here. The chief nun told us that we are to answer truthfully all the questions she might ask us as her work will be of great benefit not only to us but to future generations.

"Sit down, my dear," the woman said when I went into her investigating room. "Now then, I want you to write your name, age and address at the top of this sheet of paper. Use my pen."

I did so.

"I want you to understand that everything we discuss here in this room will be strictly confidential. Your answers to my questions ——"

Notice she didn't bother to ask me whether I wanted to answer her questions. Oh no.

"—are private. When the report we are compiling is published no names will be mentioned. You will be nothing more or less than a statistic. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Right. Question one. What sort of school do you attend?"

"An ordinary school."

"A state school?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"What's good about it?"

"Well, not so many years ago a girl of your class would not have received any education at all. From the cradle you would probably have been sent to the mill or the factory. You'd never have known the glories and benefits of a good education. The present society we live in however has raised the standard of living of all classes to heights hitherto unheard of—undreamed of one hundred, nay, fifty years ago. You are a fortunate child indeed to have been born into a compassionate and enlightened age."

"Oh," I said.

"Have you taken the entrance examination for the high school?"

"Yes."

"Pass or fail?"

"Fail."

"Never mind. Nothing to be ashamed of. At a secondary school you will be receiving an education ideally suited to your capabilities."

"Yes."

"Good scholar?"

"Yes."

"Get good marks in exams?"

"Yes."

"So you'd say you are an intelligent person?"

"Yes."

"And a somewhat conceited one too if I may say so."

"You may say what you please."

She lit a cigarette and blew smoke in my face. "I will. Don't worry. Religious family background?"

"Yes."

"You go to church?"

"Every day."

"How very commendable. Who was Moses?"

"The prophet who led the Israelites out of bondage."

"Any trouble in the family? Divorce? Separation?"

"My mother's been divorced twice and she's separated from her third husband."

"Broken families. The cause of more trouble—oh well. Do you feel any bitterness about this?"

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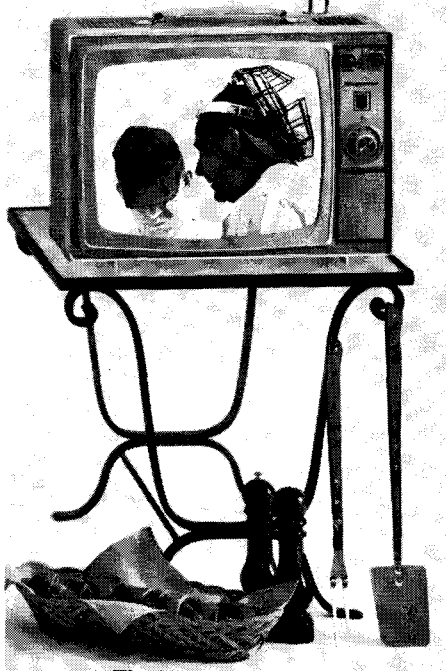

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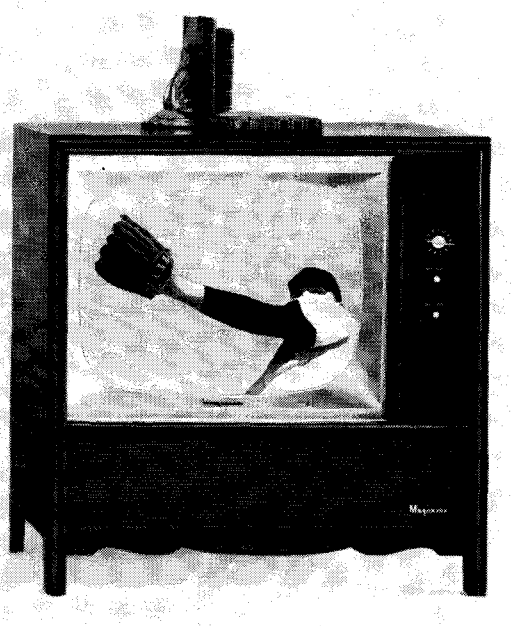

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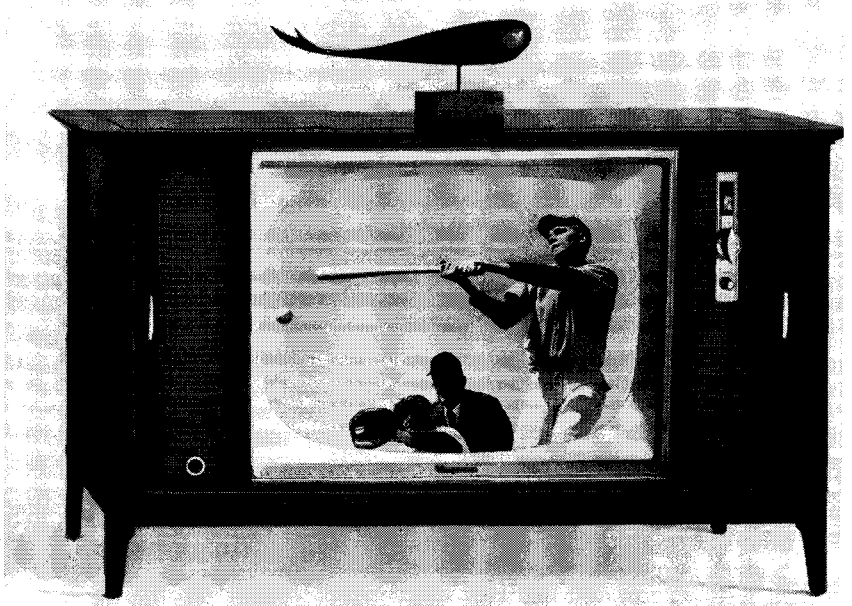

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"Yes."
"Do you approve of divorce?"
"No."
"How right you are. Do you know the Ten Commandments?"
"Yes."
"Have you broken any of them?"
"A few."
"Which ones?"
"Thou shalt not steal."
"You've stolen?"
"Yes."
"What sort of things?"
"Only food. Because I was hungry because my mother never used to feed us. I had to steal or else me and my little brother would have died."
"Do the police know about this?"
"My mother was put in jail for cruelty and neglect."
"Not harsh enough. Have you received sex education at school?"
"Yes."
"Extensive?"
"Well—just the facts."
"Are you a virgin?"
We faced each other across the table.
"No," I said and hoped God wouldn't strike me dead on the spot for lying.
"Are *you* a virgin?" I asked.
"That is neither here nor there."
She wrote something down on her sheet of paper. "You know this sort of behavior is wrong?"
"Yes."
"How many times has this sort of thing happened?"
"I don't know."
"Are your parents aware of this?"
"Don't know."
"Do many of your friends behave in this way with boys?"
"Don't know."
"You don't know much, do you?"
"No."
"Do you know the consequences of such behavior?"
"Yes."
"You don't care?"
"I don't know."
"Have you no moral fiber?"
"What's that?"
"Something you haven't got, obviously. Good morning. And send the next girl in on your way out."
I left her and told Nina to go in.
"What is it?" she asked.
"Just a Nosy Parker asking questions again. Tell her a pack of lies."
And Nina did and I hope everybody else did too just to give the poor old soul a thrill. I'm not kidding, there's always somebody poking their nose in where it's not wanted. Your life's not your own any more. . . .

. . . Passion Week fever is mounting up. A giant-size statue of Jesus Christ crucified stands in the garden. It has become an object of adoration. Every day girls and some nuns stand before it and sometimes deck it with flowers. I have looked at this statue of Jesus Christ on the Cross. It is grotesque. Its smallest toe is longer and fatter than my leg and the wounds in the hands and feet and side are big enough for rooks to nest in when they get the chance. It is a monster statue and instead of making you feel agony at the agony of what it is trying to imitate it makes you feel agony for yourself that you've got to look at it and agony for the man who made it that he should have been so untalented. . . .

. . . rehearsals for the special Passion Week church services. The choir, which sounds like a cats' chorus at ordinary times, sounds worse now that it has really got something to sing about. The choir members wear white veils on their heads and special blue frocks and are now trying to get special expressions for their faces. These special expressions are modeled on Sister Veronica's. She is very beautiful and always looks elevated and white and pure and gaunt. Everyone thinks she is the holiest of the holiest but I'm beginning to think it's just an act she puts on. Many a time she has behaved in an unnunlike way and said a lot of unnunlike things but always on the sly, though, so that no one will start to think she is a falling angel. I only hope I am there when she does fall. I bet she does it with a smile on her face. . . .

. . . girl is locked up in the sick room. The doctor has given her drugs to keep her quiet. For the last couple of days she has been getting fiercer and fiercer in her devotion to Jesus and once or twice has told me that she has seen visions of the Virgin. When she first told me this tale I thought she was joking but it's no joke. Not now. We were on the beach this morning enjoying ourselves in our various own ways when all of a sudden we heard a commotion and went to investigate. There was the girl on the ground. She writhed and moaned and there was blood on her face.

A gawping woman in the small crowd said, "Stigmata." And crossed herself.

Sister Veronica glared at her as much as to say, "You silly old cow." And she picked the girl up off the ground and carried her away toward the house while we followed on behind. A silent procession.

"Stigmata. What's that?" Nina said.
"Are you talking to me?"
"You're the know-all," she muttered darkly.
"Stigmata's when people start bleeding from their bodies when they haven't been cut or stabbed or anything. It's religious. Like some girls faint when they see their favorite film star."
"Like being sent?"
"Yes. I saw a woman once in church who fell to the ground and beat her head against the stone flags halfway through the service. It was very interesting. Two men carried her out and laid her down on the grass verge of the cemetery, while we all went on inside singing our heads off not taking a blind bit of notice. Or at any rate we all pretended not to be noticing. Everybody's ears and eyes were twitching, to tell the truth. Nobody likes to miss anything. Not sensational things. Sister Veronica looks very majestical carrying that body over the sands, doesn't she?"
"Wonder what she thinks now?"
"She isn't allowed to think. Not think anything that might be against what she is, anyway. That'd be treason. If anybody found out she was thinking treason, which is as bad as doing it really according to some people, she'd be hanged, drawn and quartered—and I'm sick of it all and I'm going away."
Nina looked surprised when I galloped off away from her and the rest of the procession but she didn't follow me which was just as well because if she had I'd have gone mad. I couldn't stand the thought of going back to the Home, and decided to spend the rest of the day on the beach seeing what was cooking there to take my mind off my troubles which were all unidentifiable anyway but troubles all the same. Easter time is a big holiday for most people and while it lasts

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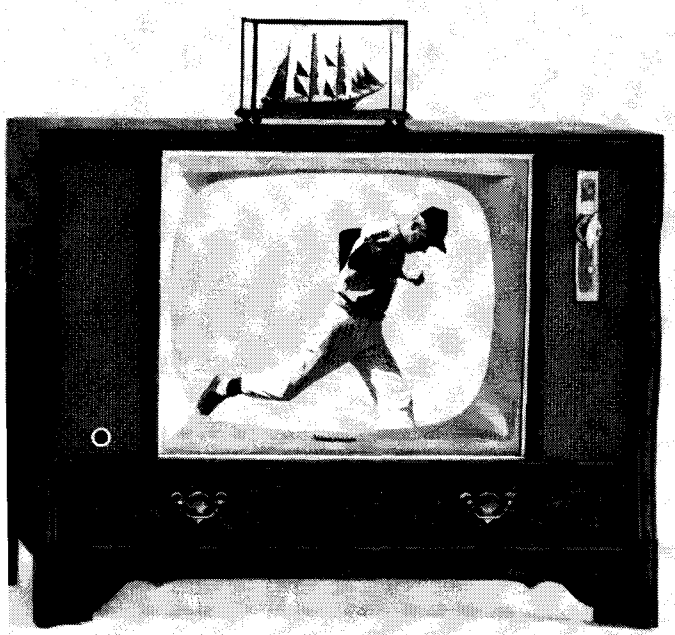

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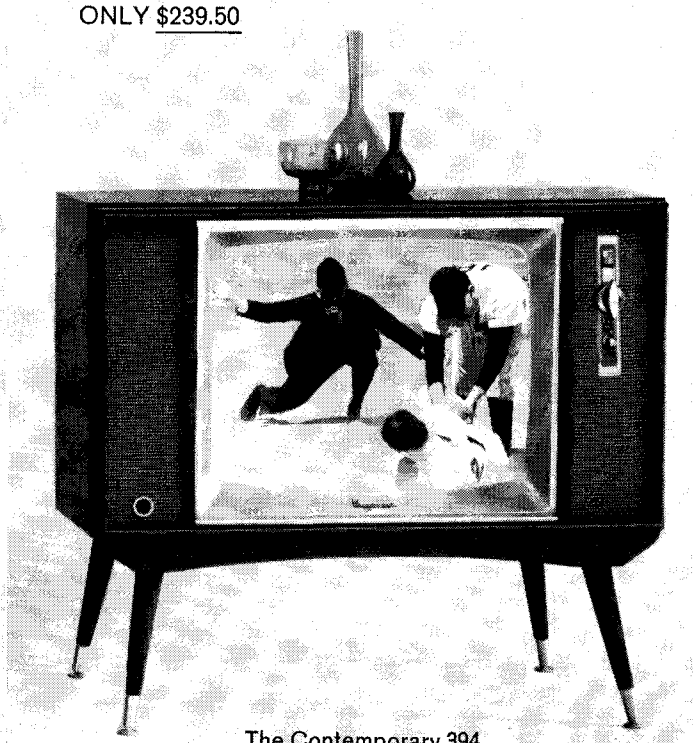

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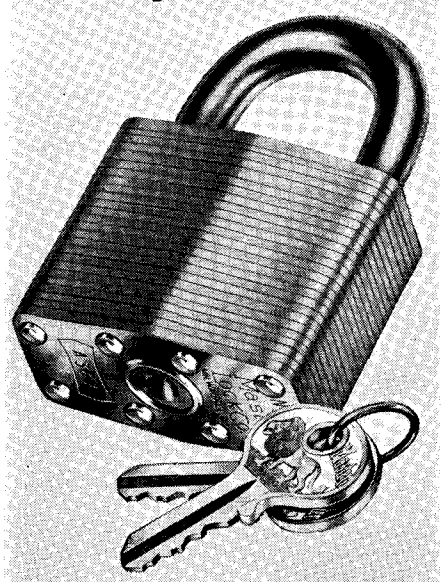

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they make the most of it. I watched a man set up a Punch-and-Judy stall on the edge of the retreating sea. Toby Dog with a white, frilly ruff around his neck walked on his hind legs and barked for attention. People ran straight into the water and screamed and yelled as the first cold of it touched their bodies. A boy in blue trunks decorated with badges gave a fine exhibition of swimming and at the end of it stood up in the water looking pleased with himself. I clapped. He bowed. A woman wearing a red scarf around her hair and an old leather pouch across her stomach led seven donkeys along the sands. Their reins and saddles were decorated with silver bells and brass studs. Seven donkeys named Marlene, Daisy, Winnie, Monty, Carmen, Hope and Kitty.

"Sixpence a ride. Sixpence a ride on the donkeys."

The woman made the announcement and in no time at all was in business. All the kids on the beach wanted to take advantage of her offer and soon the donkeys were trotting to the breakwater and back—some trotted at least but one refused to exert itself and walked the set length ignoring all gee-ups and get-a-move-ons. Grown men too rode the donkeys and dead daft they looked doing it. Most of them had had a few beers and pretended to be cowboys and Indians chasing each other. Oh the donkeys stood it all but I'll swear they had a good laugh about it to themselves on the quiet. The donkey woman watched and sucked her bottom lip and turned the silver sixpences over in her money pouch. Gangs of old women walked down to the water's edge and tucked their skirts up and removed their shoes and stockings. They laughed until they cried when the cold water lapped over their corny old feet. Punch began to beat his Judy with a big stick. She screamed and hit him back. All watchers shrieked and Toby Dog scratched a flea in his fur.

"I hope this excellent weather lasts," a man said and poured a frothy bottle of beer over his head for cooling purposes.

I was so engrossed watching his performance that I walked backward and trampled down a Union-Jacked sand castle. The little lad who'd built it yelled and his mother shouted at me. I ran. Looking over my shoulder after putting a good distance between us all, I was surprised to see what a small space the holiday-makers had crowded themselves into, in spite of the whole beach being wide open enough to give each person enough space to found a dynasty in. The sand hills are high in parts and tough grass grows on them. They are used a lot by lovers and Peeping Toms looking for thrills. I left the beach and walked along the nearest ridge but saw no one—no lovers, no Peeping Toms, no nothing at all. Not even a seagull, though I suppose they were about—probably they were cadging food off the holiday-makers. I walked a long way determined to reach the headland far away. I have often looked at the headland and fancied making a trip to it but the nuns say it is too far for us to walk. All of a sudden I heard thundering hooves and saw galloping along the sea edge a donkey with a full-grown man on its back. The man looked scared stiff and kept shouting but all his *whoas* and *stops* and swearing made no difference to the donkey, who pounded past as if it was running in the Derby or something. Then *Whoa* the man screamed and the donkey did, as if he'd put the brake on. Over its head shot the man and landed *thud* on the hard sand. The donkey didn't stop to look at its fallen passenger; it just kicked its back legs in the air and shot off again toward the headland, while the man sat stupid on the beach and only moved when the sea broke over him.

Water waves I once was told are of two kinds: oscillation and translation. Waves of oscillation are the ordinary deepwater waves in which all the particles of water within the waves move in circular orbits. At the surface these orbits have a diameter equal to the height of the waves. They decrease rapidly with depth until at a depth equal to the length of the wave the movement is practically zero. In a wave of translation the whole body of water moves forward and does not return.

Pay attention, said the teacher, and tell me what causes waves of the sea.

Whenever the wind blows over water the surface is formed into waves. These grow under the influence of the wind, form an irregular surface pattern known as sea, please teacher, and when wind-raised waves travel out of a storm area they advance as swell but not all waves are caused by wind some are caused by earthquakes, submarine landslides or volcanic eruptions sometimes known as tidal waves but true tidal waves are caused by the sun and the moon but, really teacher, although waves have been observed for thousands of years knowledge of them is most incomplete and many fundamental questions remain unanswered.

Thank you, child, sit down. . . .

. . . I had thought that the beach was deserted after I left my holiday-makers at the other end of it but as I reached the top of a sand hill I saw not far off a crowd of people making a lot of noise. I approached slyly and watched the crowd for a long time. Some of the people in it were old and some were young kids but the more I looked the more I realized that they were all daft—or anyway daft in the way we think daft is. At home near us there is a special school for Mongol children and many a time I have seen these children playing out or going for walks. Some of them are very big—one looks about twenty years old but when I was six he looked about twenty years old. He's got a big head and a great loose mouth that seems made of rubber. And there he was on the beach with all the other children. They must have a holiday home here. One thing about them I noticed is that although some people are very scornful of them and often say that it would be better to kill them when they are born they don't look as miserable as some who think they are the cat's whiskers, so to speak. I have often thought that a lunatic—so long as he or she wasn't the sort that does terrible atrocities like raping and bludgeoning—would be a better companion than the cat's-whiskers sort. I liked watching them all playing on the beach—one little girl hadn't any control over herself and couldn't catch the ball that was being thrown about. She got in a flaming temper about this and screamed. Nobody took any notice—I felt a bit jealous. Many a time I have felt like screaming myself but the only time I ever did I was treated as if there was something wrong with me. Maybe there was but what it was I didn't know. It just comes on me sometimes to scream but you're not allowed to let it out—if I screamed out loud every time I felt like it I'd be put in a home for mental defectives and a home for convalescents is bad enough. I wondered if the big lad from the home near us would recognize me if I showed myself and when I did he waved and his rubber mouth turned up like a crescent moon in his face.

"Share our picnic," said the man in charge of the kids and I did.

"We're here for the day," the man said. "We have enjoyed ourselves."

I stayed with them until they decided to leave late in the afternoon and when they'd all gone I turned back home myself. It got dark and I missed the girls in their summer frocks and the lads in their shirt sleeves and even the bashing-ups of Punch and Judy. The runaway donkey on his return journey caught up with me and walked behind me three paces. The tide turned and went out leaving the sand uncovered for miles, wet and hard to walk on, but the sand hills were dry and seemed to be shifting but it was the wind blowing the fine sand about, that's all, and I was sorry because I'd like sometime to see the mountains move—a sight worth seeing like earthquakes and volcanoes. In a dip in the sand hills I came across a flock of seagulls clustered round a man who was feeding them with bits of things. The man beckoned me. I lingered, remembering a little girl I know who was lured down an air-raid shelter by a lascar seaman off the docks. She was saved by a woman who used to dump her rubbish in the shelter and came and scared the sailor off. But the man beckoned again. I looked around and saw no one. The man waved a piece of chocolate at me. The girl I know was tempted by a piece of chewing gum. All the same I took the chocolate.

"What's your name?" the man said and threw a nice big piece of cheese at a seagull.

"Haven't got a name. Only a number. What's your name?"

"Same as my dad's."

"What's your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

So we finished the silly game no wiser.

"You shouldn't talk to strange men."

"I know. My dad's warned me not to but I like chocolate. You've given it to me, haven't you? You don't want paying for it?"

"No. I don't want paying for it. Not in same or in kind. Do you live round here?"

I had Nina's sunglasses with me and I put them on for protection. The sun had gone in but the moon's as good an excuse for wearing them as any.

"No, I don't. I'm staying at a home for sick children."

"Are you sick?"

"Don't I look it? Everybody says I do. Do you live here?"

"No. I'm in transit."

"Where you going?"

"I'm just having a long walk."

"Have you been to Scotland?"

"Yes."

"I like the sound of bagpipes."

"I knew a Scotsman once. A sergeant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers. A bloody lunatic. One of the original Ladies from Hell all right he was. Won the Victoria Cross for his valor."

"You've been a soldier, haven't you?"

"How can you tell?"

"You can always tell soldiers—demobbed ones anyway—my dad's got a demob suit just like the one you're wearing."

"Dirt cheap and nasty—aye I know, but never mind, the clothes don't maketh the man."

"This chocolate's the sort sailors have, isn't it?"

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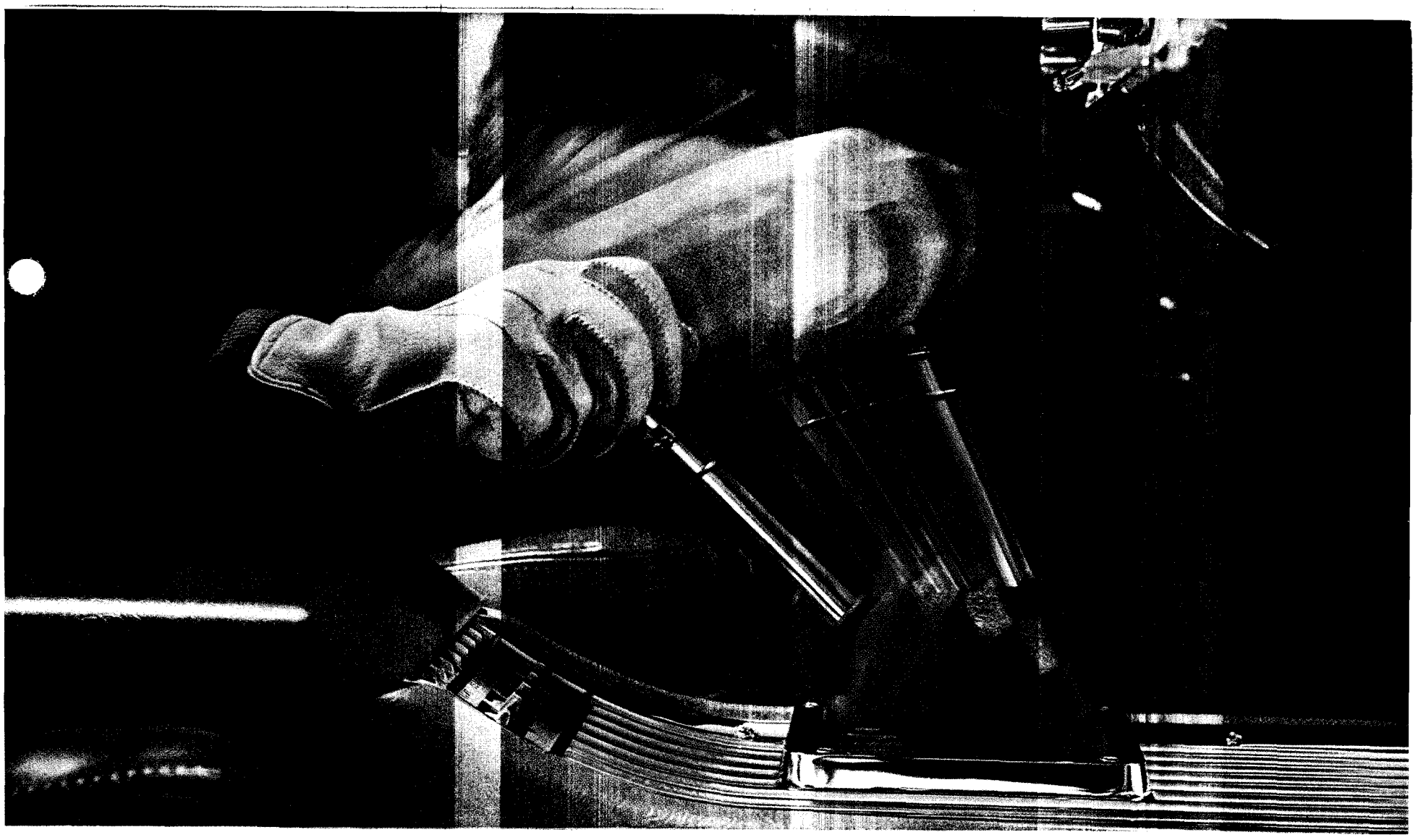

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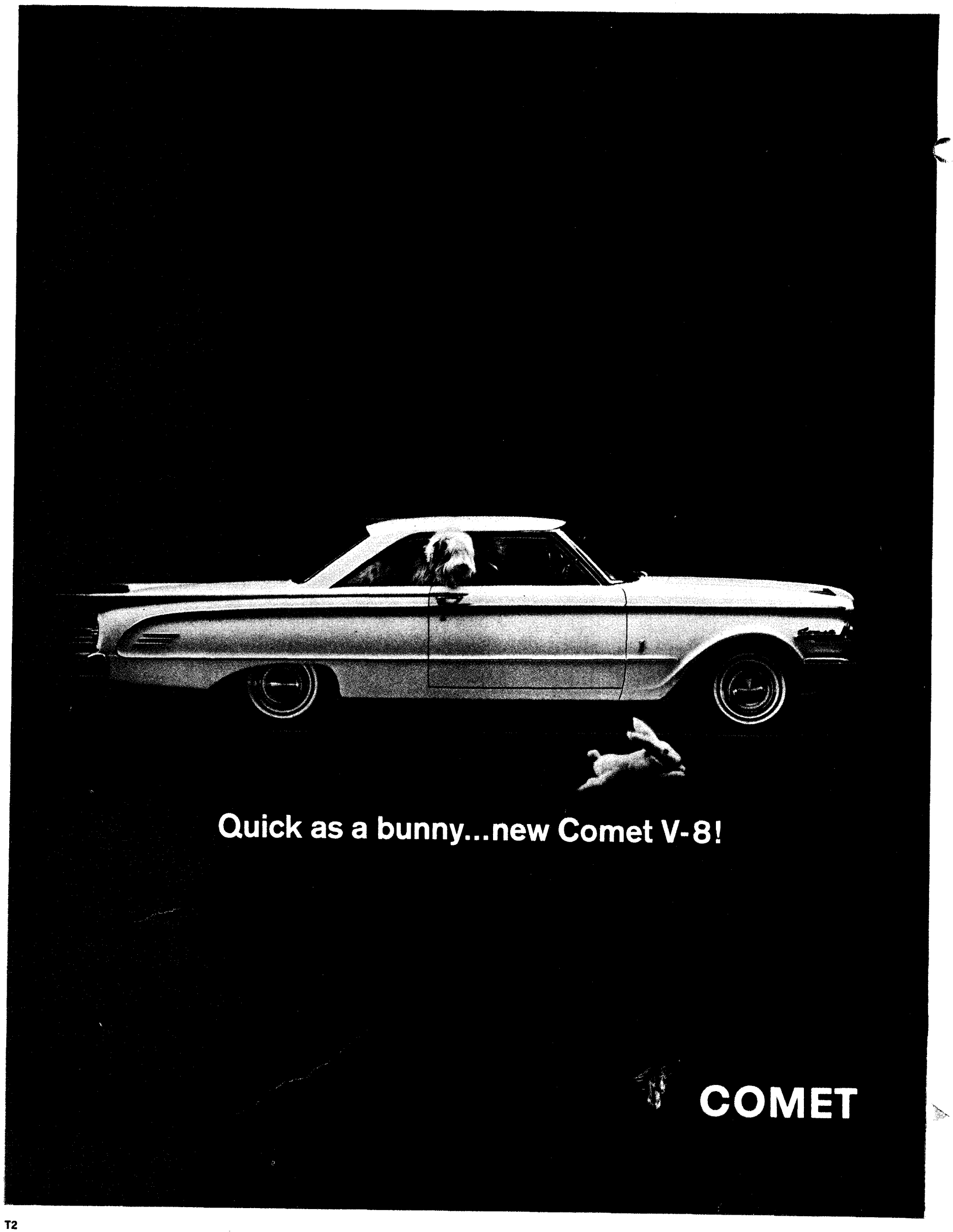

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"Yes—black and bitter. Would you like something sweeter?"

"No. I like it bitter and black like this."

He started to light a cigarette and all of a sudden he began to shake. First his hands. Then his shoulders. Then his arms and legs. A friend of my dad's suffers from the same trouble but once when we were out together and he started trembling all over a nosy woman said:

"How disgusting. Drunk at this time of day."

Oh you silly sod, I almost said to her face, but then I thought Why bother? It's not worth wasting breath on.

The man bit the end of his cigarette through as another shaking spasm got him. I lit the cigarette and stuck it in his mouth.

"Puff up," I said. "My mum says smoking does you no good—but puff up. You may as well."

And he took a long drag at the cigarette and seemed better for it.

"It's shell shock, isn't it?" I said.

"That's it."

"My dad's friend's got it. Much worse than you, though. He does it every ten minutes. I think he'll be doing it even after he's dead and buried. Where they put him in the cemetery it'll be like a molehill with the mole trying to get out all the time. He'll never be still, I'm sure."

"No. Nor will I, I sometimes think."

"You never know. You're younger than him. He's old as the hills and ought never to have been a soldier according to his wife but he insisted. I wouldn't have. I'd have run away, sooner than be a soldier. I can't kill a fly without feeling guilty about it and soldiers are for killing all the time, aren't they?"

"Or defense."

"Well, whatever they're for I wouldn't be one. They only make men soldiers anyway so I'll never be made to be one. Will I?"

"I hope not, though they do say your sex is the deadliest one."

"Do they?"

"Aye. They do."

"I'm not saying I wouldn't fight if I had something to fight about—I'm always fighting anyway about something and I suppose a war's got to be fought by someone—but I hope I never have to do it. I mean I'm not saying I'd let someone walk over me, I wouldn't but —— Oh you know what I mean. I always think it's a bit daft the way they make people go and kill each other. Still I suppose it's all because people are daft to start with or else they wouldn't do it. Do you think they like killing each other or something?"

"Some do and some don't."

"Did you?"

"No."

"But you did it."

"I did."

"Well then."

"Well then. That's it. My dad did it too. My mother's still got a letter that the priest wrote to my father while he was at the last war. Oh, said the priest in this letter to my father, oh my son keep your soul and your sword clean, one for the glory of your Father in Heaven and the other for the Turk. And my father did. And you know they have no pity for us, such men of learning and sensitivity. Oh no. Some do and some don't, I said to you; and did you?, you said to me. I did, I said back, I did. I did. In my ignorance and my innocence. And some laugh, some scorn, while others merely wonder. I do not laugh or scorn and need not wonder. I know, though you stand withdrawn from me, I cannot withdraw from you, not of my own free will or want of trying. I retreat out of sullen misery into rioting despair that shrieks and howls and tears me tooth and nail and my yearning does not yield. Implacable, it scorns consolation. I'd better be going now—come on, I'll see you back to your Home for Sickly Children or whatever it is you're in. Keep your soul and your sword clean, my daughter—one for the glory of God and one for yourself. Come on, kid—get moving."

We walked back to the Home and Sister Veronica standing at the gate said nothing when he left me there but led me into the house and upstairs to my room and said nothing, and on my own I lay in bed and lay with my ear against the pillow and listened and felt the sound of my own heart beating, and held my breath in case it stopped, and I dreamt of birds so beautiful, so beautiful, so beautiful upon the grass. . . .

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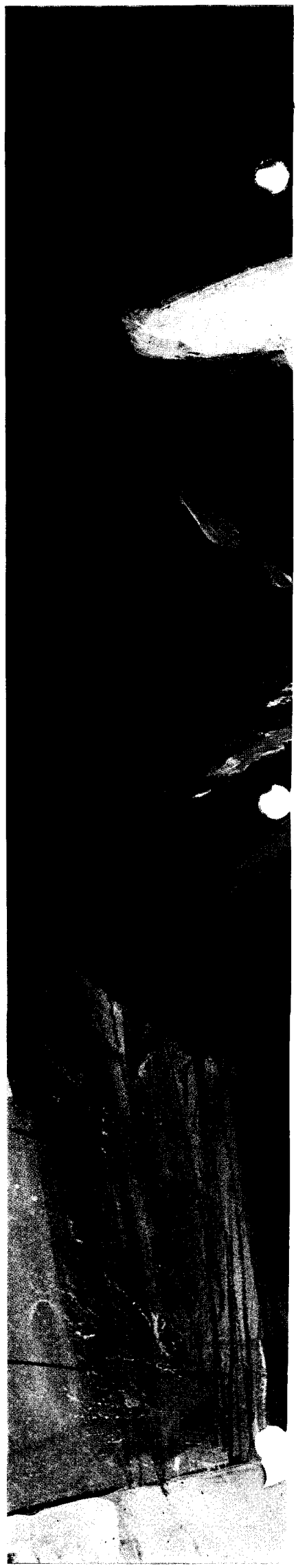
When Ginger Hero

fought the Tiger, that day everything changed for Billy and Annie – and for my wife Min, who was Annie's sister, and for me!



By BRIAN FRIEL

At the time I'm thinking about, the year Billy Brogan and I bought our own fighting cock and matched him against the best birds in Ireland, you would never have suspected that Annie and Min were sisters. Ten years earlier, when Billy married Annie and I married Min, they were like as two peas, although, strangely enough, it was Min who was the softer of the two then.

But they had changed so much in the decade that you would have been hard put to find any resemblances between them. Annie had grown into a big, fat, hearty woman who spent her days—except when she went to the cockfights with Billy and me—in a wicker chair in front of the open hearth, her legs wide apart and an apron stretched across them, her chubby hands lying limp on her lap, and her gentle eyes waiting for half an excuse to stream with laughing. Maybe the house could have been tidier—there was nobody but Billy and herself to upset it, and Billy was as natty as an old maid—but she never seemed to notice.

"Look at the state of the place!" she would say, struggling to her feet when you went in. "You would think I had a houseful of children!" And she would burst into such an infectious laugh that you forgot about the bucket of soiled clothes at the door and the breakfast dishes still on the table and the crumbs on the floor, and laughed with her. And although it was Billy who cleared a seat for you and wiped it clean with his hand, it was Annie who made you feel at home.

Not that our house was much tidier. But then, we had eight children, and even if Min slaved from morning to night, as she did, there was always a toy somewhere to trip you or a row of steaming nappies to hide the fire from you. Poor Min, those first ten years were sore on her, made her thin and haggard and harassed-looking. When I would see her and Annie together I would wonder at how time had sharpened the one and mellowed the other: my wife with all the worries in the world and a wrinkle to show for every one, Billy's wife apparently without a care. I often thought that if he had not had such an obsession about wanting children he could have been the happiest man in Donegal.

He was a strange buck, Billy. We were brothers-in-law; we worked together on Lord Downside's estate (Billy was land steward, in charge of twenty of us); we spent most of our weekends together; but for all that I never knew what he was thinking. He had been an amateur bantamweight boxer in his single days and had never lost his pride in his physique. He was small and muscular and intense, without an extra ounce of flesh. His hair and eyebrows were sandy and his eyelashes so long that when his eyes were closed they touched the little tufts of bright ginger hair that sprouted from the top of his high cheekbones. When you were talking to him he had the habit of tilting up that protruding chin of his and closing his mouth in a sort of humorless grin and hiding his eyes behind those silken lashes, and you could never tell whether he was listening or not. And yet, in spite of his remoteness and his quick temper and his passion for having everything correct, I always liked Billy.

The workmen on the estate admired him, but they never warmed to him. They were jealous of the way he kept himself, of his careful appearance, of his measure of prosperity. They were all struggling on a meager wage, just as I was myself, and although Billy could not have had more than a couple of pounds a week over us, he had only Annie and himself to support, and his pay packet was well able for that. The rest of us had armfuls of children to keep. In the early years of Billy's marriage they would rag him about a family, and he would give back as good as he got. But, as time went on and there was still no sign of a child, they stopped joking to his face because when they did he would go very still and his eyelashes would flicker. Behind his back, of course, they had many a good laugh about him: They wondered, "Did The Bantam"—as they called him—"lead a married life at all?" They wondered, "Had his boxing career impaired him in some mysterious way?" They proposed all sorts of cures—from putting him on a diet of goat's milk to calling on Annie themselves. When they made ribald jokes about Annie, I would tell them to shut up, not because she was my sister-in-law, but from a sense of loyalty to Billy; maybe, too, because she reminded me so much of the Min I had married.

There was a row in our house every Sunday that Billy and I went to a cockfight. "Traipsing about like tinkers, and gambling behind wee hills, and mixing with all the good-for-nothings in the country, and running from the police!" Min would snap at me. "It's all very well for Billy Brogan that has neither chick nor child. But you—you have responsibilities, if you only knew it!" And when Annie began traveling around in the van with

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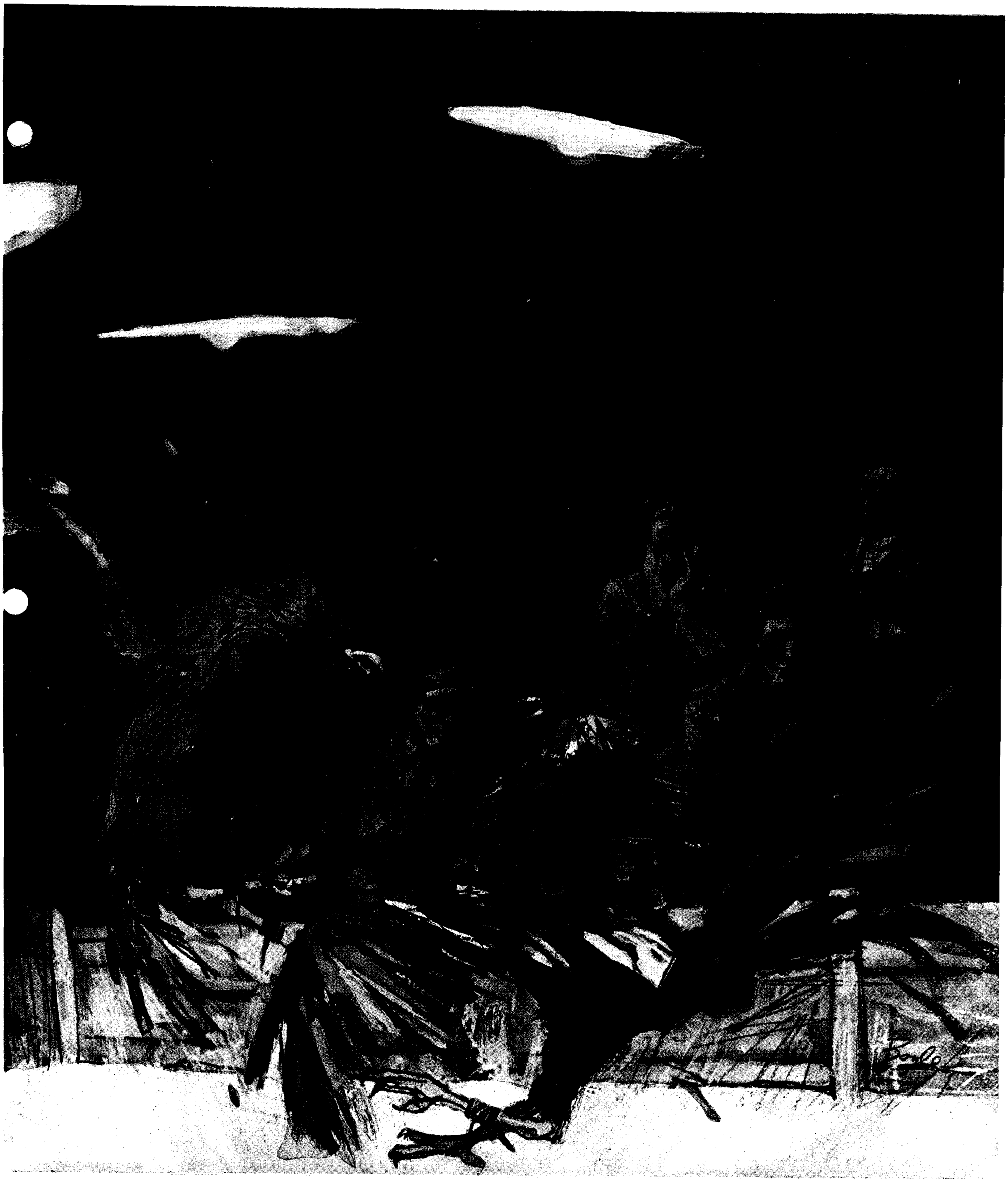

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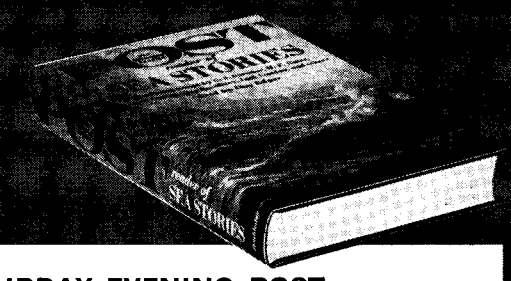

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GINGER HERO

us, Min went mad altogether. "Oh, aye! Go ahead and enjoy yourselves! Leave me here to wrestle with your children! Go ahead and have your fun! Since the day I married you, what have I ever been but a housekeeper and a nursemaid! Go on! Go on! Gamble your few shillings away!"

These tirades were for my ears alone. When Billy called for me she would be as sweet as could be. "So you're off for a bit of fun, Billy? Well, why wouldn't you? It's going to be a nice afternoon. Take care of yourselves now, and good luck!"

Whatever it was about him, Min had a powerful respect for it. I often thought, watching her looking at him in his neat Sunday suit and his immaculate shirt and his shining shoes, that she was not at all sure her sister had not got the better man. But out in the van, with Annie wedged between Billy and me, and looking up so honestly into that fair, uncommunicative face of his, I knew that Annie had no doubts at all.

Billy was an expert on cocks. I had never even seen a fight until he brought me to one, three or four years after we married Annie and Min, and although he had become interested in the sport only a year before I did, he had made a study of every detail of it, just as he had studied crop rotation and pig breeding and Ayrshire cows. So when Spittles Sheridan sent word to me that he had a promising year-old bird for sale, I could not wait to tell Billy.

"All he wants is ten pounds," I said. "It's nothing, man! A gift! You know yourself that his birds have the best of stuff in them."

Billy's mouth was shut tight and his eyelashes slept on his cheeks.

"Look, Billy," I went on, "this is our chance. We'll never make money betting on strange birds. But with a bird of our own, trained by us, we could make a wee fortune. Five pounds each is all that it will cost us. We'll make that much—three times that—the first time it's out. What do you say?"

"I'll think about it," he said, not opening his eyes.

"Think be damned! There's no time to think about it. If we don't take it before the weekend Tony McGrenra or Hoppy Reilly or McHugh from Frosses will have grabbed it."

"Color?"

"Ginger. And Spittles claims ——"

"Age?"

"Twelve months."

"You're sure he has never set it?"

"He swears he hasn't."

"Weight?"

"For heaven's sake, man, I haven't seen the thing myself yet!"

He opened his eyes then and smiled slowly at me.

"You're interested or you're not—which is it?" I said sharply, because when I was enthusiastic his calmness always angered me.

"I'll tell you what, Tom," he said. "We'll go and have a look at it on Saturday. Satisfied?"

I was not satisfied but I knew I would wait. "I hope we're not too late then, that's all."

"We won't be," he said. "Don't let that worry you. We won't be."

He was right, of course. The bird was still there, but I was disappointed in it. I thought its legs should have been longer and I did not like the easy way it carried itself. I expected a mature cock, with fiery eyes and jerky steps and lightning movements of the head and neck, but this bird was thin and undeveloped and domesticated.

Spittles stood behind us. "It's nothing but a broody hen, that," I whispered to Billy who was crouched on the floor of the byre. "Come on away home."

Billy held it in his hands—it sat there, patient, docile—and under the ginger feathers his gentle fingers explored the white transparent flesh of the breast and back and the long neck, kneading, pressing, massaging, caressing slowly and with assurance, until the bird's eyes became drunken and its head rose and fell like an old man dozing before a fire.

"It's a bloody chicken," I said into his ear. "It couldn't beat its way out of a wet paper bag! It wouldn't last five seconds against a good crow!"

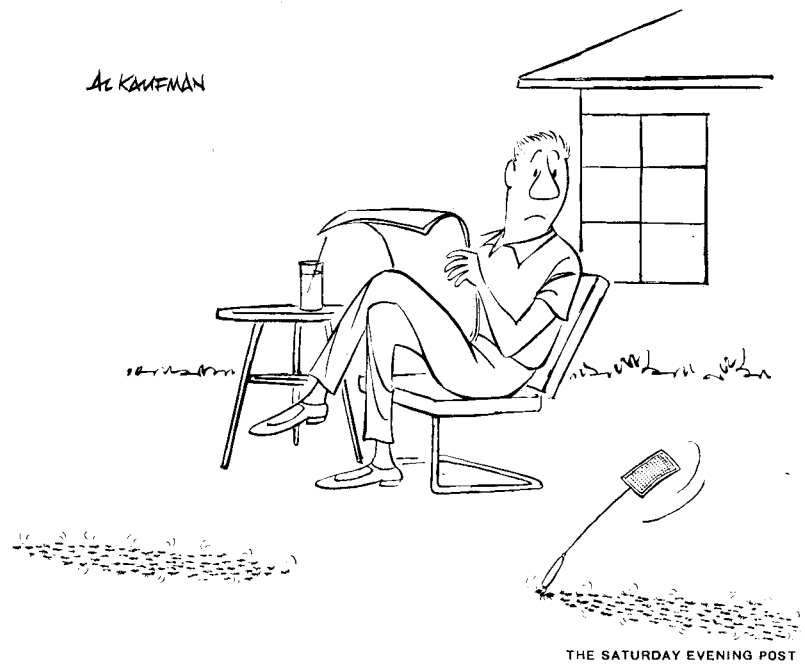
He did not hear me. The bird was sotted now and spread its toes in an ecstasy of pleasure. But still he rubbed it.

"Billy!" I hissed. "That thing will never be a cock!"

"What?" he said, aware of me for the first time.

"Are you coming home?"

Billy put the bird carefully on the ground, watched it stagger, shake itself, and walk away; then he got to his feet. Spittles came between us, his chin wet as



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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usual with saliva. "Yes, boys? A great bird, eh? One hell of a fine bird, eh?"

"He'll make a good mattress," I said, "after some sparrow kills him with one peck."

"Ah, now, Tom ——"

"Seven pounds," said Billy.

"Good Lord, Billy!" I said. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Seven pounds?" Spittles began to slobber. "Ah, now, boys, boys, boys!"

Billy ignored Spittles and me and watched the bird dab at an old shoe. "McHugh will give me ten pounds if I ask him," said Spittles. "All I have to do is give him the word."

"Seven pounds. Take it or leave it," said Billy quietly.

"Wait, Billy ——" I began, but Spittles said, "Settled! The bird's yours. Give me the money now."

Billy paid him in single notes. Then he put the cock under his jacket and we left. "What the hell do you mean by buying a chicken like that!" I said when we were out of earshot. "You might at least have asked for my advice. Seven pounds down the drain—that's what that is!"

He stopped at the door of the van and raised his long chin at me. "You don't have to go halves in this if you don't want to, Tom."

"It's not the money. Three pounds, ten is neither here nor there," I lied in boast, as I often did with Billy. "It's just that you might have asked my advice before you took the damned thing."

"Make up your mind, Tom. You want to go halves or you don't."

"It's just that I think we could have got a better ——"

"Which is it?"

"Here's your money," I said, thrusting my share into his hand. "I only hope you know what you're doing."

"I do," he said, blinking his lashes at me.

When I told Min of the deal, she scolded and sulked and scolded again; and I found myself adopting Billy's tactics—I behaved as if I did not hear her. That set her crazy altogether.

"You'll be away every weekend now!" she accused. "Have you no thought at all for your family? What sort of a husband and father are you?" I did not answer, but she went on. "Don't you know the neighbors are all laughing at you behind your back? Hanging on to Billy and Annie as if you had no home of your own! Haven't I borne your children for you? Isn't the house clean? Don't I cook your food and mend your clothes and wear myself out looking after you? Is that not enough for you?"

I had not Billy's control and I shouted back at her, and for days on end we were at each other's throats. To keep out of her way I spent more and more time at Billy's house after I finished work on the estate.

It was Annie who christened the bird Ginger Hero, and it was she who cooked its cornmeal and chopped its hard-boiled eggs and minced its raw meat and rubbed it down each day with ammonia and alcohol. Billy looked after its training and trimmed its hackle and rump feathers. I had no part in its rearing. Indeed, if I as much as mentioned the bird in the house, Min lit into me. "Oh, surely, surely! Mister Thomas, the sporting gentleman with eight children! He's only a laborer on the estate, but he owns a fighting cock, if you don't mind! And what matter if his children can afford butcher's meat only on a Sunday as long as his wee birdie can have the best of fillet steak seven days a week—Fridays and all! What respect can a man like that have for the laws of God when he puts a brute bird before his own family!"

But when the cock began to make a bit of money for us, at Ballybofey and Letterkenny and Strabane, she quit nagging at me and could even bring herself to ask, "I suppose you'll be traveling somewhere next weekend, will you?" She was not greedy, Min, but she had a powerful regard for money—I suppose because we never had any.

There was no denying that Billy knew how to handle a bird. Six months after we bought that cock from Spittles its own mother would not have recognized it. It was never big and it never weighed a gram over three pounds seven ounces, but it developed great shoulders and a deep chest and a neck of iron, and when you set it in the pit you could see the trembles of the muscles in its legs and feet. But it was none of those things, nor its leather skin, nor its stamina, nor its courage, nor its tenacity, that made it the champion cock of Ireland. It was its eyes, its pale, calm eyes which revealed nothing, neither anger, nor fear, nor pain, and which could judge to a fraction of a second when to attack and when to retreat, when to strike and when to withhold, when to swing down those deadly spurs on a stationary head, when to go for the kill.

"The eyes are the best part of him, Billy," I would say. "Man, with eyes like that, he could tackle a hawk!"

"Maybe, Tom. Maybe," Billy would say in his calm way.

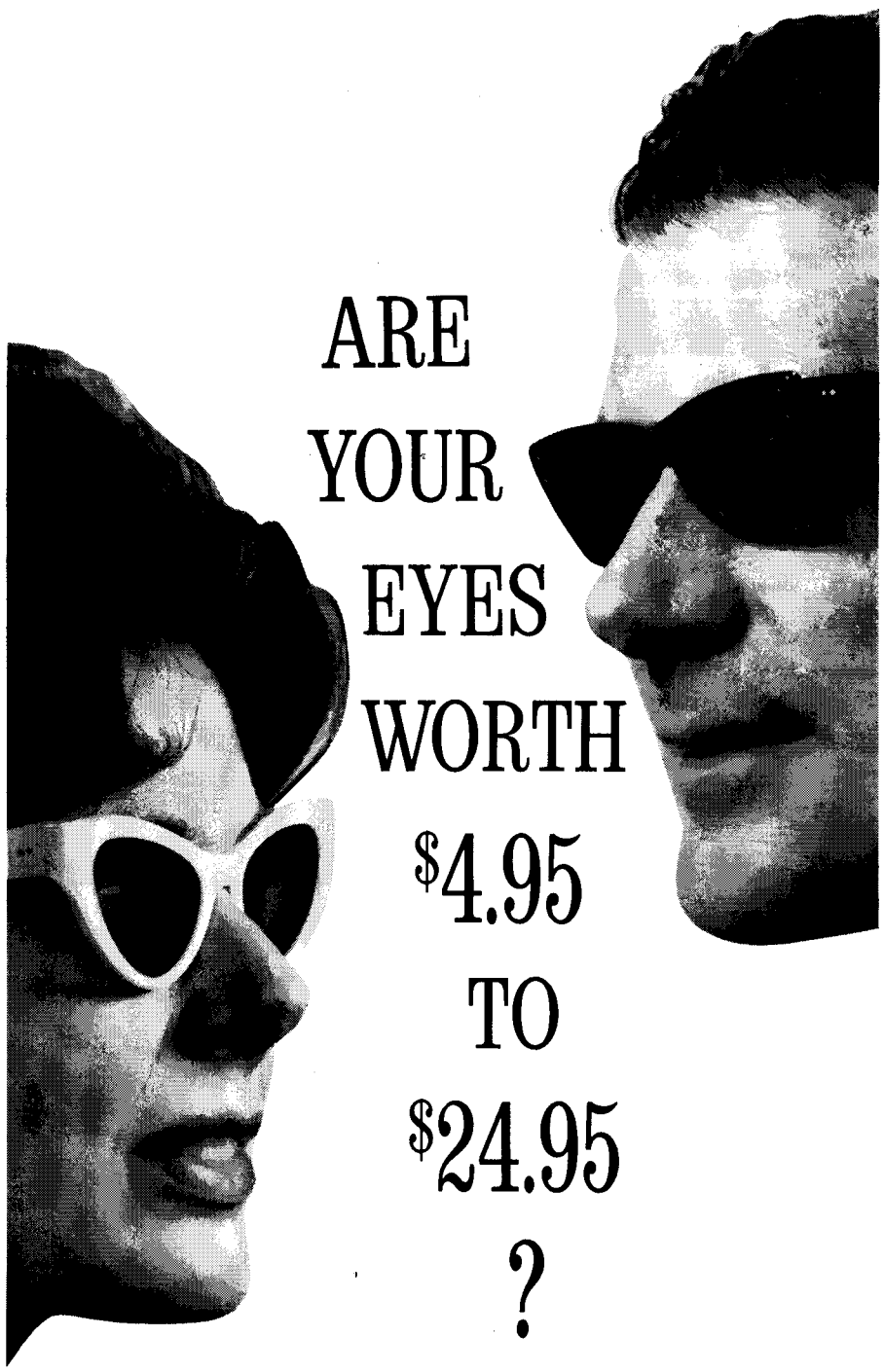
"I'm not taking away from the work you did on him, mind you. But you'll admit he started off to a great advantage with eyes like that. Didn't he, now?"

And Billy would smile with pleasure, and the ginger tufts on his cheekbones would rise and touch the ends of his sandy lashes.

But although Billy spent one hour every day working with the cock, and although I had the job of cutting its comb before a main, it was to Annie it would run when the three of us went out to the pen at the back of the house, and she would sweep it up into her arms, and it would rub its head against her face, and let itself be pressed against her big breasts, and she would coo and whisper into its ear and caress it as if neither Billy nor I was present. I never could tell whether she loved that cock for its own sake or because it was Billy's; but love it she did, that was clear; and there was no doubt that it was fond of her.

But the strange thing about that bird was that it shrank from her on those days when we had a fight for it. We would go out to the pen as usual, and Annie would hold out her arms and call to it, "Ginger! Ginger Hero! Come, boy! Come, come, come!" But it knew, by some strange instinct, that this was a day for the pit, and it would shy away from her and go cautiously to Billy, its head erect, its legs lifting stiffly. Annie would laugh then, laugh until her whole fat body shook. And she would wag her finger at it and shout raucously, "You're a bold wee rascal! That's what you are! A naughty wee rogue!"

But for all her laughing, you could see that she was disappointed, and for all her shouting, you could see that she was hurt. And I would wonder, looking at that wary-eyed bird, at the two birds it was, not one; for it was Annie's during the week to spoil and pet, but on the morning of a main it was Billy's bird only, because



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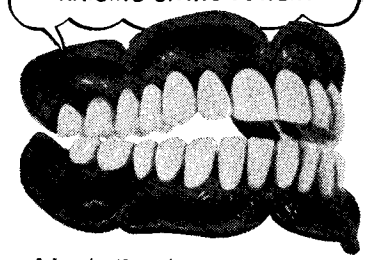

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GINGER HERO

Billy was the only one it would allow to put on its spurs, and Billy alone could set it in the pit; it would have pecked the hands off Annie or me.

It fought eight fights in a row and never lost a feather. It blinded Hoppy Reilly's wee blackie outside Castlederg and killed McHugh's brown cock in five minutes flat at the main at McHugh's own home ground of Frosses. They brought cocks up from Clonmel and they brought cocks down from Inishowen, and it scattered them all. Of course, Billy was very careful of it. They tried to get him to pitch the Ginger Hero against two-year-olds and against birds three times as big and more, and they tried to persuade him to take part in a Welsh main—a day's contest with eight cocks, the four victors then being paired, then the two—but Billy was having none of that: He knew that they knew that nothing ruins a fighting cock quicker than hacking him like that. (If the bird had been mine I would have agreed, because the odds would have been good. As Ginger won fight after fight, and as his reputation spread, the best we could get was even money.)

When everything else failed, some of them even reported us to the police. But Spittles Sheridan tipped us off, and the night the police called at Billy's house there was not the trace of a cock to be seen: Annie had it under the blankets with her!

The good times lasted a year. We traveled down to Galway and Mayo, and over to Cavan and Meath, and once—for the sake of a side-bet of £30—down to Kilkenny to meet a famous white cock said to have been reared on raw mackerel and gin. Maybe it was too. But the day we fought him he must have been in the dt's.

Annie enjoyed the outings as much as any of us. She sat between Billy and me, and laughed and joked, and waved out to strangers on the roadside, and rested her head on Billy's shoulder, and sang ballads in her easy voice, and chatted as heedlessly as a schoolgirl. Many a time I found myself watching them in the driver's mirror: Annie's face so relaxed with happiness, Billy's face quiet, calm, secretive. And then I would think of Min and myself, and remember our courting days, and wonder with fresh surprise at the way our lives had wilted so rapidly into an endless, ungenerous squabble. And I would be seized by a quick desire to shake Billy and shout into his ear, "What sort of a stupid fool are you? What more do you want? Look at her, man! Look at her!" But I never shook him or shouted at him; and my thoughts invariably shifted from him to her; and many a time I found myself wondering had Min really been the softer of the two in their single days, or had I only imagined it.

That was on the way *to* a fight, when our senses were keen, when we were all three of us alert with anticipation, when the bird could not be touched by anyone but Billy. But on the way home we were always fatigued and talked little. Then the cock was all Annie's again, and she held it in her arms and stroked it until it fell asleep. Sometimes she herself slept, and Billy and I would be left staring at the white columns of the headlights in the dark ahead.

"You wouldn't think of selling it?" I asked him the night we drove back from Kilkenny.

Winter was beginning. The van was cold, and he had taken off his jacket and put it round Annie as she slept.

"Billy!"

"What's that?"

"You wouldn't think of selling, would you?" I had a vision of me handing over my share to Min and of her, for once, stuck for something sharp to say, but Billy shook his head.

"He's at his prime, I'll grant you," I said. "But from now on he won't be getting better."

"I'm not selling yet," he said.

"What are you waiting for? Until he's stiff? Until he's lamed or blinded?"

"No, Tom."

"What, then?"

He took his eyes off the road and looked at me over Annie's sleeping figure. "I'm going to match him against Captain Hobson's Tawny Tiger. It's all arranged. Next Saturday fortnight, at Glasslough, in County Monaghan."

"Billy, are you mad? That's not a cock—that's an ostrich! He's a ton weight! There's not a bird in the country would face up to him!"

"It's the only challenge left, Tom. Anyhow, there's no point in discussing it. The match is settled."

"When was it settled? Who settled it? Was I consulted—was I?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll have to have one with a faster shutter.
My wife's mouth always comes out blurred!"

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Billy ignored me. "I'm going to prove that my bird is as good as the best in the country," he said.

"*Your* bird!" I said.

He did not even look in my direction. "I'm going to show them," he said, almost in a whisper. "Just you wait and see. I'm going to show them."

Despite my doubts, and because Billy was never wrong, I decided to put all the savings I had on the Glasslough fight, and I asked Min to give me back the rent and housekeeping money for that week. She refused.

"Gamble the shirt off your back for all I care!" she jeered. "But the children at least will have a roof over their heads and a bite in their mouths."

Every time we fought now she flung the children at me. "Look, Min," I said, "you'll get your money back. I only want to be able to put on a decent bet."

"A *decent* bet! That's a good one!"

"All right! Keep it!" I roared.

"I will, Mister Thomas," she spat back. "Don't you worry, I will!"

I was angry enough to strike her then. But the children were playing outside the kitchen window. I pulled my coat down from the wall and went across the fields to Billy's house.

Billy was putting the cock into the back of the van, and Annie was holding the door open for him. I called and waved to them, and she smiled and waved back to me. She must have had herself harnessed up in all sorts of unaccustomed corsets, because I remember noticing how slender and youthful she looked; with her soft smooth face and her laughing eyes, she looked as beautiful as Min had looked the morning I married her.

Before I reached them she went into the house. "All set?" I said to Billy.

"Look, Tom," he said, glancing after her. "Will you do me a favor?"

"Surely, Billy."

"About this fight—and Annie. She thinks it's just an ordinary main. She doesn't know the Tawny Tiger's record. Don't tell her, will you?"

"She must know! She has heard the talk about him, hasn't she?"

"She doesn't realize how good he is. If she did she wouldn't want the Hero to be matched against him. You won't tell her, will you?"

Annie came out of the house. "How long will it take us to get there?" she asked.

"A couple of hours," said Billy. "In we get and off we go."

"I was just looking at you when I was coming up the hill, Annie," I said. "It's younger you're getting."

She gave a peal of laughter. "Listen to him!" she said, throwing her arms round Billy. "Why don't you say nice things like that to me?"

He waited for her to release him. "We'll be there before noon," he said. "Off we go."

We climbed into the van and drove off, and Annie never stopped singing until we arrived at Glasslough two hours later.

As soon as I saw Captain Hobson my thought was, *Min, if only you were here!* Because he was an even finer-looking man than Lord Downside, and Min thought Downside was the finest gentleman in the world. The captain was English, well over six feet, straight as a rush, and dressed in an elegant dark suit and a canary waistcoat. He invited us into his house for drinks, and discussed the fight—he called it "the duel"—as briskly as if he were planning a day's harvesting; no winking, no nudging, no mumbling behind the back of his hands, no nervousness of a police raid, no sly questions about age or weight. We had never seen anything like this before. Annie looked about her with big wondrous eyes, and even the cool Billy was impressed. I let him do all the talking.

The captain brought us out to a huge hay shed and showed us his pit. "It is regulation," he said. "Usual eighteen feet in diameter. Surround sixteen inches high. Sawdust floor. Satisfactory?"

"Grand," said Billy.

"Good. Now we'll have a look at Tawny Tiger." He cracked his fingers, and a workman came running up. "Fetch the Tiger, O'Boyle," he said, and O'Boyle scuttled off.

"I've been thinking about this duel," the captain went on. "And I've come to the conclusion that it isn't really fair to ask you to risk your bird against a heavier and more experienced cock."

"We're agreeable to ——" Billy began.

"No, it is not fair. So, in the circumstances, since this is more a contest for prestige, I have made two decisions: There will be no gambling on this duel, but if your bird wins I will give you two hundred pounds. If I win, I will be amply rewarded by knowing that I own the best cock in Ireland. Satisfactory?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Get out of there, Keerdill! And stop saying 'How do we know it isn't a false alarm?'"

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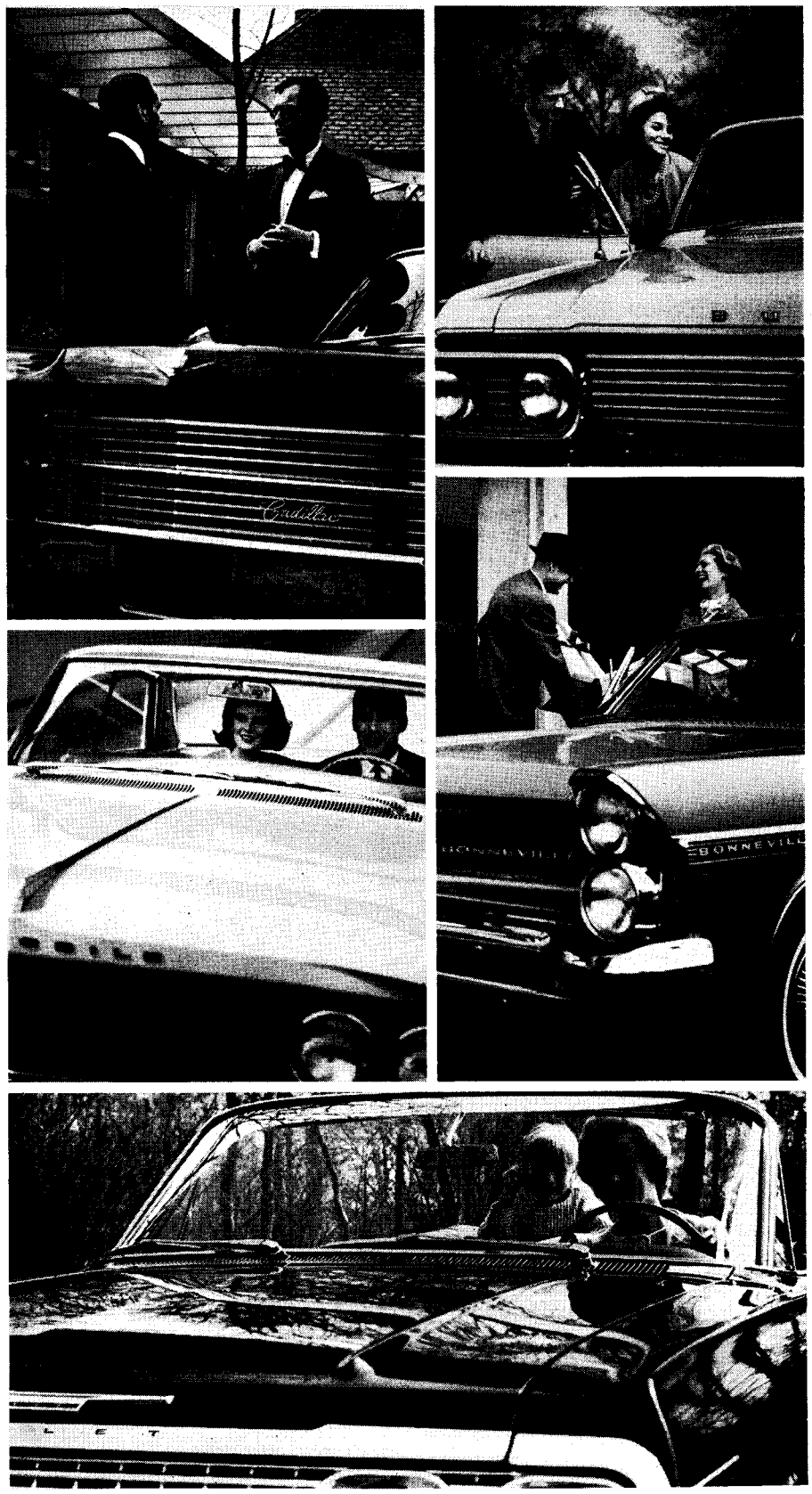

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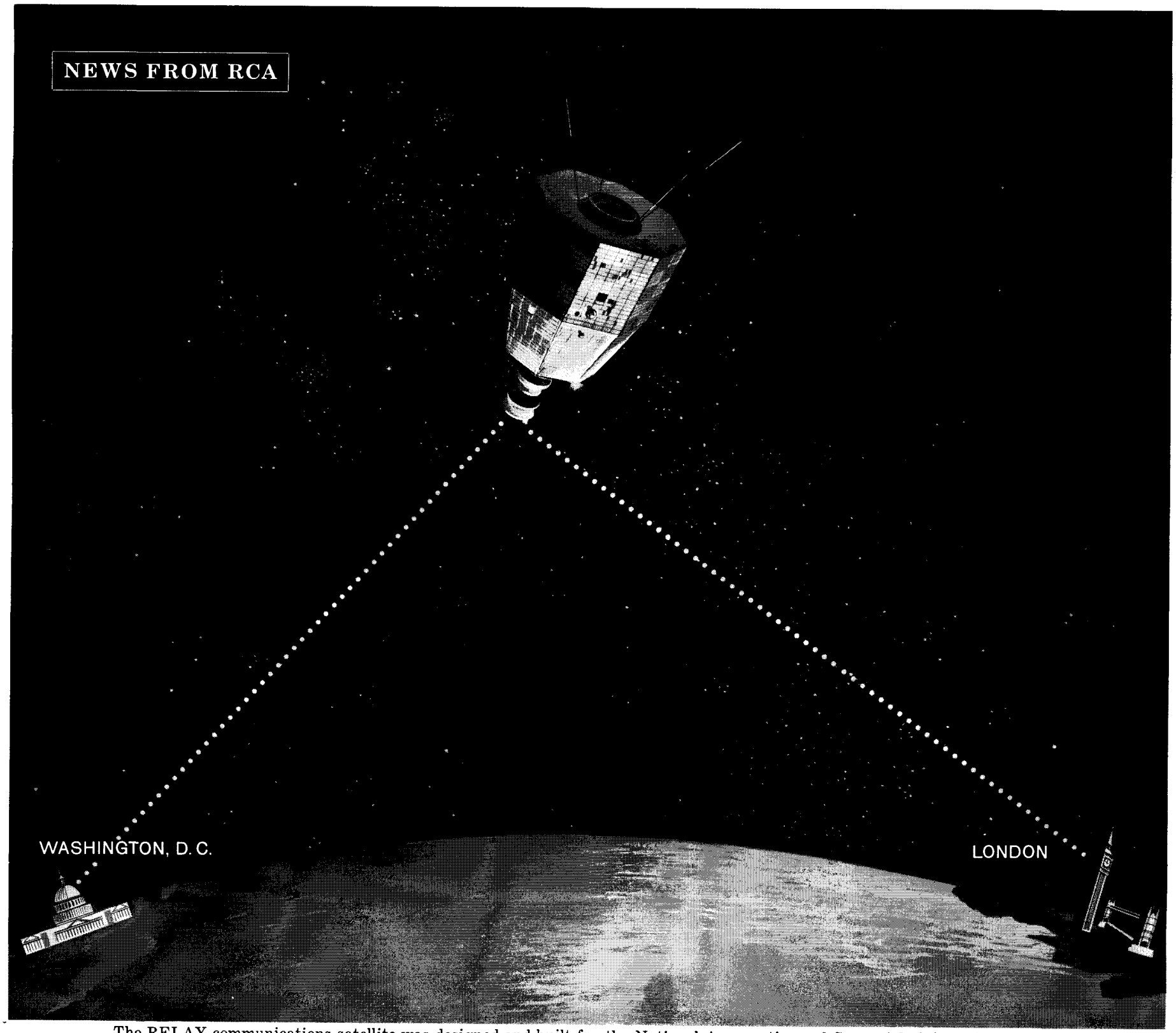

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"Suits me," said Billy.

"And your friend?" said the captain.

"Suits me," I said, because that was what Billy had said.

"Good. O'Boyle will be judge. I can vouch for his integrity. Let's get started, shall we?"

Annie stood between Billy and me at the edge of the pit. She had not opened her mouth since we arrived at Hobson's place. Now she murmured something to Billy, but he did not answer her. Ginger Hero was under his jacket, and he was stroking the cock slowly and deliberately, as if he were conveying last-minute instructions to it. She turned to me.

"Tom." She spoke in a whisper. "I-I-I have a queer feeling about this place."

"It will be all over in no time," I said.

"It's the Hero I'm thinking about. Will he be hurt, Tom?"

I pretended to laugh. "Hurt? He won't even be tickled!"

"Could we call it off, Tom? Is it too late to call it off?"

"Easy, Annie. Easy. There's nothing to worry about," I said, but she did not hear. Her lips were parted, and her breath was coming in shallow gasps, and her eyes roamed anxiously around that great shed as if she were taking note of the exits.

My heart sank when I saw the size of Tawny Tiger, and when Ginger Hero was set in the pit the captain's bird seemed to grow even bigger. It was no consolation to think that at last Billy had made a mistake. I would willingly have surrendered the money sweating in my pocket if I could have grabbed our bird and run out of that eerie shed, with its high roof that echoed and re-echoed every tiny sound that was made under it. Not that there was much noise; only a few clipped words from the captain, and the starting order from O'Boyle: "Let the cocks fight." Until that moment I never knew how much I loved the familiar hissing and booing and cheering and squabbling, the vulgar comments and the swearing. This orderly, superior setup was no sport. It was unnatural.

The Tiger barged into battle, wings wide, neck arched, eyes burning, body high and poised. Ginger Hero crouched, waiting, his eyes dead, watchful. For a second they were three feet apart; then, in the same instant, they attacked. There was the dull thud of their bodies, the click of spur against spur, and the Hero was bowled over. At first I could see nothing but the Tiger's broad back, and its plunging head, and its stabbing feet. I thought, *My God, it has punctured the Hero's throat!* But then I saw our cock's legs working like pistons, scratching, scratching, scratching at the Tiger's breast; his spurs were not sticking, could not pierce the feathers and skin, but although the Tiger was mauling his head and neck, those legs never stopped working until the left spur penetrated, and the Tiger was flung from his dominance.

I looked at Annie. Her hands were pressed to the sides of her head. I glanced beyond her to Billy. He might have been asleep, so calm he looked. Then I saw his lips move and heard him breathe, "Now. Now. Now. Now. Now. Now . . ." without ceasing, almost inaudibly, as if he were praying.

The first blood was drawn. It flowed from below the Hero's right eye, and they were battling again.

The Tiger made his second charge, but this time the Hero kept his feet. Then they both went down, spurs locked, necks linked, two balls of feathers rolling over and over. The Hero freed himself first, caught the Tiger's head still for an unguarded second, and spiked it with such force that, at the moment those tiny needles gored into the Tiger, our bird was levered two feet into the air.

It was then that the Tawny Tiger went mad, so mad that he went tearing around the circumference of the pit with his great blazing head straining to the roof, and his wings trailing through the sawdust, and his beak open and emitting a throaty, hissing sound. He was so mad that he did not know where he was, or what it was he was supposed to be doing. Then, suddenly, he remembered. He stopped at the head of the pit, surveyed the ring, spotted the Hero, and with a cry that was almost human in its abandon, half flew, half raced at our cock. They met in the center of the pit, and there—without once separating again—they spiked and speared and stabbed and savaged one another with all the concentrated fury that was in them.

I did not watch all of it. For the first time in my life I felt sickened by a fight. There, in the silence of that shed, with no sound but the odd quick squawk of sudden pain and Billy's hollow "Now. Now. Now. Now"; with no cheering, no laughing, no ribaldry—that savage, deadly battle for life was too tense, too heartless. Sometimes I closed my eyes. Sometimes I looked at Annie. Her hands never left her head; her body was as motionless as a statue. Sometimes I watched the captain's pale, evil face—for now it was evil. Sometimes I looked at O'Boyle. But always my gaze went back to the cocks. They were spent now. Only their endless courage kept them going, plunging at each other.

The Tawny Tiger was on his side. The brownish-yellow feathers of his body were wet and splashed with sawdust, and his neck, almost naked, glistened like raw meat. His legs were stiff and quivering.

Over him our tattered cock stood balanced on his left foot, and with his right he spiked the head of his opponent in slow, drunken, involuntary movements. He was scarcely able to stand, but he kept on spiking as if that were the only movement he could make.

Annie's scream shattered the silence of the shed. She flung her head back, her mouth opened, and a wild cry broke from her lips, a wail of terrible agony.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

I gripped her arm. "Annie! Annie!"

She shook me off and fell on Billy, pounding his shoulders with her fists. "Stop it!" she screamed. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

He did not feel the first blows, so engrossed was he in the fight. Then his eyes darted to her for a second—"Take her away, for God's sake!" he muttered to me—and went back to the ring again.

I tried to hold her arms, but she had the strength of three women, and she was not in control of herself. She clawed at Billy's neck and shoulders and tried to push him into the pit.

"Take her away! She'll ruin everything!" he snapped. "Take her away!"

"Stop it, Billy! Oh, God, stop it, Billy! Please, Billy. Please!"

He swung on her then, his face stretched with fury, and put his two hands against her body and flung her violently away. She fell on the floor behind him, and he wheeled back to watch the end of the fight as she lay there, sobbing like a child.

I lifted her gently and led her, trembling, out of the shed. We passed the captain and O'Boyle. They did not see us, although we came between them and the pit.

Since Min and I had married I had never seen her cry. When she should have cried she jeered or sulked. So now, with Annie, I was awkward and fumbling. I took her to the back of the van, and climbed in beside her, and spoke to her as I had not spoken since my courting days. Her teeth were chattering and she clung to me. I held her to me, and whispered to her, and covered her face with gentle kisses, and stroked her smooth, soft face with my rough hands. The sobbing stopped. And then, fiercely, wildly, she pulled me to her, and kissed me again and again. And in the moment before the singing blood drowned my thinking I imagined I heard her say, "Billy, Billy, Billy. . . ."

We were sitting in the front when Billy joined us. The cock lay, on its side, in the upturned palms of his hands. Its feet were still stabbing the empty air.

"It's all over! He won! He won!" Billy was breathless with triumph. "Quick! Where's the brandy?"

"It's in the back, Billy," I said.

He held the cock out to Annie. "There, Annie. He's yours now."

"No," she said coldly, turning her face away. "No, no, no. Not today."

He looked quickly at her and then at me. His eyes went wary. You never could tell what Billy was thinking.

"Give the cock to me," I said quickly, because his steady eyes were probing me and I was embarrassed. I took the bird from him and pretended to examine its wounds.

Billy still stood looking at us. "I'll be back shortly," he said at length. "The captain is counting out the prize money."

I climbed into the back and washed the bird in alcohol. Its eyes were glazed and its heartbeat irregular. I knew it would be dead before we got home, but I did all the jobs to it as tenderly as Annie would have done them. "Will you tell Billy?" I said to her.

She sat staring straight in front of her. "It doesn't matter," she said.

"I believe he suspects," I said.

"It doesn't matter, Tom," she said. "It doesn't matter at all."

Then Billy came back and tossed a roll of notes onto my knees. "How is he?" he asked.

"Fair. Only fair," I said.

He looked at Annie. "I'm—I'm sorry I lost my temper back there."

She snorted through her nose. "Let's get home," she said irritably. "It's a long journey."

His eyelashes fluttered and he smiled uncertainly. "Home it is," he said. "Home it is." And he started up the engine.

On our way through the town of Omagh I heard the sound of the cock's feet scraping the side of the van, and I knew it was his dying kick. But I said nothing to the others, because none of us had spoken since the journey home began, and I knew they, too, must have heard the sound.

Three weeks later Billy got a job as land steward on an estate in the south of England, and Annie and he left Donegal for good. Min sent them a card that first Christmas, but they did not reply. We never heard from them again. The parish priest told me, one Sunday after Mass, that he had had a letter from Annie, asking for a copy of her marriage certificate. "Must be a christening in the family," he said. "Takes the English air!" And he smiled roguishly. I did not tell Min.

With my share of the winnings of the Glasslough fight Min had opened a small shop in the shed beside the house. She sold ice cream and groceries and sweets to the families who lived on the estate. There was little profit in it, but getting away from the kitchen and the children, and chatting with the neighbors, made a new woman of her. She put on weight, and her face lost some of its creases. And every night, when I got home from work, she sat opposite me on the other side of the fire and told me all the gossip of the countryside. She was always a good mimic, Min, and many a night she had me in stitches laughing.

She tried to persuade me, one night, to take up cockfighting again. "A man needs a hobby," she said. But I had had enough of cocks.

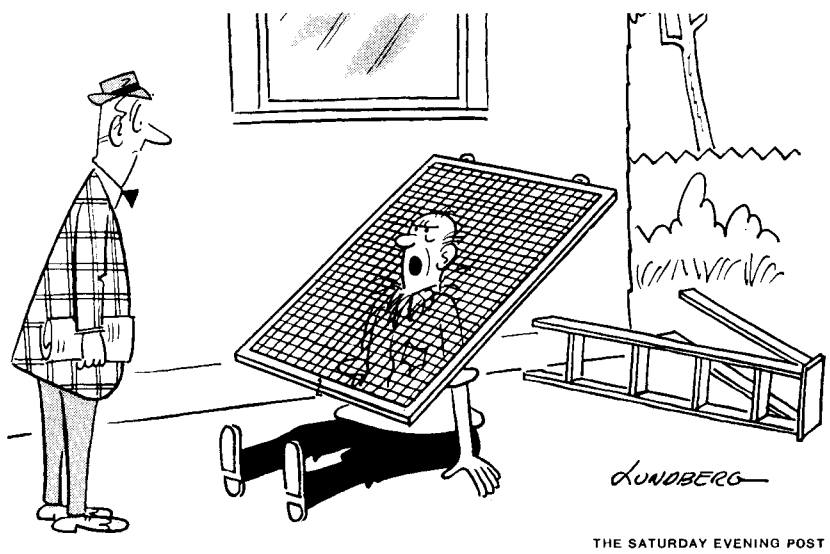
"I'll tell you what, then, Tom," she said, her face lighting up. "We'll call this shop after that bird of yours!"

"Ginger Hero?" I said.

"That's it!" she laughed. "We'll call the shop The Ginger Hero—so that we'll never forget that it was him that turned our luck!"

"Right, Min," I said. "The Ginger Hero it will be."

And the next day—it was a Saturday—I bought a tin of black paint and printed the three words as steadily and as evenly as I was able. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why, no—I always put up the screens this way!"

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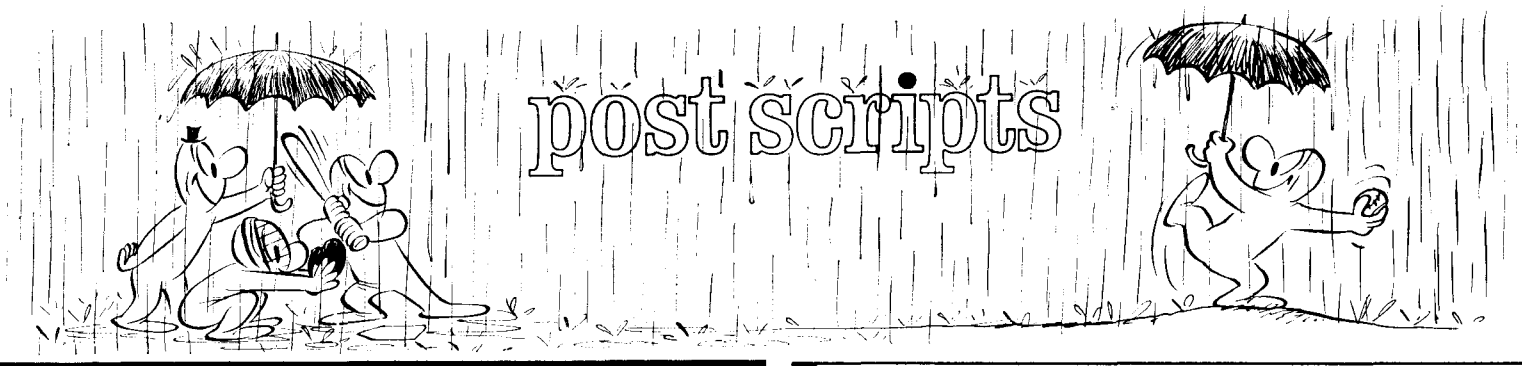


LETTER-BUGS

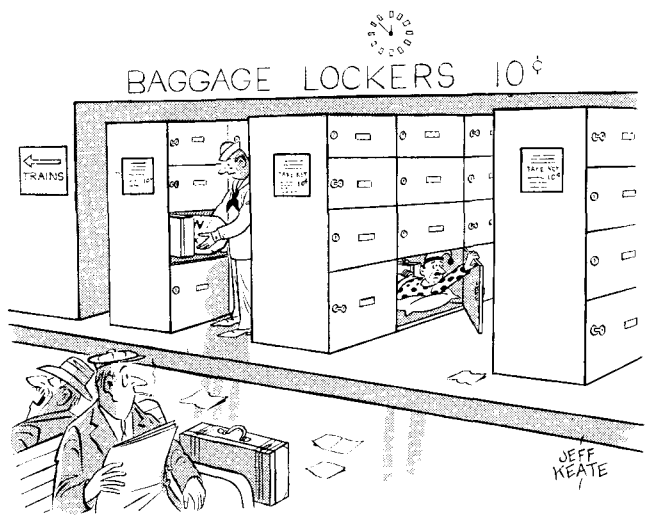
I've just returned from an enjoyable but confusing visit down South. Although the people are extremely hospitable, they call each other by initials rather than names, and I'm still trying to get everybody sorted out.

The first person I met was a V.L. somebody, a charming woman whose daughter, V.M., and son-in-law, B.J., had moved to Big D. "Denver?" I asked. "Dallas," V.L. corrected. "B.J.'s daddy, old B.J., used his influence with G.E. to get young B.J. transferred to Big D." "G.E.?" I inquired. "Yes, G.E. B.J.'s a V.P. in charge of T.V."

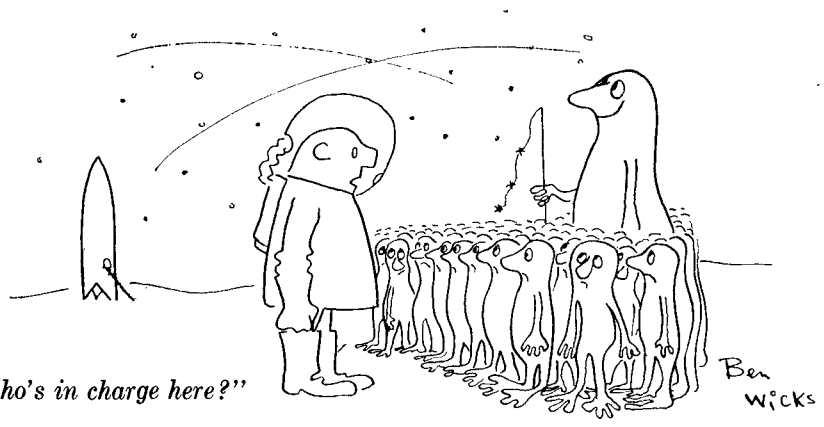
V.L. then introduced me to her younger daughter, V.R., I believe. "I didn't catch your name," V.R. said to me. "It's Kay," I told her. "That's a right pretty name; K what?" she asked. "Just Kay," I said. "Well, I declare!" V.R. declared. "What's it stand for?"

Unfortunately we were interrupted before I could tell V.R. about the time my husband, R.E., shook hands with F.D.R. You see, R.E. was a lieutenant j.g. on a P-T boat, and right after V-J Day —— Hey, how'm I doing, u-all?

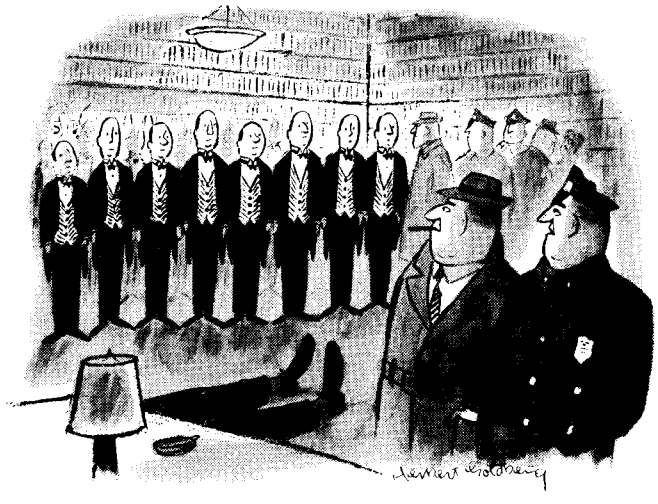
KAY NELSON



"This is a stickup."



"Who's in charge here?"



"Detective Smedley thinks the butler did it."

"I say the less said about this the better."

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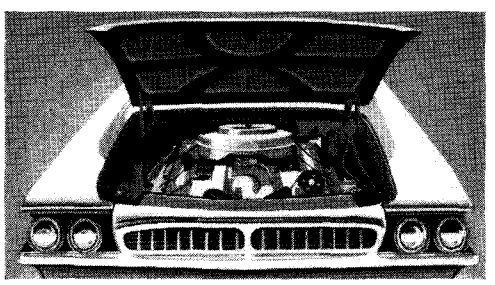

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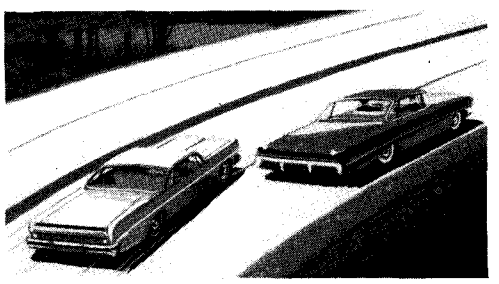

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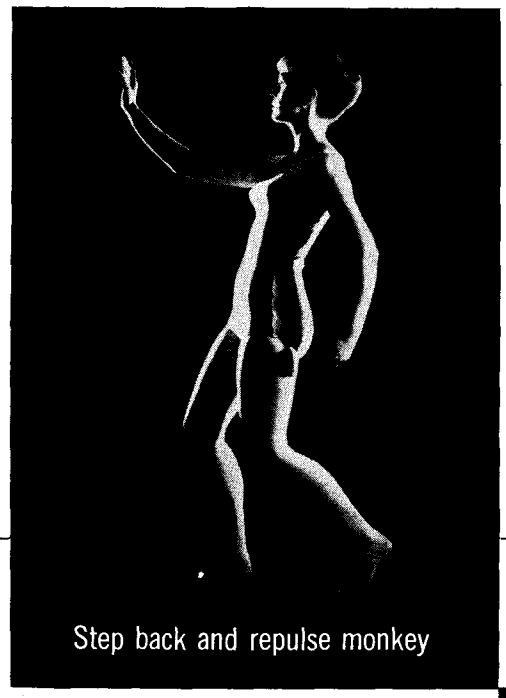
FAR OUT FAR EASTERN EXERCISE



Step back and repulse monkey

By Hayes B. Jacobs

ANCIENT CHINESE CALISTHENICS ARE CATCHING ON WITH AMERICANS WHO EASE THEIR MINDS WHILE FLEXING THEIR MUSCLES.

You won't find anyone doing it at Vic Tanny's, it isn't mentioned in the Charles Atlas courses, and it has not yet replaced touch football. But it may not be long before you and your flabby friends are standing around, sometimes on one foot, slowly maneuvering through an ancient series of Chinese exercises called T'ai Chi Ch'üan.

Each of these T'ai Chi exercises—there are 108 in all—bears an honored, if somewhat oddball, name. Among the items on the menu: Snake Creeps Down, Parting of Wild Horse's Mane, Carry Tiger to Mountain, Needle at Sea Bottom, and Step Back and Repulse Monkey. Almost as important as keeping the names straight, however, is to remember to take it slow and easy.

It is a safe guess that T'ai Chi practitioners in this country run into the thousands. Groups are scattered from Boston to Seattle and at such spots in between as New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Some of the most popular masters are moonlighting Chinese restaurant owners, waiters or laundrymen. Lessons cost from $3 to $10 an hour, and at least 20 lessons are usually required to learn all 108 forms. One correspondence course of 36 lessons is $75.

In T'ai Chi there's nothing to sit astride, pedal, lift, push, pull, throw, catch or swing from. No gym suit is required. There are no wires, motors, ropes, pulleys, medicine balls, barbells or vibrators. You don't even need a towel, because there is no sweat.

One sample exercise—Grasp Bird's Tail Right—typifies the gentle approach of T'ai Chi. To perform it, you place your weight on the left foot and turn your right foot to the east. Then the hands move as though they were holding a ball, with the left hand atop the ball and the right beneath. The right foot steps east as the knees bend and the weight is shifted to the right foot. Finally the right hand is lifted chin-high and the left hand descends to the side of the left leg. That's the entire exercise.

T'ai Chi, still practiced widely in both Red and Free China, is generally believed to have been started back in the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 618–907) by Taoist monks. These monks, it is said, grew weary from sitting around meditating for hours on end. "What we need," they said, patting their tummies just like men everywhere, "is exercise." But since they were special people, with special notions, they invented the oddly titled "forms."

These forms utilize the brain as well as the muscles. When you part that wild horse's mane, you must not only part it slo-o-owly but also put your mind to it. When you step back and repulse monkey, you must think carefully what repulsing a monkey means. The system has many mystical and philosophical overtones. The symbol for T'ai Chi is a circle divided by an S-shaped curve into two areas, dark and light (Yin and Yang) with a spot of dark (Yin) in the light area and a spot of light (Yang) in the dark. You can study the philosophy for months, however, and still remain in the Yin.

For years, although a few western doctors and physiotherapists had cast approving eyes on T'ai Chi, it remained unknown except in a few select, transplanted Oriental groups. But recently, mainly through the proselytizing efforts of Edward Maisel, a slim, bespectacled Harvard-and-Princeton-trained physical rehabilitation expert, the word has begun to spread fast. He and Da Liu, a Chinese calligrapher at the U.N.; Betty Cage, general manager of the New York City Ballet, and Sophia Delza, a dancer and lecturer, are attracting almost more students than they can handle. Maisel and Miss Cage have expanded their New York studio facilities, formed the T'ai Chi Institute of America, and started a correspondence course. Miss Delza teaches privately and conducts a course at the Actors Studio. Books, records, demonstrations at medical meetings, in colleges and on TV have increased T'ai Chi's followers.

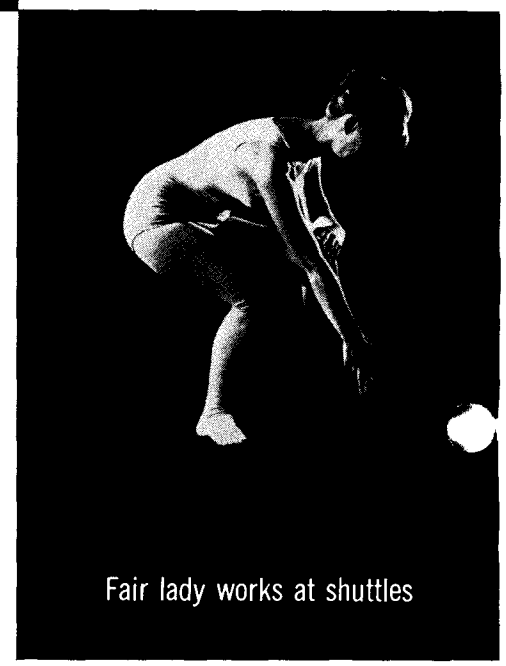
College students, led off by a group at U.C.L.A., have formed T'ai Chi clubs, and now serenely Wave Hands Like Clouds to free their minds from final-exam worries. T'ai Chi also has attracted such celebrities as Joan Crawford, Anne Bancroft, Jane Fonda, Geraldine Page, Jennifer Jones and E. G. Marshall.

One of Maisel's students, Dr. Alexander Shaanan, experimented with T'ai Chi at Sing Sing, where he was a staff physician. About 10 percent of the prisoners have some kind of physical handicap, and T'ai Chi, Shaanan said, could "reactivate some muscles, overcome fatigue and generally give the prisoners a better feeling." (There were no reports of trouble from Form No. 10—Stork Spreads Wings.)

When old T'ai Chi hands try to describe their feelings about the exercises, their words tend to weave and coil about, like threads in an old brocade. "I have a new kind of—what *is* it?—a kind of awareness of, and new abilities with, my fingertips," one will say. "It's as though I were *floating* away into space," says another.

Neophytes are constantly cautioned to take it easy, to be calm, to be "soft." The importance of the last term is apparent in the T'ai Chi Club of New York's former name for itself: the Try-To-Be-Soft Association. New students are *never* soft enough. Or slow enough. Left alone, they will rush through the entire series of 108 exercises in 15 minutes. T'ai Chi masters are so soft, and so slow, that they may take half an hour.

Most T'ai Chi beginners seek a private place in which to practice, but apparently when one becomes really hooked, he loses all self-consciousness and doesn't care who's watching. A woman in her late 60's recently said that although she is painfully shy, she couldn't care less if observed doing her T'ai Chi. Whenever her train stopped on a cross-country trip recently, she stepped out on the station platform, waved her hands like clouds and carried a few tigers. "And," she said, "I just let the damned natives stare!" THE END



Fair lady works at shuttles

There are no barbells, ropes, wires, vibrators, medicine balls or pulleys.

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"LIKE FLOATING IN SPACE."

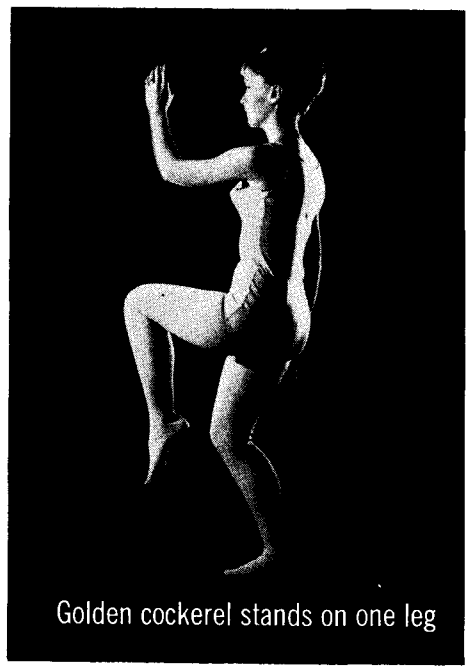
Kick with heel

Single whip

Snake creeps down

Grasp bird's tail right

身



Golden cockerel stands on one leg

Nothing
to sit astride,
pedal, lift,
throw,
push, pull
or catch.

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Why Eddie Machen, once the No. 1 heavyweight contender, was sent to a mental institution.

The case of THE FRUSTRATED FIGHTER

by Murray Morgan

Bill McCluskey of the California Highway Patrol cautiously approached the white Chevrolet convertible parked on the shoulder of the highway outside the sugar-refining port of Crockett. A few minutes earlier he had picked up a garbled broadcast about a motorist who thought he had heard shots from a car parked on U.S. 40, the freeway connecting San Francisco and Sacramento.

A man was sitting on the right side of the front seat, a big man, Negro, with a faint stubble of beard. He wore expensive but rumpled clothes and he looked tired, dead-beat. He was alone. The door to the glove compartment was open and McCluskey could see a .38 revolver inside. Three empty cartridges stood on the dashboard. A soft leather holster lay on the seat. The man had a scratch pad on his lap. He had been writing a note.

"I'm sorry," said the officer, "but there's no parking on the freeway."

"I'm out of gas."

"What's the gun for?"

"I found it in the glove compartment."

"You found it? This isn't your car?"

"No, I borrowed it from a friend. His car. His gun." The driver smiled ruefully. "Don't you recognize me?"

McCluskey studied him again. "I'm afraid not."

"I'm Eddie Machen. Number One contender."

"I guess you are at that. You look bigger on TV." McCluskey reached in, took the gun and sniffed it. It had been fired. "Now what about this? What have you been shooting at?"

"I just shot it into the mud to see if it worked. I was going to shoot myself, but I changed my mind."

McCluskey shook the remaining shells out of the cylinder and put them in his pocket. "I guess you'd better come back to my car, Mr. Machen. I'll have to ask you some more questions."

"OK," said Machen. He wanted to talk to somebody; he had to talk to somebody. For nearly an hour the No. 1 contender for Sonny Liston's heavyweight championship sat in the Highway Patrol car as the freeway traffic whistled by, and he poured out the story of the disillusionments suffered by a man who had fought his way from poverty to frustration.

Eddie Machen was born July 15, 1932, in Redding, California, under the twin shadows of Mount Shasta and the great depression. He was the fifth of Norman and Karrie Machen's six sons.

The Machens were a close-knit family, bound together by a struggle against poverty compounded by the problems of being colored in a small industrial town where Negroes were too numerous to be exotic, too few to have developed a separate community within the white world. Forced back on itself, the family developed an unquestioning, unshakable solidarity that persists to this day.

The Machen house, an old frame building, lay near the outskirts. Eddie grew up hunting and fishing, not for sport but for the pot on the kitchen range. By the time he reached Shasta High, muscles rippled over his big frame like illustrations in a medical chart. Classroom teachers found him a problem—intelligent but unmotivated and unruly. The coaches eyed him with delight—a 10.1 dash man, a rugged basketball forward, a pitcher who could hit, a breakaway running back. But he kicked away many of his chances by getting suspended in his junior year and expelled in his senior year for street fighting.

"I was a wild kid," Machen said long afterward in seeming bewilderment. "A wild, stupid kid. I felt I had to prove something. I didn't know what I was proving, but I kept doing stupid things, trying to. Stupid."

The wildest, most stupid thing Machen tried was a stickup. He was caught and, at 18, sentenced to seven years in Soledad State Prison. He spent four years behind the walls and bars before winning release on parole. He came out subdued, determined never again to be locked up: "I went in a kid. I came out grown up."

He was 22, colored, untrained in anything except physical labor and sports. But he had won the heavyweight championship of Soledad while in prison, and boxing seemed to offer him a chance to cash in on his physique and reflexes, to escape a life of treadmill jobs or a return to the rebellion of crime.

Machen went to live in Oakland with his uncle, Dave Mills, a former fighter who had boxed and then trained the late Jack Johnson, a huge, quick man who was perhaps the greatest of heavyweights.

"As a teacher Uncle Dave was hell on fundamentals," Machen recalls. Uncle Dave taught boxing as a survival course. "The name of the game is self-defense," he'd say, picking off a punch with his glove and countering with a short, eye-watering jolt to Eddie's nose. "Kill the body, and the head will die," he'd say. "Protect yourself at all times," he'd say, sneaking a right over the boy's left as they stepped back from a clinch. "Don't hit till he's open. A punch missed is money spent on water."

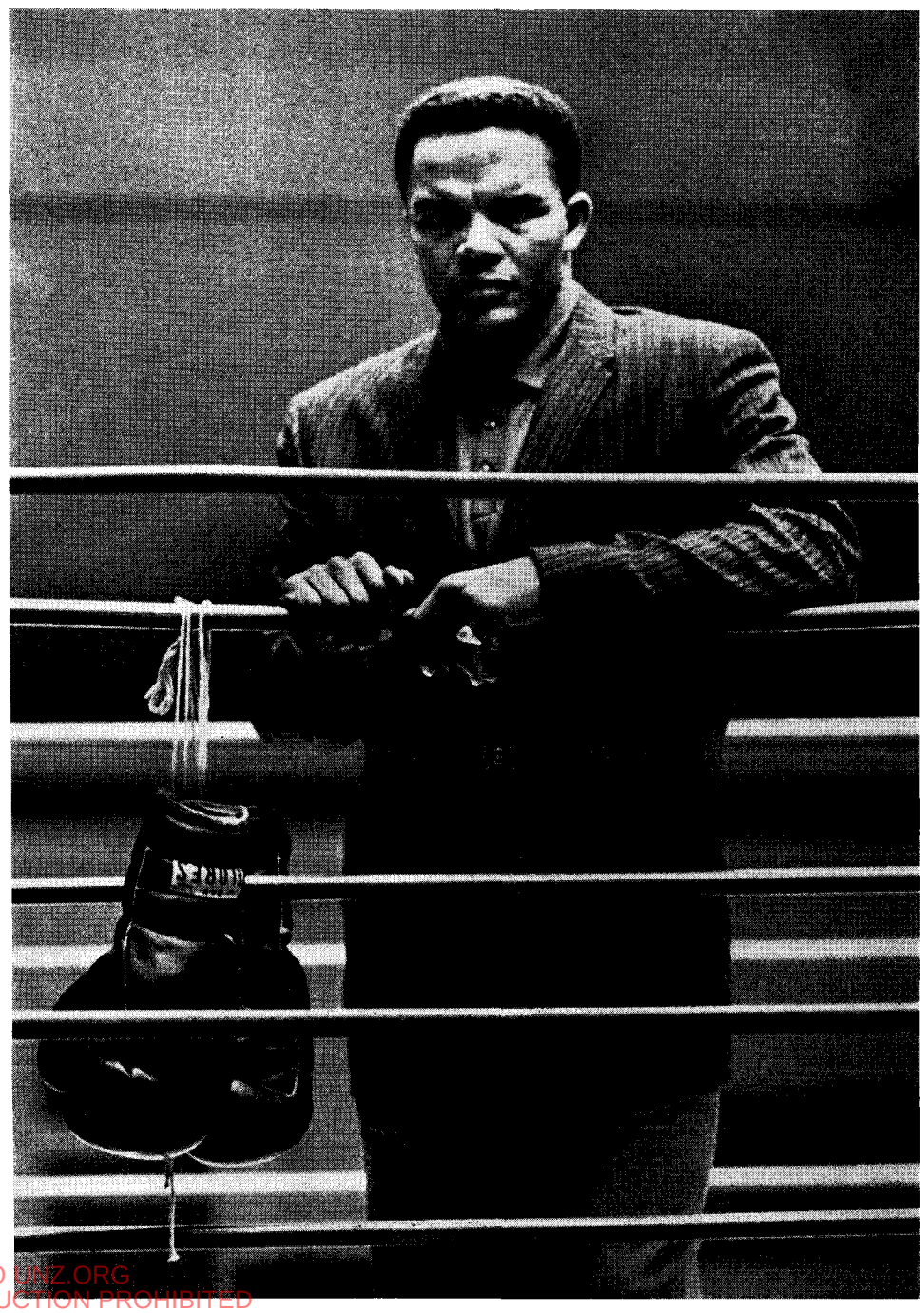
It was a rough school, and Machen graduated as one of the few fighters of the modern era with a respect for fundamentals—a heavyweight with both punch and defensive prowess.

His amateur career was brief—a draw and two knockout victories. Eddie could not wait to get where the money was and soon arranged to meet Sid Flaherty, then a paladin among California managers. Flaherty saw Machen in Newman's gym in San Francisco, and the young, ambitious fighter felt himself in the presence of greatness. Flaherty was then the Western tentacle of the International Boxing Club—the Octopus, which dominated boxing on television—and was cultivating the appearance of a California mining tycoon of the last century.

Flaherty is a large man with soft gray jowls and pale eyes, who wears his hair long and his tailored suits tight, who speaks well and moves through the rancid world of boxing with the air of a visitor who knows it is important not to appear to be slumming.

For his tryout in front of Flaherty, Machen climbed into the ring with a cumbersome heavy whose name he forgets but whose awkwardness lives in his memory: "He carried his hands wrong,

"I will fight anybody—Johansson or Liston. I'll call the round on Clay."



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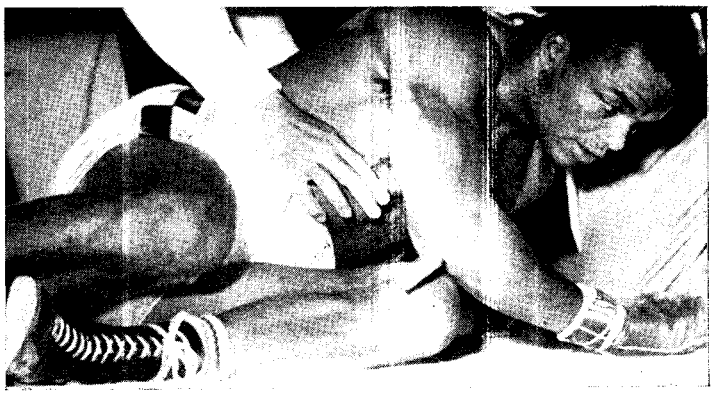

"Johansson laid a trap, and I walked into it. No wonder I got knocked out."

FRUSTRATED FIGHTER

and he moved his feet three at a time. I could hit inside him with anything I knew how to throw, and I was banging him around pretty good when Mr. Flaherty said 'Stop' and told me he could find work for me."

Flaherty did not fail him. There exists in the fight game a category of athlete known as An Opponent. An Opponent is a fighter whose function is to fatten knockout percentages. Flaherty fed Machen opponents of a tenderness that offended even the understanding hometown reporters, and Eddie had 10 straight knockouts before referee Jack Silver in a San Francisco bout refused to countenance Ben Wise's sacrificial swoon and forced that reluctant opponent to finish on his feet.

Before the sportswriters' restiveness could blossom into mutiny, Flaherty decided Machen was ready for more resistant flesh. In his 13th bout Machen decisioned Nino Valdes, then ranked fourth, at San Francisco, and, when the Valdes camp said local fog had interfered with the officials' vision, Machen gave the big Cuban a rematch in Miami Beach.

It was a television fight and still ranks as Machen's most impressive performance. The old-fashioned young boxer with the formal, straight-up stance knocked out Valdes in the eighth with a technically perfect right to the body. Uncharacteristically, Eddie danced in the ring as Valdes was counted out. Smiling, manager Flaherty said, "Eddie will be ready when the chance comes."

The chance never came: The fruits disappeared as Machen reached for them; the water receded as he knelt to drink.

Sid Flaherty had been the key to Machen's sudden rise. Flaherty's friendship with the existing powers of the I.B.C. and television enabled him to line up opponents and openings. But the old order was about to crumble.

Cus D'Amato, a shrewd little man, who managed Floyd Patterson to the heavyweight title, inaugurated the new regime by proclaiming that he would never allow his champion into the ring with a fighter beholden to the International Boxing Club. Asked by reporters if the ban included Machen, D'Amato said that Machen was farther off-limits than anyone else.

"At first," Machen said recently, "I felt honored that D'Amato picked me as the fighter he most didn't want Floyd to fight. It was sort of an offbeat way of being rated Number One. But the years kept going by, and Floyd kept fighting stiffs. There's not much future in waiting for a guy who's younger than you are to get old."

The next thing that happened to Eddie Machen was his manager's fall from grace. A California investigating committee uncovered the shallowly buried secret that Flaherty did much of the matchmaking. It is against the rules for a manager to make matches. Flaherty huffed off into a semiexile in Portland, Oregon.

Machen followed Flaherty north, but he neither cottoned to Portland nor Portland to him. "I wasn't there long before I knew I'd been had," Machen says. "Portland couldn't support big fights."

In 1957, the year following Patterson's acquisition of the title, Machen fought five times, beating dullish opponents. Machen had only two bouts in 1958: a fiasco and a disaster.

First he boxed Zora Folley, an athlete of talents somewhat similar to his own. At the end of 12 rounds of exceptional inactivity the bout was ruled a draw.

Next Machen ventured far afield to pick up what looked to Flaherty like easy money—fighting Ingemar Johansson in Sweden. "We underestimated him good," says Machen. "He laid a perfect trap, and, the way I walked into it, no wonder I got knocked out. I'm lucky I didn't get killed. We'd heard he was chicken and expected him to run, so I moved right in to take charge. He sucked me in and then dropped that right on my chin. I got up twice. The third time I couldn't. One round. I wasn't undefeated anymore."

Money was becoming a preoccupation for Machen. He was doubly mortgaged on a $21,000 house in Portland; he drove a succession of big cars; he had an expensive go-cart for a plaything; his clothes were good, his shoes numerous—"fighter has to take care of his feet"—and he liked to do favors for friends and relatives.

Eddie never asked Flaherty for an accounting, nor did he keep accounts. The Internal Revenue Service began pressing him for back taxes.

"It got to me," Machen said recently. "I was like a guy who'd come into a small chunk of money and lost half of it and was afraid somebody was going to take the rest away from him. There I was, a leading contender, but every time I fought it wasn't a matter of me getting a shot at Patterson if I won; it was could I keep somebody from climbing over me. I got cautiouser and cautiouser."

Machen bounced back with three good victories in 1960 and that summer was matched with Sonny Liston in an outdoor fight in Seattle The fight almost didn't come off.

"Sid comes to me one day and says the TV people were panicked and didn't want to sponsor the fight because of all the bad publicity Liston was having, and so I wouldn't get the $50,000 purse they'd been talking about. So I said, 'What will I get?' And Sid says, 'About $12,000,' and I says, 'For $12,000 you fight Liston.' And they finally promised me $25,000, which I got all right, but even so my luck was running wrong.

"Liston says in the fight I ran like a thief. Sure, I backed up, but I didn't run. I landed the best punches of the fight, only I couldn't throw my right as high as his chin. I saw lots of openings, but I couldn't punch up. I'd hurt my arm, but I needed the money, and so I fought Liston one-handed. I don't say I won: He won. But he couldn't hurt me in twelve rounds when I had only one hand. With two hands I can take him."

Machen used the $25,000 from the Liston fight to dull the appetites of his creditors. One expense was doubly painful. His kid brother, Paul, after reading one night about racial disorders in South Africa, went out with a group of young Negroes who beat up several whites on Portland's skid row. One of the victims died. Paul Machen was charged with murder and convicted of manslaughter. Eddie paid the legal fees.

As his frustration rose, Machen's relations with Flaherty cooled. He blamed his manager for not getting him fights, for not arranging for an old hand like Angelo Dundee to train him for his big matches, for Flaherty's odd habit of having his fighters stay in motels rather than training camps. Most of all he resented being managed in absentia.

"Sid would be out of town weeks at a time," Machen complained. "I'd want to find how things were going, just to talk to him, and he'd be off with one of his fighters, or looking at racehorses, or keeping out of range of some guy who was suing him for something.

"It got so bad I took a job as a bouncer at Elmo's nightclub. The Number One challenger shouldn't have to hold down a job. That's for when you're on your way up. And it's just asking for trouble—all those guys with a few belts in them thinking you don't look so tough.

"Everything's closing in"

"So I wanted to get in some bouts that'd put me back in the picture big. Johansson or Moore or Clay—they'd make some money and keep me in the picture. But Moore won't fight me, and Clay's people say he's not ready, and they fight each other and make a wad, and Clay wins big, and his people say he's still not ready for me. Moore's through, and Johansson, he don't answer. And Flaherty lines me up for a fight with some guy I never heard of in Billings, Montana. The way it looks to me, *I'm* starting to be An Opponent.

"Everything's closing in. There's two hundred and some bucks due on the second mortgage. The light company's talking about turning off the lights. I don't have anything for Norman and Karrie and Diane, and nothing for my wife, Charlotte, either. Flaherty's off in the middle of nowhere somewhere, and I can't get him on the phone.

"So I fly down to San Francisco to talk to old friends, and they can't do anything for me except say things will all work out in time. Nobody's ever licked time yet.

"I borrowed a car from my friend Vince to drive up to Redding to see my folks, and the gas gauge was stuck at half-full, and the car ran out of gas, and there I was, mad and disgusted, and this patrolman came along."

It was change-of-shift time when McCluskey brought Machen to the Vallejo office of the Highway Patrol. Officers Joe White and Charles King took over. They checked with the district attorney, who felt Machen should be held for his own protection. Superior Court Judge Phil Lynch issued a temporary order sending him to Napa State Hospital, a mental institution, for 72 hours' observation.

On the drive to Napa, Machen talked of leaping from the patrol car but didn't. He was quiet when admitted. Attendants gave him a sedative, which put him to sleep.

When Machen awoke he was in a strange room. Two men in white jackets were there. He asked where he was, and they told him. He said he was leaving, and they told him he couldn't. He started for the door, and they tried to stop him. He knocked them both down, but other guards came and subdued him. For the next two days he was alternately in a rage to leave or in a mood of sullen despair at being back in captivity. At a hearing at which he was not present he was committed to the hospital on the diagnosis that he was "schizophrenic, dangerous to himself and others."

Columnist Jimmy Cannon pointed out soon afterward that Machen hadn't killed himself, then added this callous appraisal: "He had written the note, and there was the pistol on his lap. He wanted to do it, but he held back. That's his defect as a fighter, too. He never goes all the way. It's too late to change now."

Perhaps—but people do change. Machen responded so quickly to treatment at Napa—he was given shock therapy—that within a fortnight he was released to a private hospital, San Francisco Presbyterian. There Machen's treatment consisted largely of group-therapy sessions in which he joined other patients in talking over their problems. He also had private sessions with staff psychiatrists, who found him "charming." He was not treated as dangerous to himself or others. He left the hospital daily for roadwork and gym training. Late last January he was released as healthy.

Early in February Machen signed a contract with Walter Minskoff, a millionaire real-estate promoter who'd like to manage a heavyweight champion. He received $5,000 for signing—which paid most of his debts and permitted him to move back to the bay area from Portland. He will receive $1,000-a-month advances against purses if and when he gets back to boxing. His chances of fighting again are good.

"I'll fight anybody—Patterson, Johansson, Clay," says Eddie Machen. "I can call the round on Clay. Round seven. And after that, Liston, with both hands."

Maybe. One has to hope so. It would be too savage an irony if Eddie Machen, a beset, troubled, appealing man, in the end becomes An Opponent. THE END

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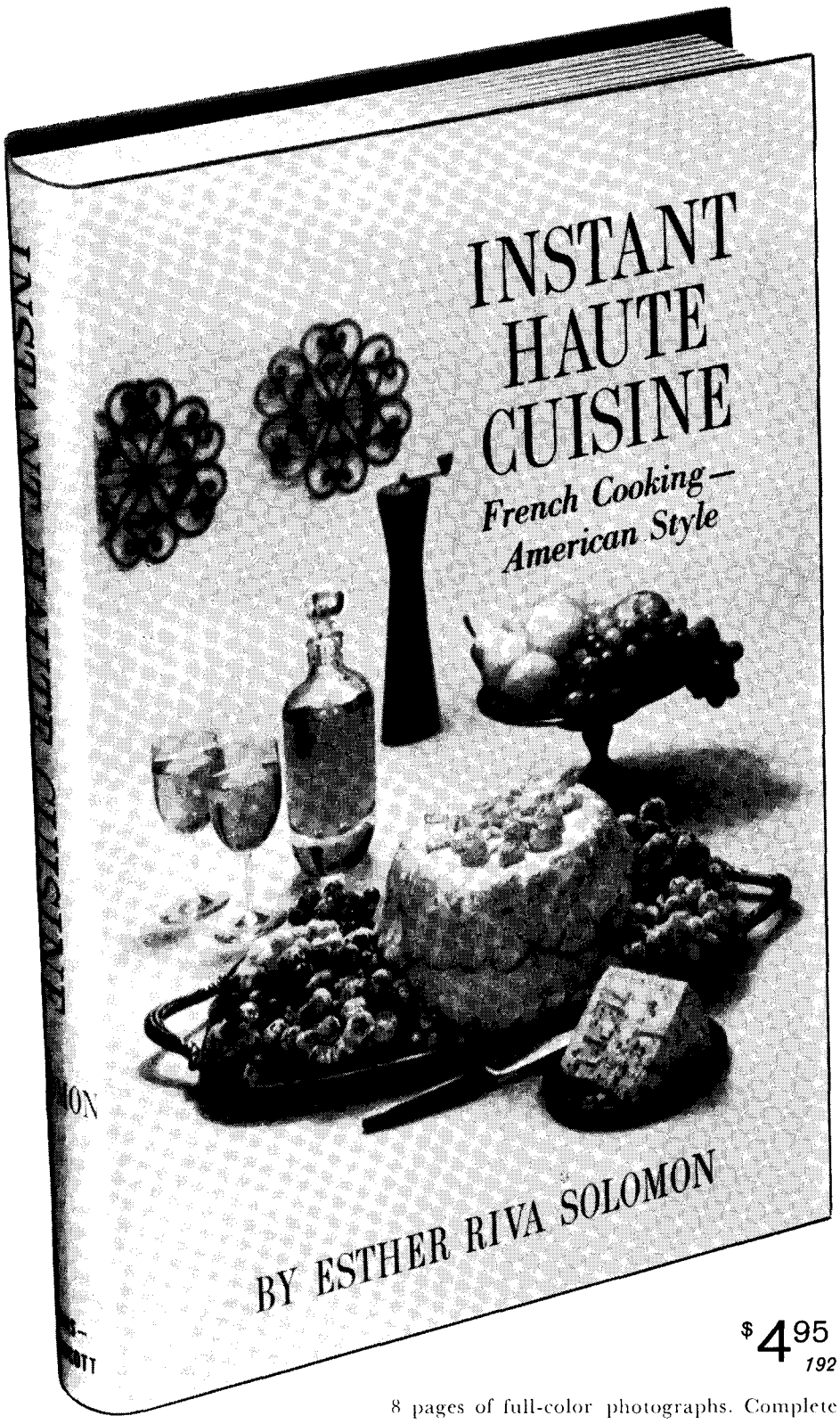

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Agriculture Secretary Freeman battles two surpluses—food and people.

FARMERS FACE THEIR TOUGHEST CHOICE

Orville Freeman wants them to accept the tightest controls ever applied in America.

By John Bird

Frank Bell of Albia, Iowa, is a weathered old farmer, a leader in his community—and a much-worried man these days. What bothers Bell as he looks over the pleasant, rolling countryside where he has lived and worked all of his life is one of the critical problems of our times—the relentless, steady decline in many parts of rural America. He shakes his graying head and says: "We're in the midst of a sort of revolution, and we still don't know how to handle it. Our farms are getting bigger, more mechanized—but our incomes are low. Our young people are leaving the country and small towns because there's just not enough opportunity for them here. It's *not* just a farm problem. It hits the towns, the stores, the schools, the churches."

Farmer Bell isn't alone in his alarm, not by quite a few million. For the "sort of revolution" he sees under way in his own community is but a wisp of a technological hurricane, as drastic as automation, that is sweeping the countryside. It is bringing a rapid consolidation of farms. It is depopulating rural areas at the rate of almost a million people a year. It means slow death for thousands of small towns which depend on farm families for trade. And it is the root cause of the so-called farm mess—the runaway output of farm products, the towering accumulation of surpluses and the multitude of Federal farm programs, which now reach into taxpayers' pockets for more than $4 billion a year.

In a new attempt to solve the problem of agricultural surpluses, Congress has passed—subject to farmers' approval—a system of controls on one commodity, wheat, tighter than any heretofore imposed. Next Tuesday, May 21, wheat growers will vote on this possibly precedent-setting proposal, and the choice they face is a hard one, for they must either submit to greatly increased Federal control of their production or accept sharply reduced price supports.

In the Government's view, drastic production curbs are urgently required, for the revolution on the land has created one of the most frustrating and costly paradoxes in history. On one hand, the application of modern agricultural science to the family-type farm has brought the United States the blessing of an abundant food supply, the best and cheapest diet in the world. Housewives may still complain about grocery bills, but Americans now spend only 19 percent of their income, after taxes, for food.

On the other hand, that revolution is whirling the land, the people and the communities of rural America into strange new patterns. You can see the process along the country roads in the great, fertile midlands. Decade by decade the giant checkerboard of green and yellow fields grows larger. So do the machines that plow, cultivate, spray or harvest the increasingly larger yields. The modern, lived-in farm homes are farther apart; the average farm now runs 325 acres, having doubled in size in the past 25 years. But you will also see farmhouse after farmhouse that stands dusty-eyed and paintless, its family gone. At the crossroads dead villages are moldering.

The man who is supposed to come up with some answers to this rural problem is a city boy, Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman. As the bespectacled Freeman ranges over America's two-billion-acre agricultural domain, he sees the drastic change in the countryside as more than a mild evolution.

"Rural America is gripped by quiet crisis," he says. "While our agriculture has become the productive miracle of the world—the envy of our enemies—the country community itself has been slipping backward. Over half of our poverty is in rural areas. Rural education lags. Youngsters from the country must look elsewhere for jobs but aren't adequately prepared. Human resources are being wasted on a tremendous scale—*under*-employment in the countryside equals about four million fully unemployed."

Some of Freeman's critics have gleefully suggested that his dramatic hand-wringing over the plight of the rural community is a political trick to divert attention from his setbacks on other sectors of the farm front. They point to his running feud with the powerful American Farm Bureau, which generally speaks for the larger, more conservative farmers, and the refusal of Congress to go along with his major proposals for strict, long-range control of farm output.

Whether or not there is any truth in these allegations, it is clear that if Freeman succeeds in harnessing excess farm production, as he hopes, the question of what to do with the idle land and unneeded farmers is bound to become even more acute. On the production front Freeman faces the hard fact that American farmers have become so productive that they can easily smother their markets. Right now, for example, growers are using less than three fourths of their tota cropland, with the rest held out of production. Yet our agriculture is yielding all the food and fiber we need domestically, is shipping record-breaking amounts abroad and still keeps granaries and warehouses filled to bursting.

Not only that, the farmer keeps boosting his efficiency, having nearly doubled his output per hour of work in just the past 10 years. His crops and livestock are "tailor-made" by scientific breeding for higher yields. Plant breeders have found ways of capturing the power of hybrid vigor in an increasing number of crops, such as grain sorghums, and soon hope to have hybrid wheats. Today's farmer feeds his crops with scientifically blended fertilizers, applies chemical sprays to kill weeds and insects, makes rain with irrigation and feeds his livestock and poultry vitamins, minerals and antibiotics to make them grow at top speed. Through such means, American farm people, now only 8 percent of our population, can and do produce more than we need, while in Russia more than 50 percent of the population works on the land—and can't meet the production quotas.

Strangely enough, agriculture's superproductivity has not brought affluence to the average farmer. Certainly most farm families live better than they did a generation ago, and top-notch farmers do very well indeed. But on the whole, as agriculture has stepped up its productivity, it ha received a smaller and smaller share of the national income. Although there are fewer farmers to divide the take, their per capita earnings now run only about half that of the average for nonfarm

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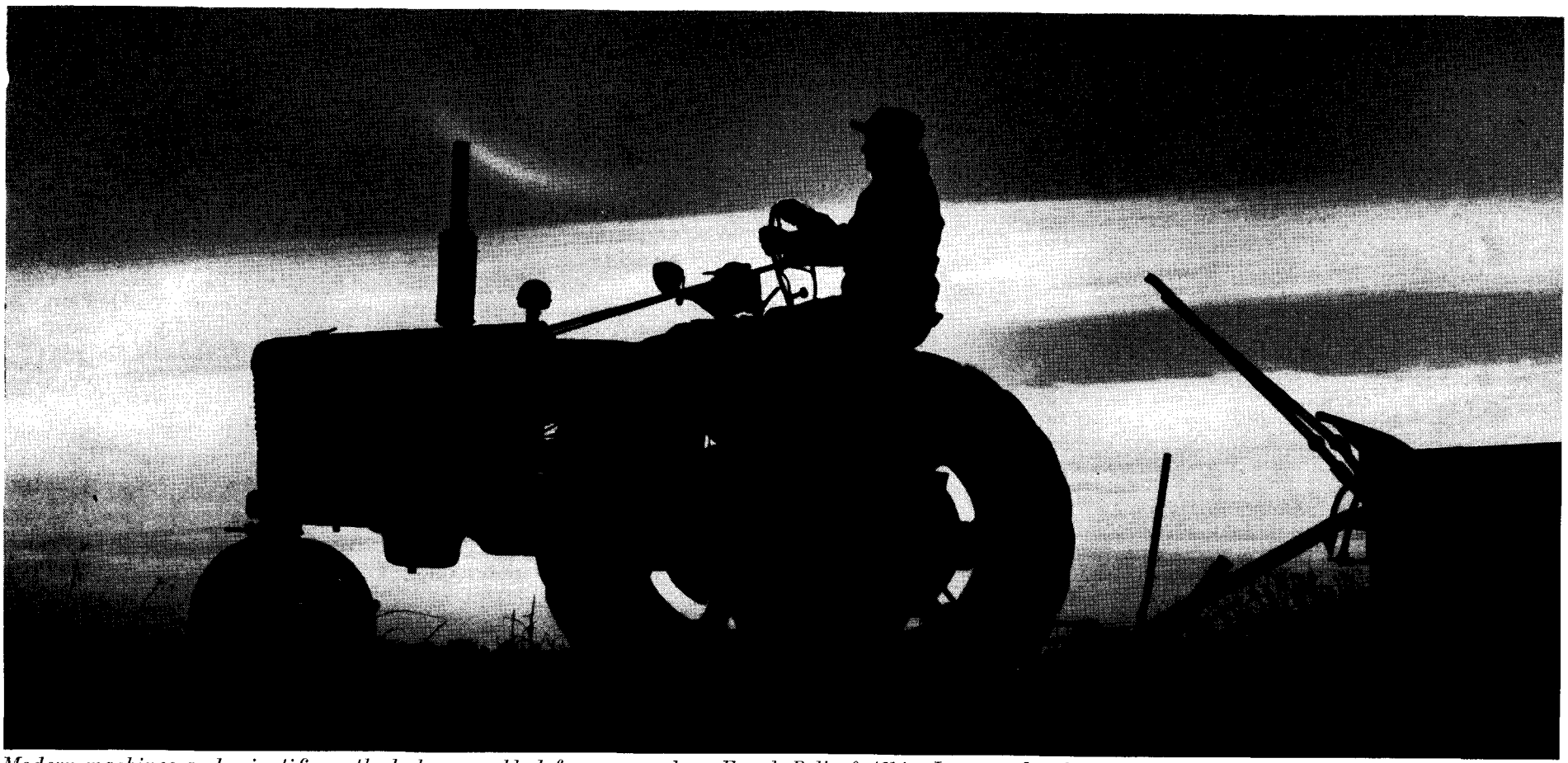

Modern machines and scientific methods have enabled farmers such as Frank Bell of Albia, Iowa, to double their hourly output in the past 10 years.

people. Despite the Cadillacs farmers allegedly have bought with Government subsidies, the hard figures are that in 1962—one of the better years—the average farm had a net income of $3,690, including Government payments.

For more than a generation, starting back with the Federal Farm Board in 1929, the Federal Government has sought by various means—all expensive—to protect agriculture from plummeting prices resulting from overproduction. Since the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933, the evolving programs—some incredibly complex—have tried to (1) adjust farm output to demand and (2) assure farmers of fair prices. They have offered various types of payments and price supports to growers who agree to control acreage of certain basic crops. But all too often, as technology has enabled farmers to produce more per acre, booming yields have quickly outrun the cumbersome acreage-control machinery. The Government has been left holding a massive bag full of wheat, cotton, butter, dried milk and dozens of other products. At times the USDA's storage bill alone has ticked off at the rate of one million dollars a day.

Bringing order to this chaos is the Secretary of Agriculture's problem. The youthful-looking Freeman, 45, an ex-Marine and former governor of Minnesota, now has had two years of on-job .raining at the USDA and remains chipper and self-confident—even though the secretaryship long has been a place of thwarted hopes. His predecessor, the tough-minded, economics-trained Ezra Taft Benson also was a self-confident man with a firm determination to bring order to agriculture. Benson's prescription was to reduce high Government price supports and let the laws of supply and demand bring about the necessary adjustments. But Congress and Benson seldom saw eye to eye, and he wound up with a sagging farm income, an all-time-high spending record for farm subsidies and a pile of surpluses reaching a new $9 billion altitude.

Despite all this, Freeman remains convinced that there *is* a workable answer to the intertwined problems of the farm revolution. The Freeman blueprint is a two-pronged policy, direct and highly controversial, calling for:

1. A "supply-management" program for troublesome commodities such as wheat, feed grains and milk, under which farm output would be closely scheduled from year to year in bushels and pounds, not just acres, in line with prospective needs. As his economic adviser, Dr. Willard Cochrane explains, "Our approach simply is that of sharply cutting back production of surplus products below their utilization until we use up accumulated stocks. *Then* we would keep output managed so that it expands only as rapidly as demand expands with a growing population. That's it in a nutshell."

2. A large-scale rural area development program, a sort of Domestic Point IV plan, to give ailing rural communities technical and financial assistance in finding new, nonfarm uses for their surplus land and nonfarm jobs for surplus people. Freeman believes that much can be done to make the countryside more attractive to decentralizing industry. He also speaks in especially lyrical terms of the opportunities for rural people to profit from the boom in outdoor recreation. As farmers own much of the outdoors, he believes they should start cashing in on the $20 billion a year people now spend in camping, boating, fishing, hunting, riding or just looking at a peaceful landscape.

This program, Freeman believes, would sharply reduce the cost of Federal aid to agriculture, as well as revitalize rural America; but no one thinks Utopia is just around the barn corner. (An old USDA bureaucrat commented, "If he brings it off, he will find walking on water a fairly simple trick.")

There's no question that Freeman's straight-on "supply-management" has a certain brashness about it. For the supply he hopes to manage is the $40 billion annual output of the largest, most variable business in the United States.

Freeman had his first crack at supply-management as soon as he came to office. In fact, he had to do *something*, and fast, because the granaries and elevators were jammed to the eaves with four billion bushels of grain—more than a year's supply of wheat, one and one half year's supply of grain sorghum, and a half year's supply of corn. And a new crop was soon to be planted.

Armed with a temporary plan for heading off large plantings of feed grain—the first major legislation of the Kennedy Administration—Freeman offered producers special payments for reducing their acreage of corn and grain sorghums by 20 to 40 percent. Farmers cooperated by holding 27 million acres out of production. The crash effort wasn't exactly cheap, costing $728 million, but it did shunt off a potential swelling of the surplus and increased storage costs.

Freeman and his young crew also tore into the Government-owned mountain of food and fiber with high-pressure programs to sell, use up, or give away the stuff by trainloads and shiploads. The school lunch program was expanded, and donations of food to needy people were increased. An enlarged Food for Peace program helped push exports to an all-time high of $5.1 billion a year. During 1962 the feed-grain program was expanded, still on a temporary basis, and a similar diversion plan was used to hold down wheat plantings.

Now—two years and quite a few billion dollars later—the USDA has bulldozed more than one billion bushels out of its surplus grain stockpiles, and the trend is downward for the first time in 10 years. But this doesn't mean that Freeman is out of trouble. In fact, his supply-management policies now face what may be their most critical struggles both in Congress and among farmers.

To set the scene for the battle now under way, we need to go back to the spring of 1962 when with high hopes and considerable pride the Kennedy Administration sent to Congress Freeman's long-range blueprint—a package tagged the ABCD program, for "Abundance, Balance, Conservation and Development." There was no argument about the abundance or the conservation. But to get balance, Freeman wanted to apply limits not just on acreage but also on units of production—bushels and pounds—of particularly overabundant products: feed grains, wheat and milk. Farmers would

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be given an opportunity to vote for or against the program in referendums, but if two thirds of them failed to give the programs the nod, their price supports would go out the window, along with the proposed controls.

Opponents promptly cried, "Compulsion," and after months of tussle, Congress turned down much of Freeman's program. Dairy controls were ruled out. So was a permanent unit-control plan for feed grains. Instead, the temporary programs for diversion of feed-grain and wheat acreage were continued in 1963. And in an experimental mood, Congress passed a two-price system for wheat to take effect in 1964—*if* two thirds of the growers approve the plan in next week's hotly contested referendum.

Sometimes known as "the certificate plan," the two-price system is a revival of an old proposal that has been kicking around the Wheat Belt since the 1920's. Its main idea is to limit the bushels of wheat moving from farms to food use or export and to assure higher prices for such grain as compared to those for wheat used for feed or seed. As usual with Government programs, it is extremely complicated: Growers would be required to hold plantings to allotted acres—49.5 million in 1964 as compared to the previous minimum allotment of 55 million. The USDA would give cooperating growers marketing certificates for 975 million bushels, each grower getting a proportionate share, based on the wheat-producing history of his land. Wheat covered by such certificates, which must accompany the grain to market, would be price-supported at two dollars a bushel. The remainder of the allotted crop could be used or sold only for seed or feed and would be supported at only $1.30, near the world price.

For 1964 Freeman estimates that the United States will use 1.1 billion bushels for its food and export. Also he expects growers to continue to cut acreage below their allotments in return for Government diversion payments. Thus he predicts the Government will be able to draw down its surplus holdings by about 165 million bushels. If growers turn down the plan, price supports will drop to around $1.25 for *all* allotted wheat.

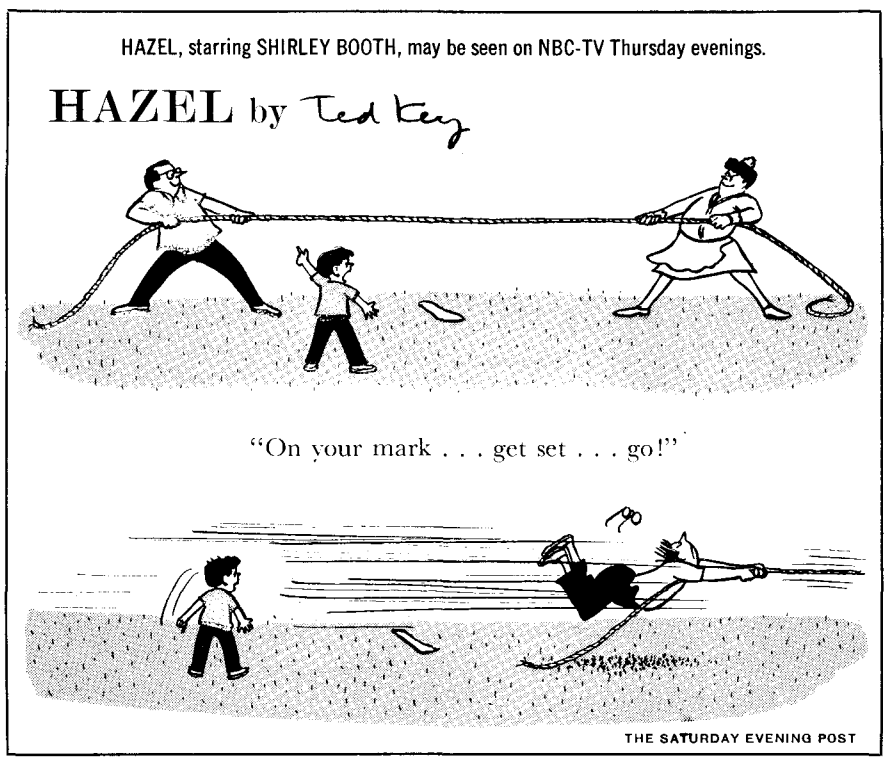
The certificate plan may sound fine in theory, but it has pitched Freeman into probably the roughest political fight of his career. For the leadership of the American Farm Bureau Federation has seen in the coming referendum an opportunity to deal Freeman's supply-management plans a deadly blow. Charles B. Shuman of Illinois, the Farm Bureau's national president, pushed through resolutions in which the organization condemned the certificate plan as "the most complicated and restrictive version ever seriously considered." For the past few months the Bureau has campaigned throughout the farm belt to rally growers to its views.

Freeman has blasted back, pointing out that "all the rest of the farm organizations," such as the Grange, the Farmers Union, the National Farmers Organization, and the National Wheat Growers Association, are in favor of the plan. He has stumped the country, painting a glowing picture of two-dollar wheat, reduced surpluses, and higher farm income if the plan carries—and a dismal scene of one-dollar wheat and low, unstable income if it doesn't. "This chaotic situation would shatter any hopes for prosperity in nearly every county seat in 10 or 15 major wheat states," he says.

Out in the heart of the Great Plains, where the sky-reaching towers of grain elevators break the straight line of the horizon, I talked with Walter C. Peirce, president of the Kansas Farm Bureau and a leader of the anti-Freeman forces. "We believe the farmers themselves can make the necessary adjustments in agriculture," he told me. "We're against the certificate plan mainly because of the power it gives one man and one bureau to control farmers. It's just a first step for control of everything."

Peirce owns an 800-acre wheat-and-cattle farm near Hutchinson, and he is well aware of the implications of the farm technological revolution; he's right in the middle of it.

"A fellow who has only 160 acres or so out here can't make enough to support a decent standard of living," he said "—and the farm program isn't going to save him. If he wants to stay on the land, he can either get an off-farm job or he can put two or three farms together and build an economic-sized unit. That's the way the change takes place."


HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.
HAZEL by Ted Key
"On your mark . . . get set . . . go!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How next week's vote will go is anyone's guess—but with all the hoopla there certainly should be a big turnout. Peirce is indignant because Freeman, he says, "has tried to scare the farmers with talk of one-dollar wheat and no control of production if the plan is defeated. But actually there is plenty of time for Congress to act for some voluntary acreage-reduction plan before fall planting time." Some of the larger operators are expected to vote against the plan, confident that they can profit on unrestricted output even at low prices. But even they may have second thoughts in the polling place. And as Donald Willms, a young farmer with a 235-acre wheat base on the 1,000-acre farm he rents, told me, "Let's not kid ourselves. If we raise too much wheat, we know we won't make money. We aren't given much choice, but we need some kind of controls."

It probably is no coincidence that Freeman's ideas for new farm legislation, as reflected in President Kennedy's January farm message, were brief, sweet and lacking in any stiff control features. What political strategist wants a war on two fronts? Congress is asked to continue the voluntary acreage-diversion program for feed grains in 1964, and beyond, if it wishes. The same principle is advocated for dairying—that is, payments for milk producers who cooperate and reduce output. And some rejiggering of the cotton-acreage control program is invited to meet competition of foreign textiles and synthetic fibers.

"We're simply asking Congress to extend a success story in supply-management," one of Freeman's assistants told me. "At the end of this year we will have cut the feed grain surplus by almost one third."

Meanwhile, Freeman has been enthusiastically promoting his rural development package. The Food and Agriculture Act of 1962 considerably broadened the authority of the USDA to aid local governments, as well as farmers, in finding new uses for land and water resources. Freeman has regrouped the various USDA action agencies dealing with rural credit, rural electric power, watershed improvement, soil conservation, forestry and rural housing, and has pointed them to the farm-community front. He also has ramrodded through the establishment of Rural Areas Development committees in all states and some 1,800 counties.

This idea is drawing support from a variety of organizations. "We're heartily behind this," says the Rev. E. W. O'Brien, director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. "The migration from the country alarms us. We see young people moving from a wholesome environment in the country into city conditions which often are undesirable. We think rural development will work."

It isn't easy, however, to pin down just how such a movement will work, because it involves so many different kinds of individual and community plans in which the USDA may aid: The Farmers Home Administration, originally set up to make farm rehabilitation loans, can now lend money for development of old-age housing or recreational projects in rural areas. The Soil Conservation Service has undertaken the job of assisting farmers or community groups in planning and engineering recreation enterprises on idled farmland. The Rural Electrification Administration, which so successfully brought electric power to the farms, is stepping up a program under which rural industries can borrow money to purchase electrical equipment for manufacturing plants. And the USDA now can provide technical aid and 30-year loans up to $250,000 to local public agencies for rural renewal projects—public works such as flood control, water development, roads and parks to make communities attractive to business enterprises. And under the Manpower Development and Training Act of the Department of Labor, members of low-income farm families are eligible for training in industrial skills.

All of this sounds good on paper, but the vital question is: *Can* most rural communities renew themselves? Or are a big share of them fated to follow the horse and buggy into America's past?

It's too early to tell. This new up-by-the-bootstraps program is just getting under way, and the problems are enormous. But there are areas in which community efforts plus technical aid under previously existing programs have already worked wonders.

Take Six Mile Creek watershed in central-western Arkansas, a hilly, 275-square-mile drainage basin which started to come apart at the seams about a generation ago. Farmers were hit by low prices just as the intensively cropped bottomlands began to play out. They responded by clearing more land up the slopes—and soon soil erosion was eating away the hillsides, silt was choking the streams, and floods were wrecking the valleys. By 1953 two thirds of the farm people had fled the stricken watershed.

In that same year, however, Six Mile Creek became a pilot project under an experimental upstream flood-control program—now the Small Watersheds Development program. Farmers, businessmen, city and county governments, all joined with the Soil Conservation districts of Logan and Franklin counties in promoting the program. All but 11 out of 1,039 farmers put their land under intensive conservation plans. Among other things, they built 105 miles of terraces, put in 775 farm ponds, set out 1,200 acres of trees and planted 45,000 acres of grass. The Soil Conservation Service built 24 flood-retarding dams, creating lakes from 8 to 75 acres in surface size.

Today this once-blighted land is green with grass and trees, sparkles with clear water, abounds in fish and game. Total cost of the renovation: $4 million, of which the Federal Government put up $2.5 million and local and state people, $1.5 million, plus a lot of work.

As a dividend the project has yielded new industrial jobs for more than 400 people. The first bonus was the Ace Comb plant of Amerace Corporation, which came to the little town of Booneville, population 2,700, in 1955. Two years later the company built another plant, a factory with a capacity for producing 500,000 bowling balls a year.

"We couldn't be happier," said Charles Massey, an official of the company. "Our plants here have surpassed all our production-per-man records elsewhere. About eighty percent of our workers come from farms around here. Some work here from eight to four-thirty, then go back to their farms, where they raise poultry or run cattle. They're doing real well."

Secretary Freeman is hoping the kind of thing which happened on Six Mile Creek will spread by chain reaction under the rural-development program. Thousands of communities which make up the immense and changing pattern of rural America hope so too. THE END

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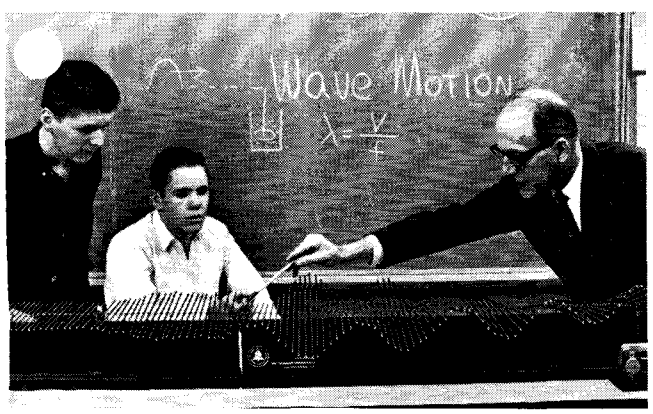
Two advanced physics students are producing a solar-powered, transistor audio-oscillator – the "From Sun to Sound" experiment – provided by the Bell System. The experiment requires students to calculate and design as well as construct some of the basic electronic components.

"Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

How the Bell System is helping to develop gifted young scientists and engineers

Tomorrow's top scientists and engineers are hidden in high school classrooms today. The problem is to find them, inspire them. And the Bell System is helping this national effort with a unique series of teaching aids.

A high school physics teacher demonstrates the "Wave Motion Machine," which illustrates wave behavior common to sound, light, electricity. The Bell System teaching aid also includes a film, books and a lecture.



Two of the units are illustrated here and four more described at the right. They are already being used in thousands of high schools.

Now in its third year, this science program has aided busy teachers and spurred eager students. As one Bell Laboratories man remarked, "We just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

The program will continue, with the cooperation of leading educators, as long as it serves a useful purpose.

And the Bell System will benefit only as the nation benefits—from better teachers and abler young scientists and engineers.

Two other aids offered to America's schools, besides those illustrated:

Ferromagnetic Domains, a basic approach to the study of magnetism, including books, a motion picture and four demonstration units.

Solar Energy Experiment for advanced students, containing all the materials necessary to turn silicon slabs into working solar cells.

Aids to be offered in Fall, 1963:

The Speech Chain, various classroom materials for physics and biology teachers on the interdisciplinary study of speech and hearing.

Speech Synthesis, for advanced students, involves circuitry, electronic components, biology. Completed unit simulates speech sounds.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

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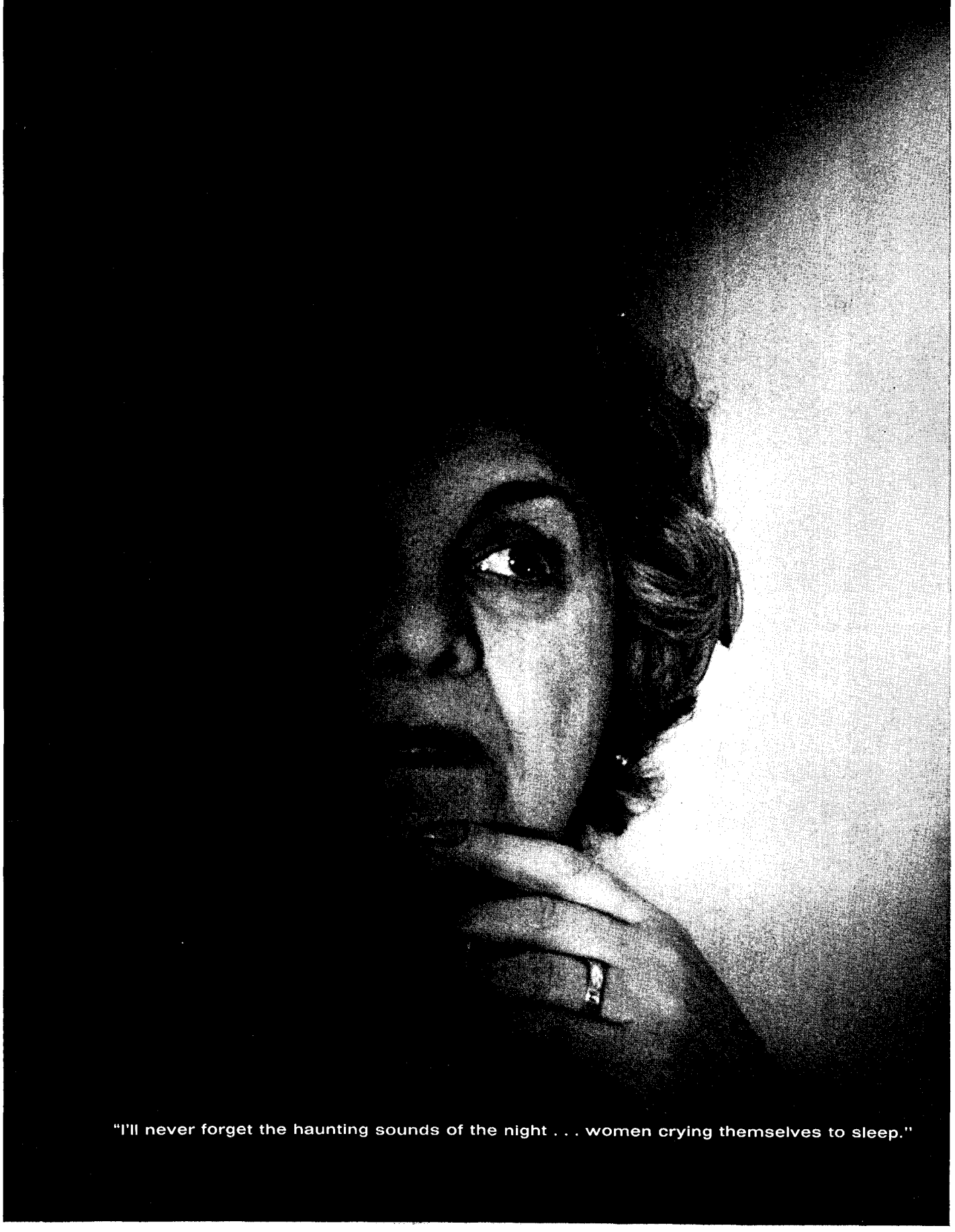
I was Castro's prisoner

An American woman's

by GERALDINE SHAMMA with BARD LINDEMAN



"I'll never forget the haunting sounds of the night . . . women crying themselves to sleep."

Guanajay is a hellhole of a prison," they said. "It's run by a she-devil, and if you women are sent there some of you may die."

I had heard these warnings ever since my first day as a political prisoner of Fidel Castro. Then, after I had spent nine weeks in the women's detention center at Guanabacoa, a few miles east of Havana, the guards woke us early one morning and told us we had a half hour to make ready. "You're all moving to Guanajay," a lieutenant said.

Lots of the women started screaming, "*Eso nunca, eso nunca.* Never that, never that. We are not common criminals; we are political prisoners."

The guards threatened us with their Czechoslovakian machine guns, but this didn't frighten us. One of the guards opened fire. He didn't just shoot over our heads. The bullets flew close to us and ripped into the wall at our backs. That did it. We started to riot. We broke up furniture and used table legs for clubs. I was right in the thick of it, shouting encouragement to the other women. We chased the guards out of our dormitory and barricaded the door with cots and mattresses. Then we kept them at bay by turning a tremendous fire hose on them. We were only 45 women, and they were several hundred *milicianos*, but we fought like demons. Finally they turned off the water, charged in and overwhelmed us. They dragged us out—wet, beaten and still screaming—and threw us on a bus. One woman had a broken arm. Another had her head split open. We were all cold and shivering. But now they couldn't get the bus moving because some of the prisoners' relatives had heard the riot in town and come to help. They lay across the road to block the way. The bus started up, as though it were going to run over them. Then the guards kicked them and pulled them to the side of the road.

As the bus carried us to Guanajay, about 25 miles southwest of Havana, we all shouted at the tops of our voices, "Down with Communists; *Cuba, sí; Rusia, no; Cuba, sí; Yanqui, sí.*" There were military cars with armed guards in front and back of us, and they were tooting their horns to shut us up, but they only drew attention. People heard us singing out of the windows, and some waved timidly at us.

It was dark by the time the bus pulled off the main road and started up the drive to Guanajay. When I saw the sign, RECLUSORIO NACIONAL PARA MUJERES (National Prison for Women), I knew it was all over for us. They marched us two at a time across the floodlit patio, and the

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story of life in 'hell.'

Castro's police, newly in power, begin mass roundups. "I saw scores of innocent men being thrown into jail."

common prisoners yelled from their cells, "*Viva Fidel, Viva Fidel*" and "*Al paredón, al paredón,*" which means, "To the wall, to the wall." They were telling the guards to shoot us.

The cell door slammed shut behind me, and this husky, gun-carrying guard said, "We'll teach you to sing propaganda against the government." A single overhead bulb, which burned night and day, lit up my tiny cell. The walls, the floor and the ceiling were all of concrete. It was damp and cold. There was a small window with bars, and the door was bars from floor to ceiling. There were no beds, no chairs, no bedding or blankets. There was no soap, and no water came from the faucets in the sink. They had taken our toothbrushes, our toilet things and even our cigarettes. There was an awful stench, and it was unspeakably filthy. There were spider webs all over, and roaches ran everywhere. Later we'd find the lizards, hundreds of tiny frogs, rats, mice and even two black-widow spiders. Guanajay was all they'd said. "Now," I thought, "you're truly behind bars. This is a real prison." It was a horrible sensation.

I looked at my cellmate, a woman named Marta, and she was white with fright. We were both too sick to talk. She had a heart ailment and I had a cold and high fever. Marta and I huddled together on the cement floor and tried to sleep—but, oh, dear God, I'll never forget the haunting, unforgettable sounds of the prison at night: all up and down the cellblock, mothers, wives and widows crying themselves to sleep. Some of them, imprisoned after their husbands had been shot for alleged crimes against Fidel, cried out in nightmares, calling their husbands' names, warning them to look out and, over and over, "*Asesino!*" (Assassin)

This was the night of January 3, 1961. And in this pesthole, where 352 women learned to endure every kind of hardship, I was Fidel Castro's political prisoner for two years, two months and 17 days. I am free to tell my story only because I grew too sick to suffer much more, and the Cuban dictator did not want the blood of an American woman on his hands. Last March 17, along with another American woman, Mrs. Martha O'Neal, I was released to New York lawyer James B. Donovan. Castro joked about it as "a St. Patrick's Day present." I am free now, but my *compañeras* are still imprisoned. My story is their story too.

The name Shamma is Arab, and my parents came from Syria, but I am a Boston Yankee. I grew up and went to school in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, and my family still lives there. In 1945 I married Alfred Suárez, who had been born in Brooklyn but lived many years in Havana, and I saw Cuba then for the first time. Alfred was home from World War II service in the Army Air Corps and had inherited business properties in Cuba, so we lived in the Miramar district of Havana from January to April and the rest of the year in New York. When Alfred died in 1950 I moved to Havana to try to begin a new life for myself.

I helped Fidel's men

I loved Cuba from the start, but I saw how the great numbers of poor people suffered and the dictators and weak presidents had abused the country. When the *Fidelistas* came to me and asked my help, God forgive me, I became involved. I hid people in my house. I loaned my car to carry weapons, and I carried and received messages, meeting other revolutionaries late at night in the back of a church near my home. Twice I was arrested by Fulgencio Batista's military intelligence, but I wrapped myself in the American flag, denied everything and went free. After this I became very brave and cocky.

As a revolutionary I was thrilled when a friend woke me up at 2 A.M. by telephoning to tell me, "He's left; he's gone."

"Who's left?" I asked.

"Batista. He's fled. We've won."

For a brief time after that New Year's Day of 1959 I thought Cuba had won, but we were all played for fools. In the very first days and weeks of January I saw some terrible things. There was looting and plundering. Scores of innocent men were thrown into jail. I saw an example of this close to my own household. The boy friend of my Lydia, the woman who ran my home, was arrested and sentenced to five years at hard labor. His only crime was that he'd served 17 years in the *Maritima*, the Coast Guard. He was loyal only to Cuba; he was never a *Batistiana*, but it took me seven months to prove him innocent and have him set free. Many others were not so fortunate and for them it meant the firing squad, "*al paredón.*"

A reign of terror was spreading across Cuba, and I had a tremendous sense of guilt for having served this revolution. This soon led me into joining the counterrevolution. I'm a woman, I'm not much of a philosopher, and I suppose I didn't think it through very well, but I saw things that could be done, and I rushed in to do them. I was the American; I had the means; I could take chances.

Much of my life, I'm ashamed to admit, had been music and dancing, golf, long lunches and hours of shopping. My family was always comfortable. Not having any children, the emptiness of everything, and a feeling I had wasted so many years—these were all part of my decision to throw myself into this cause, to risk everything to overthrow Castro.

I traveled back and forth to Miami with counterrevolutionary papers. Working with the United States Embassy, where I had several good friends, I helped to get people out of Cuba. But on November 4, 1960, at 3:30 in the morning, the bell rang at my front gate.

"Geraldine Shamma?" one of them said. "We're sorry, but under orders of Fidel Castro we must arrest you."

There were six of them, the G-2, in plain clothes but all carrying guns. Two of them ordered me upstairs and told me to unlock the safe. From 3:30 to nine they searched from the cellar to the roof. They took my money, my jewelry, my silverware, all my papers and checkbooks. They also took two bottles of French perfume for their girls, and they had a good laugh over it.

"Would they know what to do with it?" I asked.

This must have made them mad. One of them—they called him Pepe—took an American flag that I kept over the back of a sofa and threw it on the floor. Then he piled my things in the middle of it, turning the flag into a knapsack. And as they moved around the room now they deliberately walked across the flag. Sometimes they wiped their feet on it.

"Take off your wedding ring," another G-2 said.

"Nothing doing—you'll have to shoot me to get this," I yelled. I made a fist and put the ring up to his face. "I'm not going to take it off, and I'm not going out of this house without my wedding ring. Now shoot me and have it over with."

"OK, OK," he said and shrugged his shoulders at Pepe.

At nine o'clock, when they were finished, we drove downtown to G-2 headquarters. That was the last time I ever laid eyes on my home.

I spent 16 days with the G-2. I didn't sleep well, and I didn't eat very much, but they never laid a hand on me except to search me. First this one and then that one questioned me. It was always the same song: "*Señora*, if you'll tell us about the counterrevolutionaries you know in Florida and this man at the United States Embassy whom you know so well, you may go home in a few hours."

Sometimes there was one who made out he was a tough gorilla. "You're going to rot in prison, Geraldine. *Por qué no canta?* Why don't you sing?"

"You know something?" I said. "I don't know how to sing."

When they were done with me I was taken to the *vivac*, or detention center, at Guanabacoa to await trial as a counterrevolutionary. It was typically Castro that they chose Thanksgiving Day to take me to court to answer the charges. I said that I was innocent—but that they were guilty of many crimes against Cuba.

The trial was held, or staged, on December 16, 1960. It was a farce, one great joke. They made a big thing of it, though. It lasted from 11:30 in the morning until three o'clock the following morning. Like most of the spectacle trials, it was in La Cabaña, the old fortress prison. The courtroom was packed. There was a tribunal of three judges who smoked cigars, ate oranges and sent out for Coca-Cola while the trial dragged on. There were 28 other people on trial with me, and all we had to eat or drink the whole time was Cuban coffee, which was sold right there in the courtroom.

In my trial there were only two witnesses, two of the men who had arrested me and searched my home. They accused

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"I thought I'd explode with tension and frustration. . . . I felt like

Relatives and friends brought food to help Castro's prisoners survive.

me of being a go-between from the embassy to the counterrevolutionaries. They also said I was part of a ring which had hidden rifles, machine guns, revolvers, dynamite and nitroglycerin outside Havana. Although I didn't take the stand to give any defense, the judges questioned me several times. I denied their accusations. But if counterrevolution was a crime, then I was guilty.

About three A.M. they told the prisoners to leave the courtroom, and we went back to the *vivac*, not knowing whether we were guilty or innocent. The only way you learned the verdict in those days was to read it in the newspapers or hear it on the radio. One of the guards told me, and then I heard on the radio, the Voice of America, that I was sentenced to 10 years.

"Ten days, 10 weeks, 10 years—it makes no difference," I said. "This government cannot last, and if I'm here 10 weeks I'll be the most surprised person in the world." You see, I knew the counterrevolutionaries were well organized, and we were just waiting for the invasion. That was to come—and fail—four months later.

Ten weeks after my trial, however, I was at Guanajay, in *Pabellón* (compound) D *bajo* (lower). There we lived like animals for the first eight days, sleeping on the filthy, cold floor and being bitten by bugs. If you've ever been awakened at night by something crawling on your skin, then you can understand the horror of those first nights at Guanajay. Each morning my legs were a string of red welts.

It was close to a month before they put us all in regular cells and a relatively normal prison routine was established. Our lives were then completely regimented. There were rules for everything, and there was a grinding dullness to it all. The best way to describe it is to say that we lived like animals in cages. We woke early, usually around six or 6:30. They gave us no breakfast, but one of the women found a way to brew Cuban coffee for all of us by making a fire of old paper. At seven they turned on the cold water in our cells, and we had two hours to do our washing and scrub the floors. After nine o'clock many of the women did knitting, sewing and any little thing to keep busy. We had gray cotton uniforms and they always needed some mending.

At 11:30 A.M. three women crossed the patio to the kitchen and brought back the lunch in a garbage pail. Lunch was a watery soup, a roll or a piece of bread. Then for two hours in the afternoon we would all sit in our cells without saying a word. If you said as much as half a word, *Directora* Lila Vásquez had some suitable punishment, like 31 days in solitary.

Five o'clock meant dinner—*frijoles* (beans) and a gelatinlike lump of gray rice. Sometimes there was macaroni or a corn thing, but there was always rice fried in a grease that smelled like insecticide. I often couldn't eat that food, but I got a certain amount of eggs, fruit, chocolate and canned foods which were brought in on visiting days.

The women shared everything, and this was one of the most beautiful things that happened in Guanajay. I don't believe I ever saw anything like this before; never did I find it on the outside. These were fine women, and everyone, Catholics, Jews and Protestants—we were all together and all like one. There were a few who didn't start out that way, but it was strange how before long they changed.

We were Negro, white, Cuban, American, two Chinese and a Japanese. We were from 21 to about 65 years old, and we were imprisoned for every imaginable political crime. One had been in the manufacture of bombs, another had helped to blow up a tunnel, another was a member of a team which burned the sugar cane and many, many were there because their husbands had been arrested or shot.

We were allowed to write and receive two letters a month, but they refused to give me mail. I never got any. There were no games, no exercise periods. They didn't even allow us in the patio until we complained that the women were developing coughs and asthma in the dampness and badly needed sunlight. The only books were on Lenin, Marxism, and the glories of the revolution of July 26. There was only one prison-organized activity, the "brainwashing." These were the lectures two or three times a week, and every Monday night the whole prison was invited to see a Russian movie.

In our *pabellón* we paid them no attention, but they kept bringing in women prisoners from all over the island, and in time there were 50 to 60 women who cooperated with the guards to get better meals and other little freedoms. They asked to be moved away from us, so they put them all in *Pabellón* A and we nicknamed it the Russian Embassy. The Russian Embassy ladies didn't have to wear the prison uniform, they could have makeup and they weren't locked in their cells at night. This freedom led to the only sex scandal that I know took place at Guanajay. The guards and the Russian Embassy women sat together in the movie, and one night two of them were caught making love in the balcony.

Many of the guards were strong *Fidelistas*, and they never let up on us. One of them had a favorite expression: "There's a bullet waiting for every one of you." It wasn't so much the individual cruelty that beat us down as it was the over-all cruelty of the prison itself—the bad food, the dampness, the lack of exercise and sunlight—and the cruelty of the attitude which pervaded Guanajay. Many women had trouble with their teeth or their skin, and some had their hair fall out. "*Por qué?* Why should this be?" a woman might say, and someone else would answer, "What do you expect—aren't we living in a tomb? The only difference is we can walk about."

We had to be pretty sick before we'd get to see a doctor at all. We had to scream out of the cells, "*Médico, médico.*" It was this situation which brought our only death—or murder.

A 54-year-old woman, the mother of a priest and a doctor here in the United States, had a tooth become infected. Her jaw swelled, and she was in terrific pain for two days. We called to the guards to send a dentist. Instead they sent ice packs and something like our aspirin. The woman went into a coma then. That night they carried her out on a stretcher, and three days later we heard she died of blood poisoning in a clinic in Havana. I felt it was the cruelty of Guanajay which killed this woman.

I felt like a zombie

The cruelty of Guanajay attacked the health of every prisoner. There were days when I felt so weak from anemia that I just couldn't get out of bed. I felt like a zombie. I couldn't move, and I didn't want to eat. This was a horrible feeling, but for sheer pain there is nothing like angina pectoris. The pain began in my arm, like a cramp, and then in another day or two it had reached the chest, and I thought I'd been stabbed. I couldn't breathe; I'd gasp, and then they took me to the prison hospital. Between the angina pectoris, the anemia, a siege of pleurisy and bursting blood vessels in my legs due to poor circulation, I was in the prison hospital five times. They even suggested that it might be better for me if I transferred to the military prison hospital. I refused because I didn't want to leave my *compañeras*, but I was growing more aware that I was no longer young enough or strong enough to live through a 10-year term at Guanajay.

One day we got together and decided that no one should be shut up overnight. Then, just like in the movies, we banged on the bars with our tin cups until *la directora* came. We made our request, and she said it would be passed on to the Ministry of Prisons. But while we awaited an answer we broke the locks on every cell door, knowing that they'd stay broken because there weren't enough materials in Cuba to repair the locks. Then they granted permission to keep the doors unlocked. We were on equal footing with the Russian Embassy ladies.

We met in each other's cells more often after this. One of the women made me a sign to tie to the bars of my cell, and that's how it became the American Embassy. We had our little joke: "I'm going down to the American Embassy to seek asylum," they would say and then laugh themselves silly. They all truly loved everything American. One year on my birthday they gave me a surprise present. There was Berta, and Alicia, Candida, Ada and Carola, and they marched down to my cell and gave me a beautiful cardboard American flag—with 57 stars. Then one or two sang the first verse of *The Star-Spangled Banner* in English while the others hummed along, and I had all I could do to fight back the tears.

There were some unforgettable experiences in that prison, but, oh, what sadness and depression, too. The holidays and visiting days were the worst, especially Thanksgiving and Christmas, when you'd hear the carols on the radio. These were the days when I was very low. What's the use of kidding? Many times we went to bed thinking, Oh, if only I wouldn't wake up in the morning.

For the other women the wedding anniversaries and their children's birthdays were their hardest days. A woman would say, "I think I'm going to stay in my cell today," and we'd know it was going to be a tough day for her, that she didn't want to talk with anyone for a while. There were some women who hadn't seen their children for a year or two years, and they were afraid the children wouldn't recognize them. Others were afraid that they were growing old and fat and that their men wouldn't love them anymore.

During these times some women, myself included, fell away from their faith. When we moved to Guanajay there was a church in the prison, but they took the statues and the altar out and turned it into a place where the guards could sleep or rest. We tried in our own way to be religious, praying each night, some nights with conviction, others just mechanically. But never one time did we have any word from the church outside. And so perhaps it wasn't so strange that Cuban voodoo was practiced at Guanajay. There were a number of groups active, holding one or two sessions a week to call up the spirits. Since I always loved music, I enjoyed watching them dance and listening to their songs and chants. I became a regular at María Vásquez's sessions, and she taught me to cast a spell over Fidel, but nothing ever happened.

I had my own superstitions too. I had an unreasonable fear of rats and mice. And why is it that the one who fears them the most is always the first to see one? We were sitting around in a circle one night, thinking of the things we missed most (one woman said beer, a second said milk), when I saw this shadow and screamed, "*Un ratón!*"

"It's only a little mouse," they all yelled.

"I don't care about sizes," I said, standing on my chair now.

Some of my *compañeras* laughed until the tears came, and one of them said, "If the G-2 knew this they'd put you in a room full of rats and get all your secrets."

You do some silly things in prison, mostly to keep your spirits up and to have something to talk about. One thing

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pounding the walls."

we talked of a lot was the missile base. The guards bragged about the base, which they said was just six miles away, but no one had to tell us they were building it. We heard them. Two or three times a day there were tremendous muffled explosions, as though they were blasting through rock in a cave or underground. One of the friendly guards said Cubans weren't allowed inside the area where they kept the missiles. This was only for Russians. And the belligerent *Fidelista* guards told us, "Let your Americans come now. We have enough for all of them."

Our life at Guanajay never varied much from one month to the next. It was miserable, and it seemed interminable. Then in the spring of last year—I don't know the exact date—there was an escape, and our whole world was suddenly turned upside down. One dark night, when a heavy rain was falling and you couldn't see more than two feet in front of you, eight women sawed through a gate and went over the wall. Six made good their escape; two were later captured.

And so they brought in a new prison director named Roberto Fontanel, and he announced that Guanajay was now to be run as a men's prison, meaning it would be stricter and harsher. He reinforced the walls and put barbed wire on top of them; he increased the size of the guard and made every prison official carry a gun; he cut out visiting days and mail for three months; he made more use of the solitary cells and forbade us to receive pocket books (we were down to a few dog-eared Perry Masons) and playing cards from the outside.

Fontanel was a mean and nasty dog. I can't describe what a dirty dog he was except to tell just two stories, out of many, about him. Olga, one of our women, had an 80-year-old mother who was deaf and practically blind. She could see only shadows. She obviously had to have someone bring her in on visiting days. But Fontanel said that if she wanted to see her daughter she'd have to come alone. Also there was a loudspeaker, and our new director ordered the Soviet *Internationale* to be played over and over and over for those in the punishment *pabellón*. They played it so loud we all could hear it, and the doctors finally ordered them to stop it, for it was driving us out of our minds.

On March 14, I "celebrated" my 50th birthday in prison. I tried not to think about it, but it was visiting day, and the women made a great fuss. They had little gifts their families had brought in. They gave me a black belt and a handkerchief.

In those last weeks there were times when I thought I'd explode with tension and frustration. I felt like pounding the walls. When they told me that Sunday morning last March that Mr. Donovan wanted to see me in Havana, I had had enough. I wanted my freedom then, I wanted to live again and I wanted desperately to get where I could again join the fight against Castro. And my *compañeras* encouraged me to go, saying, "Geraldine, you can do more good back in the States. Maybe you can even help us."

So now I shall return to Florida to take up my old work, for otherwise there have been 29 months out of my life gone for nothing. I must see a free Cuba to have made all this worthwhile. THE END

Finally freed, Geraldine Shamma lands in Florida. Behind her is other released prisoner, Martha O'Neal.

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EDITORIALS

A sensible tax program

Former President Eisenhower makes a strong argument against the planned-deficit-plus-a-tax-cut proposals of the Kennedy Administration in his article beginning on Page 15. A crucial point is that the spending proposals of the Kennedy Administration leave no allowance for emergency. "They have neglected to outline any plans for preparing the nation financially to meet costly national or international emergencies which have a way of popping up without regard to theoretical timetables," Eisenhower says.

Budget estimates are notoriously optimistic. Early this year, Congressman Clarence Cannon (Dem., Mo.), chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, computed that the total budget miscalculations for the past nine years amounted to a staggering $34 billion. The President himself made a very bad guess last year when he estimated that the budget for fiscal 1963 would produce a surplus of $500 million; the actual performance is expected to be a deficit of about $9 billion. As General Eisenhower relates, his Administration anticipated a small surplus for fiscal 1959. An unforeseen business recession caused Federal income to fall more than six billion dollars short of the estimate, spending had to be stepped up, and the result was a deficit of over $12 billion.

The Kennedy budget for fiscal 1964 calls for a "planned" deficit of $11.9 billion. On top of that the Administration requests a tax cut that will come to more than $10 billion a year by 1965. The chances that we will run into serious emergencies at home and abroad and the possibility that the deficit will far exceed the estimate cannot be ignored. The key question, as Eisenhower puts it, is this: "If the United States embarks on a grand spree of debt, how can we ever know that it can safely meet the extraordinary financial demands of a depression or a war?"

There is a broad general agreement on the need for a tax cut. "Present income-tax rates," as Eisenhower says, "ranging from a low of 20 percent to a high of 91 percent, seriously impair opportunities in our economy, becoming virtually confiscatory in the upper brackets."

Such devices as withholding and hidden taxes have tended to anesthetize the taxpayer. "All too often," Eisenhower says, "the worker thinks of his take-home pay as his *real* wage and doesn't stop to think how much larger his earnings would be if the taxes were more reasonable." The average American pays approximately a fourth of his income in taxes.

While the need for a tax cut is imperative, a precondition of such a cut, as Eisenhower says, should be a reduction in spending. He believes that the $10 billion increase in defense spending over the past two years has not been proved necessary. He ought to know. He is the only man in the country who has served both at a top level in the military establishment and as President of the United States.

Another budgetary item that deserves the closest scrutiny is foreign aid. The crying need, as Eisenhower says, is for a sensible long-range program, one that will concentrate the aid where it will have the maximum effect. The necessity for such a pragmatic, hard-headed approach is fortified by Chester Bowles's SPEAKING OUT on Page 8. The Clay Committee, as Mr. Eisenhower notes, has performed a valuable service by recognizing that we should not increase the burden of foreign aid at this time, but should strengthen the program in areas where it is not effective.

Recently, at the request of the Treasury Department, a panel of five prominent businessmen, led by Henry Ford II, presented a compromise tax program for President Kennedy's consideration. They recommended a tax cut in the current session of Congress (the committee suggested a $10 billion cut, with a substantial part of it to take effect as early as possible this year), with a vigorous effort to hold down Federal expenditures. The committee recognized the need for a general revision of our tax structure, but insisted that such reform not be tied to the tax cut.

This approach makes eminently good sense. The long-range tax refor should, as Eisenhower suggests, be carefully studied by a group of ou ablest citizens whose purpose would be to "blueprint a complete overhaul." In this way we could achieve a sensible tax reduction and a carefully devised program of tax reform.

Federal funds and Mississippi

There seemed to be no limit to the senseless, murderous violence in the South. A 35-year-old mail carrier named William Moore set out to walk from Baltimore to Mississippi in a protest against segregation. Near Attalla, Alabama, his bullet-pierced body was found beside a road. His "crime": He carried two placards, one reading EAT AT JOE'S, BOTH BLACK AND WHITE, and a second, EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL—MISSISSIPPI OR BUST.

The situation in Mississippi was so bad that the U. S. Civil Rights Commission suggested last month that the President of the United States should consider reading that state out of the Union. "Since October, 1962," the commission said in its interim report on civil rights, "the open and flagrant violation of constitutional guaranties in Mississippi has precipitated serious conflict which, on several occasions, has reached the point of crisis. The United States Commission on Civil Rights has become increasingly alarmed at this defiance of the Constitution."

There was abundant reason for the commission's alarm. The situation in Mississippi is a shame and a disgrace to the nation. "Citizens of the United States have been shot, set upon by vicious dogs, beaten and otherwise terrorized because they sought to vote," the commission reported. "Since October, students have been fired upon, ministers have been assaulted, and the home of the vice chairman of the state advisory committee to this commission has been bombed. Another member and his wife were jailed on trumped-up charges after their home had been defiled. Even children at the brink of starvation have been deprived of assistance by the callous and discriminatory acts of Mississippi officials administering Federal funds."

The Civil Rights Commission recommended that the President "consistent with his constitutional and statutory authority, employ to the fullest the legal and moral powers of his office to the end that American citizenship will not continue to be degraded in Mississippi." It suggested a drastic step. "The Congress and the President," the commission said, "[should] consider seriously whether legislation is appropriate and desirable to assure that Federal funds contributed by citizens of all states not be made available to any state which continues to refuse to abide by the Constitution and the laws of the United States; and, further, that the President explore the legal authority he possesses as chief executive to withhold Federal funds from the state of Mississippi, until the state of Mississippi demonstrates its compliance with the Constitution and laws of the United States." The commission noted that in fiscal 1962 the Federal Government received $270 million in taxes from Mississippi while Federal payments to that state exceeded $650 million.

The report of the Civil Rights Commission would carry more weight if the commission were not so loose with its language. The purpose of the Federal Government, with respect to Mississippi, must be (1) to see that the law is upheld, and (2) to work toward an improvement of the situation in Mississippi. A blanket punitive prohibition of Federal funds to Mississippi would tend to freeze existing discriminatory practices into a permanent pattern. The crucial point is whether Federal funds are being used to subsidize segregated institutions and to further the practice of segregation. As. Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan said not long ago, "Currently t Federal Government with one hand employs its troops, attorneys and courts to fight discrimination, while with the other hand it continues to supply the funds that sustain racial bias." We believe that this is an intolerable situation. Federal funds must never be used to subsidize disobedience to the law of the land.

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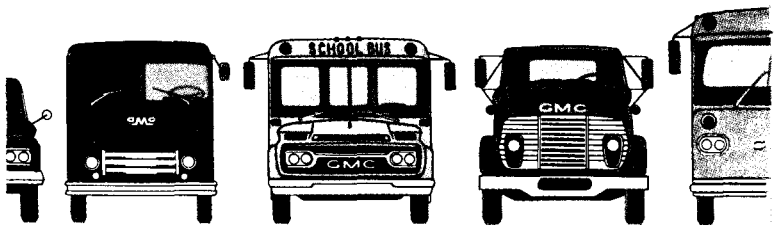

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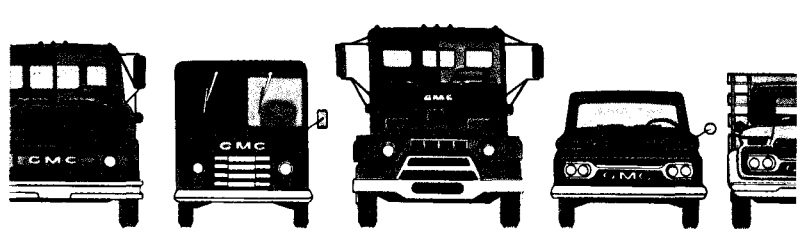

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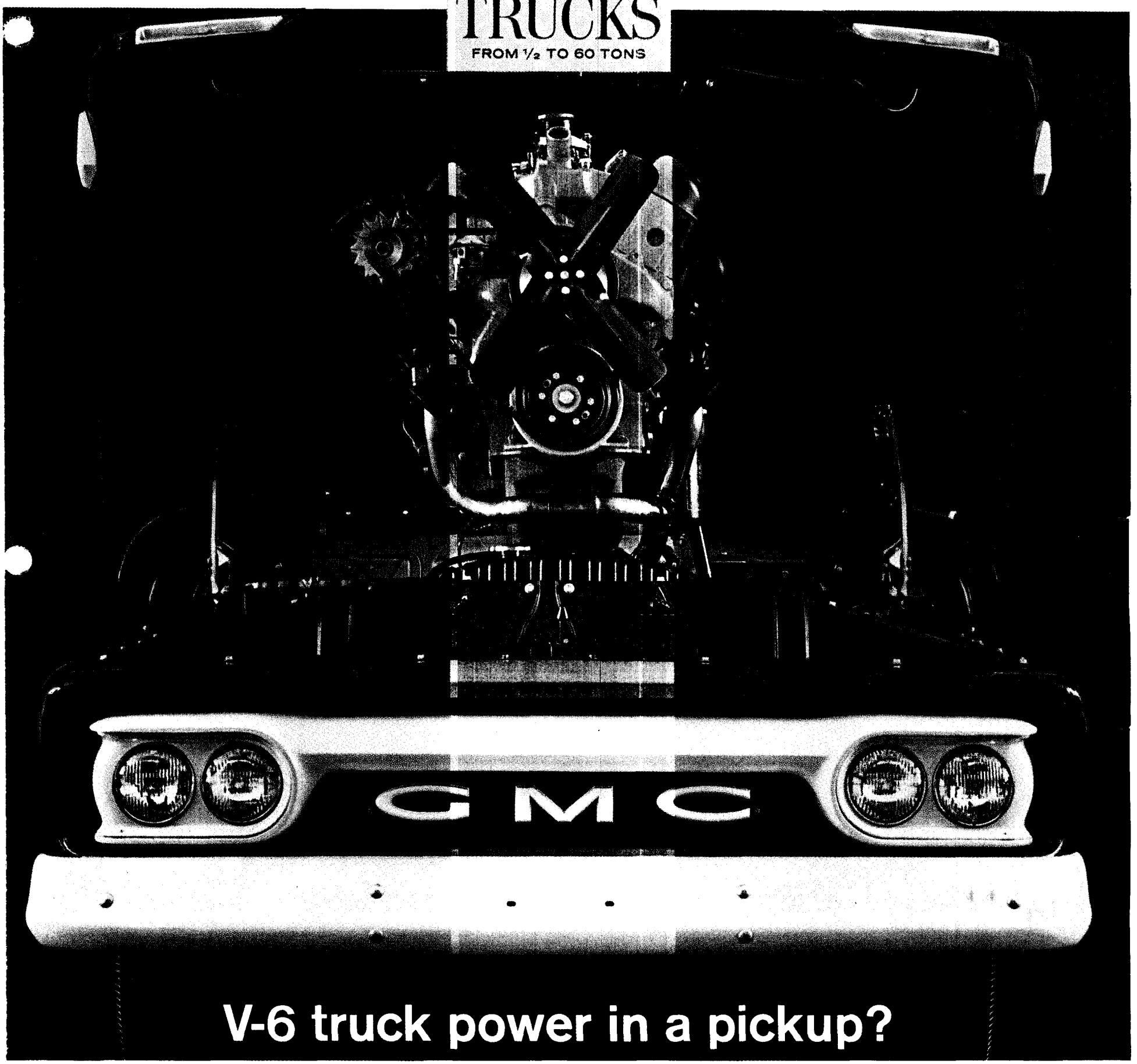

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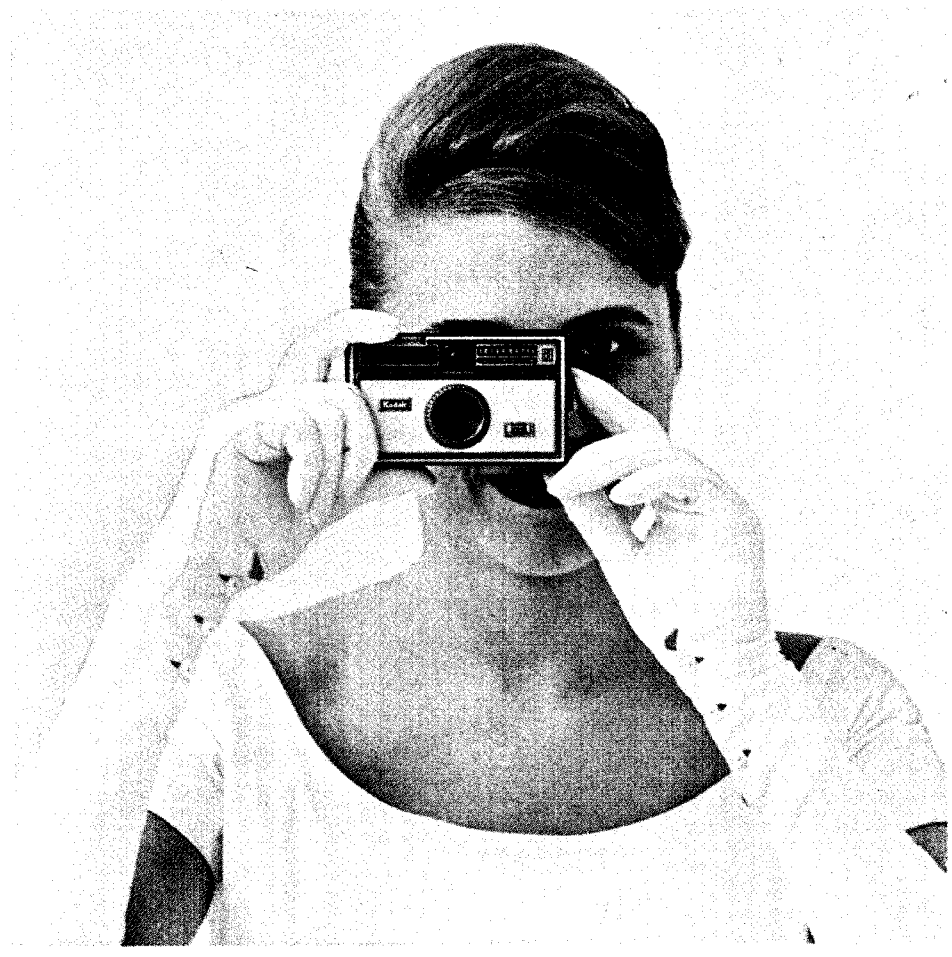

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